MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

OCTOBER 2000
ISSUE 209• $3.00

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THE LOOSE LIPS

ANNALISE

CATTLE DECAPITATION

RIOT - CLONE

A LOOK AT SWEAT-SHOPS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 146, 148, 150-151, 153, 156-163, 166, 168-175, 177-181, 184-204, 206-208 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: **Icki**

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order five or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
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Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS
- FROM ASHES RISE-Concrete-LP
- POLIKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS-EP
- UNHOLY GRAVE/CAP. CASUALTIES-split-EP
- F-You Are An EP-EP
- THIRD DEGREE-Fuck 14 88-EP
- PLUTOCRACY-Sniping Pigs-LP
- IDOL PUNCH-Culture Market-EP
- KUNG FU RICK-Motivation-CD
- THE OATH-Hit Parader-EP
- DS-13-live

JEFF HEERMANN
- RONDELLES-TV Zombie-45
- NERVOUS EATERS-Loretta-45
- FORTUNE & MALTESE-Fiddled-EP
- PEEPS-Stiletto-EP
- DIALTONES-Short Sharp Shock-LP
- PINKZ-live
- VECTORS-Death to Disco-LP
- F-You Are An EP-EP
- MORONS-Come Get Drunk-EP
- DICTATORS-live

TOM HOPKINS
- BLACK CAT MUSIC-LP/JARVIS-EP
- STRIKE ANYWHERE-LP/DS-13-live
- THE OATH-EP/FALL SILENT-EP
- PEEPS-Stiletto-EP/DEGENERICS-LP
- AVAIL-live/ASSFACTOR 4-Sports-LP
- PLUTOCRACY-LP/BOOKS LIE-LP
- FROM ASHES RISE-Concrete-LP
- RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-LP
- HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE-EP
- HIPPIES IN FLAMES-Burn One-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY
- CANDY SNATCHERS-Color Me Blood-LP
- THE CONTROL-10"
- JARVIS-Wild in the Night-EP
- FUN THINGS-When the Birdmen Fly-EP
- NERVOUS EATERS-Loretta-45
- PEEPS-Stiletto-EP
- EVOLUTIONS/SMUTS-split-EP
- SOLEDAD BROTHERS-LP
- MUCK & THE MIRES-All Mucked-CD
- AUTOMATICS-Murder/Suicide-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH
- LES VIPERES-Sux Evulsors-EP
- DIALTONES-Short Sharp Shock-LP
- CANDY SNATCHERS-Color Me Blood-LP
- FUN THINGS-When the Birdmen Fly-EP
- VECTORS-Rape the Pope-EP
- VECTORS-Death to Disco-LP
- NIPS-The Tits of Soho-LP
- NERVOUS EATERS-Loretta-45
- AUTOMATICS-Murder/Suicide-LP
- TEEN CRUD COMBO-Suck It-EP

RAY LUJAN
- CADILLAC BLINDSIDE-CD
- TUULI-10"/DILLINGER FOUR-live
- BLACK CAT MUSIC-The Only Thing-LP
- NOTHING COOL-Stupid People-CD
- DOWNWAY-CD/LEATHERFACE-live
- FLIPSIDES-CD/NUMBERS-1-EP
- DIABOLIKS-Three Fur Burgers-CD
- SIG TRANSIT GLORIA-CD
- SOMMERSET-CD/ATARIS-live
- WANDERERS-Only Lovers Left-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK
- ASSFACTOR 4-Sports-LP
- FALL SILENT-Life: Beautiful-EP
- KUNG FU RICK-Motivation-CD
- PLUTOCRACY-Sniping Pigs-LP
- URINALS-Dead Flowers-EP
- F-You Are An EP-EP
- JIN'RIK'SHA-End Present-2xEP
- MURDER-Stupid Lifestyle Choices-CD
- RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-LP
- NITROMINDS-Time to Know-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON
- BOOKS LIE-It's a Weapon-LP
- THE CONTROL-10"/URINALS-EPs
- THE DREAD-Bonnie & Clyde-LP
- DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS-EP
- FUCK ON THE BEACH/RUIDO-split-EP
- OI ZONE-LP/STRIKE ANYWHERE-LP
- DEGENERICS-LP/THE OATH-EP
- HIPPIES IN FLAMES-EP/GAIJIN-EP
- KILL THE MESSENGER-EP
- RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-LP

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TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

VILETONES-LP/TEMPLARS-live	THE NUMBERS-1-EP/FUN THINGS-EP
DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS-EP	NIPS-The Tits of Soho-LP/URINALS-EP
REDUCERS SF/TERMINUS CITY-live	HIPPIES IN FLAMES-Burn One-LP
A.V.O./BLURTERS-split-EP	BRASS TACKS-The Good Life-EP
VECTORS-LP/NERVOUS EATERS-EP	THE HOOLIES-Stop Drinking-EP

ARWEN CURRY

JARVIS-EP/HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE-EP	STRIKE ANYWHERE-Chorus of One-LP
SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS/DIRTIES-EP	FROM ASHES RISE-LP/NIPS-LP
PIEKLO KOBIET/PUSSY FACE-split-EP	PARAGRAF 119-Støtteplade-LP
THIS MACINE KILLS/ESPERANZA-live	F-You Are An EP-EP/ASSFACTOR 4-LP
BOOKS LIE-LP/THE CONTROL-10"	MANKIND?/FINAL WARNING-split-EP

SEAN SULLIVAN

JOHN HOLMES/CANVAS-split-EP	THE OATH-EP/BATHTUB SHITTER-EP
FALL SILENT-EP/RONDELLES-EP	NO JUSTICE/DS-13-LIVE
THE NUMBERS-EP/DEGENERICS-LP	FROM ASHES RISE-Concrete-LP
ASSFACTOR 4-LP/PLUTOCRACY-LP	RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-LP
BOOKS LIE-LP/STRIKE ANYWHERE-LP	SOLEDAD BROTHERS-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE RIGHTEOUS-CD/TEMPLARS live	BRASS TACKS-The Good Life-EP
REDUCERS SF/TERMINUS CITY-live	THE NUMBERS-EP/ANTI-HEROS LP
LIMECELL-CD/LOWER CLASS BRATS CD	A.V.O./BLURTERS-split-EP
THE HOOLIES-EP/RETALIATOR-CD	V/A-Back on the Streets-10"
KLASSE KRIMINALE- Electric- CD	DUAP/COLONNA INFAME-split-EP

MAX WARD

IDOL PUNCH-Culture Market-EP	BATHTUB SHITTER-Fertilizer-EP
DEGENERICS-Generica-LP	EFFIGY-Evil Fragment-12"
RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-LP	KONTATTO/GIFT GAS-split-EP
THE OATH-Hit Parader-EP	ASSFACTOR 4-Sports-LP
MULTIPLEX-EP	DS-13-live

RYAN WELLS

EVOLUTIONS/SMUTS-split-EP	SOLEDAD BROTHERS-LP
V/A-Teenage Treats: 8, 9, 10-LPs	DIALTONES-Short Sharp Shock-LP
INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Too Much-LP	AUTOMATICS-Murder/Suicide-LP
RONDELLES-TV Zombie-45	PEEPS-Stiletto-EP
AUTOMATICS-Missing Album-LP	SIR & THE YOUNG MEN-live

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

ONYAS/ZODIAC KILLERS-live	DIRTY LOOKS-live/DUMBELL-LP
ONYAS-Heterospective-LP	LIMECELL-Destroy the Underground-CD
NERVOUS EATERS-Loretta-45	CANDY SNATCHERS-Color Me-LP
VECTORS-Death to Disco-LP	AUTOMATICS-Murder/Suicide-LP
SONNY VINCENT-Resistor-EP	DIALTONES-Short Sharp Shock-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Desperate Times #8	Broken Pencil #13
In Crowd #31	Hodgepodge #6/Pasazer #14
Jersey Beat #67	Turning The Tide Vol. 13 #2
Cutlass #5 1/2	Punk Rock Resume #1
Slug & Lettuce #64	Short, Fast & Loud #6

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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wc ıgs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys. "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB-Electric Eels."

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores, *Short, Fast & Loud!* Tantrums, "ASCGB—Nasty Facts."

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City Records, Prank Records, Countdown to Oblivion, *The East Village Inky*.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

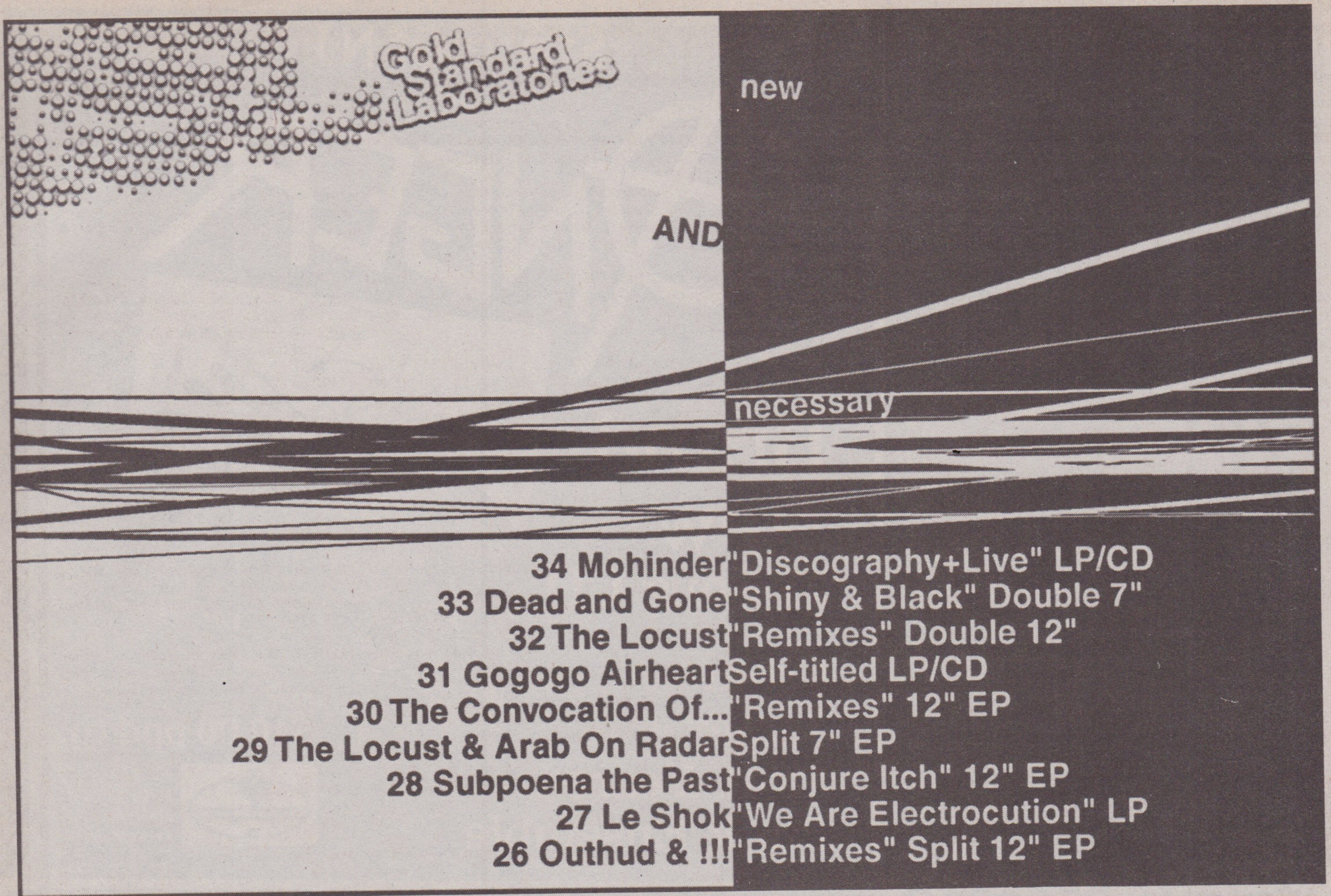
WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested. in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.


Gold Standard Laboratories
new
AND
necessary
34 Mohinder "Discography+Live" LP/CD
33 Dead and Gone "Shiny & Black" Double 7"
32 The Locust "Remixes" Double 12"
31 Gogogo Airheart Self-titled LP/CD
30 The Convocation Of... "Remixes" 12" EP
29 The Locust & Arab On Radar Split 7" EP
28 Subpoena the Past "Conjure Itch" 12" EP
27 Le Shok "We Are Electrocution" LP
26 Outhud & !!! "Remixes" Split 12" EP

Coming October 3rd.....
NO FUN AT ALL
"State Of Flow"
UNSUNG ZEROS
The People Mover
UNDER THE GUN
One Nation...
LUCKIE STRIKE
The Mercury Project
DISARMING VIOLENCE
ALL
NOFX
DIVIT
DAY 18
COOTER
BIGWIG
MIDTOWN
FROWNIES
BLANKS 77
DAG NASTY
THE PHOBES
USELESS I.D.
THE THUMBS
ANN BERETTA
DEAD CENTER
DYNAMITE BOY
LUCKIE STRIKE
SAVES THE DAY
UNDER THE GUN
YOUTH BRIGADE
PINHEAD CIRCUS
AGNOSTIC FRONT
THE STORY SO FAR
A NEW FOUND GLORY
THE SHARPSHOOTERS
ALL NEW UNRELEASED SONGS!!!
From NOFX, All, Dag Nasty (Reformed)
A New Found Glory, Midtown
Bigwig and much more
New From
Street Songs
For Modern Rebels
THE PHOBES
The Beginning or the End
THE SHARPSHOOTERS
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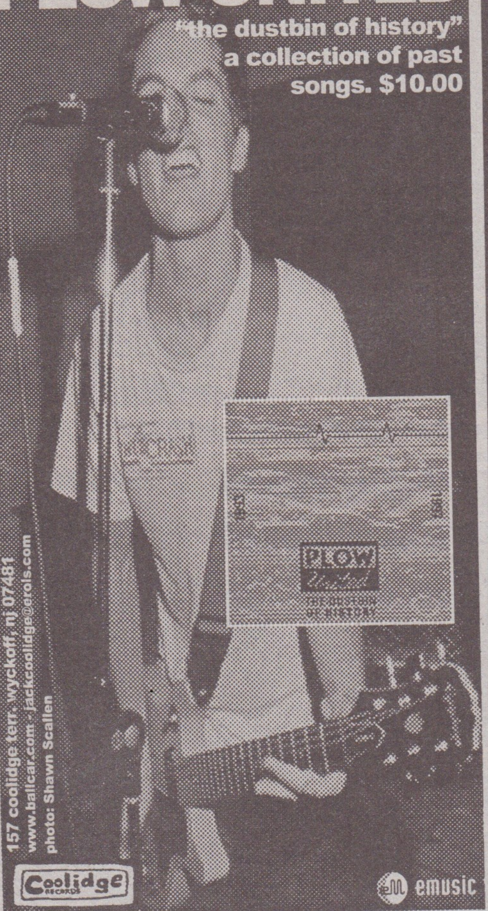

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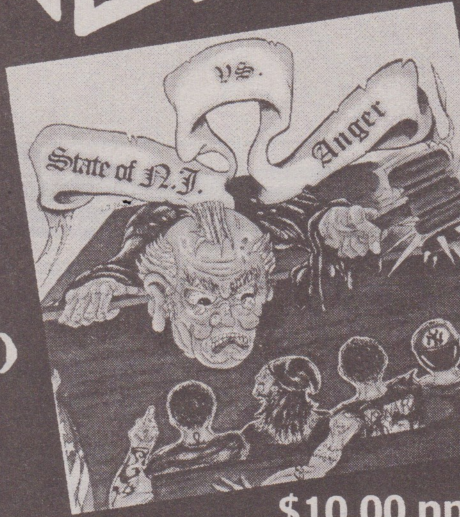

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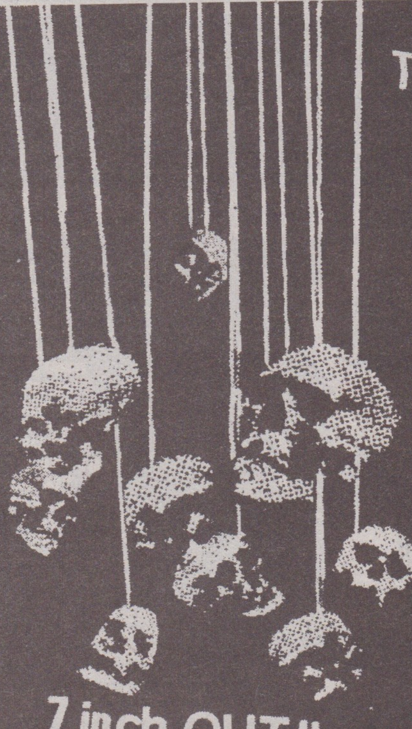

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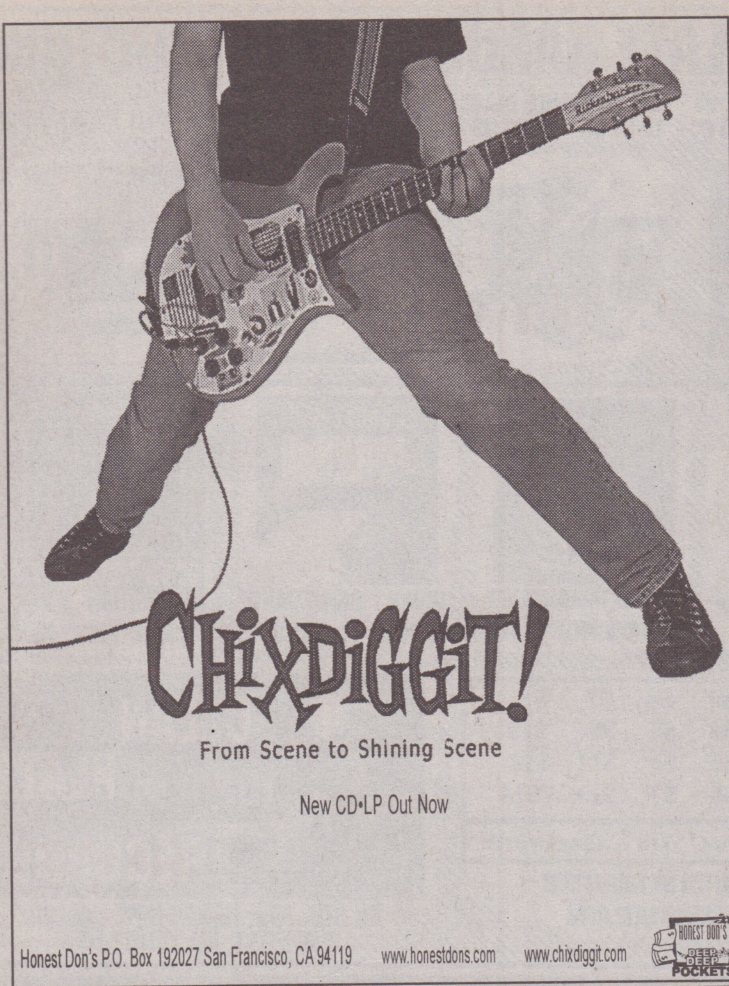

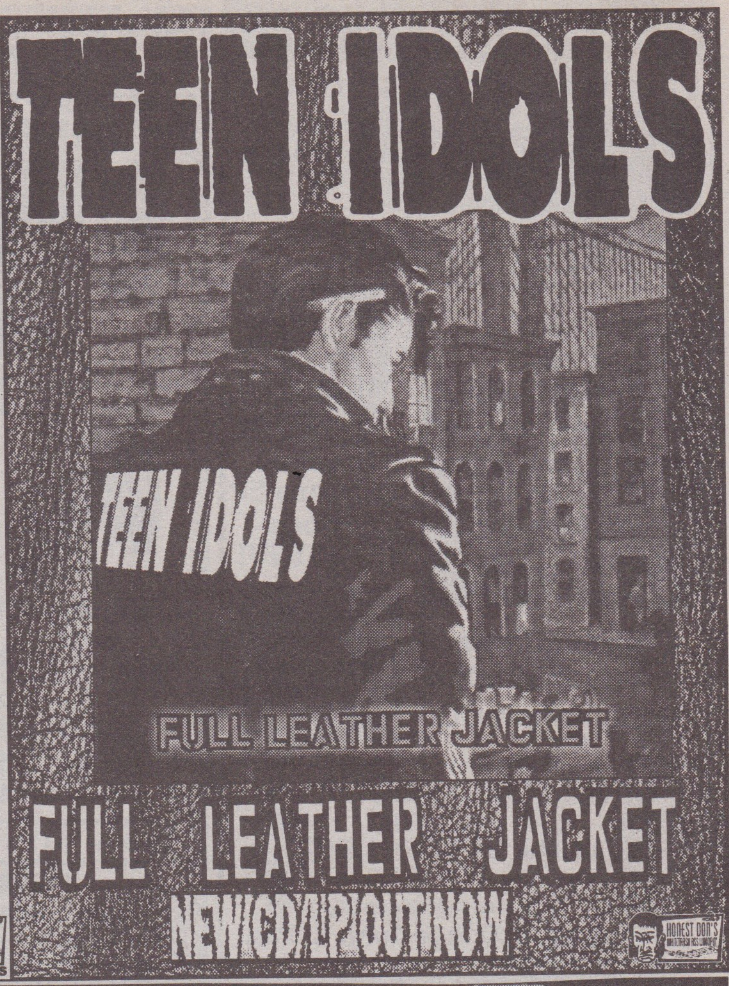

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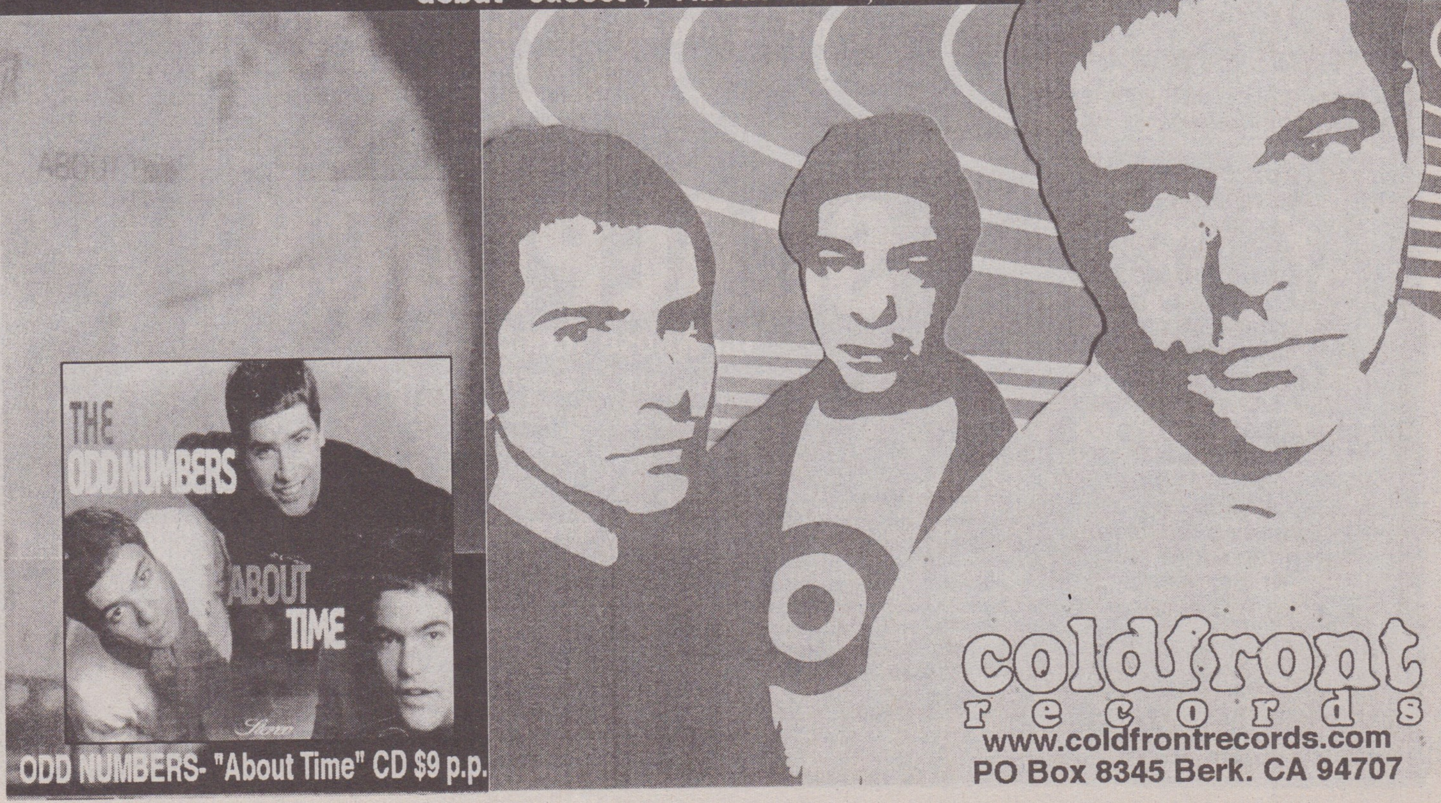

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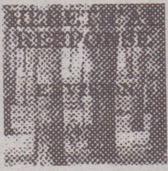

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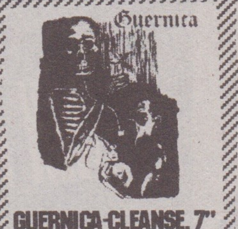

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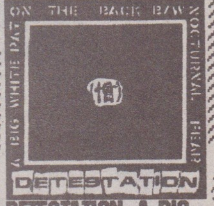

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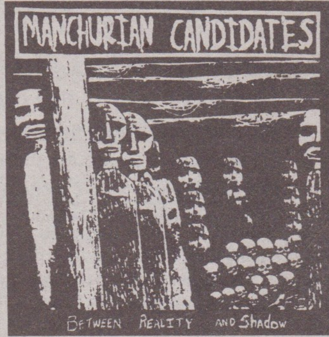

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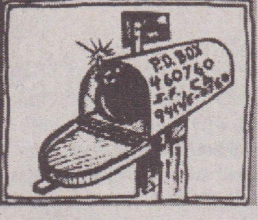
Letters



Hello,

There has been a lot of talk in the news recently about the use of the internet to make unauthorized copies of music. The large record labels all seem terrified of mp3's, claiming losses in the millions of dollars. To me, the claim of losses seems ridiculous. If 100 people download a copy of a New Disorder release that they wouldn't have purchased anyway, that's not a loss, it's free promotion. A few labels have tentatively tried to experiment with releasing a song here or there on the internet, perhaps even an album by one of the struggling bands that has no hope of returning their advance loan to the label. We, and probably some other small labels, have decided to embrace the technology however we can.

This letter is an announcement that *all* New Disorder releases are now going to be available on the internet as mp3's and high-resolution artwork. The music will be available at half the price of the CD. If people take these files and pass them around, so what. It's just publicity. I can only hope that we can do our part to make the behemoth labels worried.

So, if you've made it this far, you are probably saying "who cares? I've never heard of New Disorder Records." I think that it's still relevant. Ninety-nine percent of the music made in the world is made by unheard talent, on unknown labels, distributed by no-one. The percentage of good music is even higher. Labels like our keep the industry on its toes. Where we move, they will follow, though lumberingly. I may labor in obscurity for the rest of my life, but I or one of my peers will produce the next Fugazi, which will send the mainstream industry scrambling to find the next Pearl Jam. It happens over and over.

If you get a chance, take a look at the website: www.newdisorder.com. Feel free to contact me with questions. Eventually the record industry will realize that its value for money is editorial control. By then, we'll be onto the next trend, years ahead of them. Sincerely,

Ernst Schoen-René/ New Disorder Records/ 115 Bartlett St./ SF, CA 94110

Dear MRR,

The purpose of this letter is to remind people that Nazis and racists continue to infest punk rock. Case in point: I was recently at a party a friend invited me to that was being held on his parent's sheep farm. It was the 25th birthday party of some guy neither of us knew, and a band was hired to play. From what I'd heard, this band was a punk rock band composed of guys who'd been a part of my town's scene for quite some time, so needless to say, I was pretty excited. Unfortunately, I ended up being disappointed: their music and lyrics sounded completely banal, and their songs were too short. Toward the end of the set, however, my disappointment quickly turned to disgust: first they played a song that began with the singer shouting "Sieg Heil" into the microphone, which he did again in the middle of the song. After that song, they played a ditty that almost sounded like it was meant to make fun of the Holocaust. I learned later that night that unbeknownst to the hosts of the party, the band's singer claimed to be a "white separatist," which is basically just a nicer way of saying "white supremacist."

At about 3 or 4 o'clock the next morning, four cars in my apartment complex had their tires slashed: one belonging to an interracial family (mine), one belonging to a Native American family, one belonging to a Latino family and one belonging to a Jewish family. The latter incident had nothing to do with what happened at the party, but it goes to show that there's a lot of racism in my town.

Punk rock is supposed to be for everybody, but in this day and age, it seems like you have to draw the line somewhere. It's a must that we oppose bigotry, within punk rock and elsewhere. As much as that evening's events disturbed me, at least it proved the possibility for a human to function quite normally with an IQ of 12...

For the sake of my own personal safety, the only information about myself I'm willing to give you is that I live in a small hick town in southern Washington State.

Anonymous

Hey,

I'm Fedex from Buenos Aires. I´m reading #206 now, and was wondering something. This singular copy I hold in my hands was not bought. It was stolen from Tower Records. I want to know if you guys give Tower copies for consignment, or if Tower pays you for the copies and then re-sell them. If it´s the first one, I´m really sorry I pickpocketed a MRR, but if it was Tower Records property, I encourage stealing MRR from Tower, since MRR doesn´t have bar code it´s really easy to steal them. Peace and stay punk!

Fedex/ PO Box 1424 (1000)/ Buenos Aires/ Argentina.

PS I also stole *Straight Force*, the final issue. I guess I should write them to see what´s their deal with Tower too.

Fedex,

Tower buys 'em from Mordam (our distributor). When they are stolen, we still get paid. If they all get stolen, the store will probably stop carrying them. Thanks for your concern and more power to you. Jeff M.

MRR:

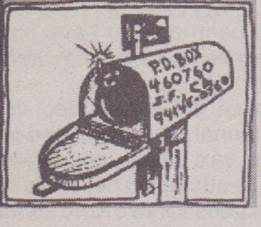
As a dyke, punk, musician of blackness I am compelled to respond to the Harum Scarum inter-view in MRR #207. I happen to be a big fan of Harum Scarum, their music, their political awareness, their commitment and experience. I am lucky to know Shari, Toni and Erin, and to have been able to have had three amazing conversations with them about the interview.

Here's what got me all riled up. The shaping of personal politics is based on region, age, race, sex, class, and many other particulars. To attempt to define punk is folly. Community doesn't have to be about similarities. It can also be a shared passion for learning new things and seeing things in a different way. For me, punk is partly about a constant struggle against conformity and homogeny. And as far as anarchy is concerned, well, the dictionary defines it as, "a social structure without government or law and order," Greek word translation, "without chief or head," and this is my favorite, "a theoretical social state in which there is no governing person or body of persons, but each individual has absolute liberty without implications of disorder." [my emphasis].

Shari says she "doesn't see the point" of playing with women, and that she has nothing in common with women except her genitalia. Not patriarchal oppression, not working class status, not a similar childhood, or the omnipressure of hetero privilege, not rape or fear of rape, not a passion for music or beauty or art. But how would you know what you had in common with them if you judge them and write them off because of what they write or the clothes they wear (from UO)? Also, you say that "playing with stupid boy bands that have stupid people that come to their shows is way more challenging to me than playing at a really nice, happy all-girl show." Why are "stupid" boys better to play with and for than stupid girls? Because stupid girls sing about love and flowers? If you are concerned about the environment, singing about flowers can be political! A lot of the hatred that as punks, activists, and artists we intrinsically try to deal with or express sometimes gets projected, so that things that are just simply beautiful aren't allowed to come through, and because of lazy attempts at defining an ever changing, dynamic scene in stereotypical, formulaic ways. If you are concerned about the religious right and the patriarchy's attack on homos, singing about love becomes political.

At the end of the article, Erin says she'd like to see more diversity at shows. In San Francisco diversity runs along political as well as age, race and class lines, and includes the added mess of folks who eat meat, shop, and a slew of other nasty things that you would most likely disagree with politically. Maybe they can organize your ass off though, or research, or they have a computer, or they can flyer, or listen and learn. We are all important. We are in a process of our own and together. We are growing. The tone of the interview was divisive and bordered on xenophobia by turns, which is why I found the call for diversity ironic.

Talking with people is the best way for us to get people thinking about things differently anyway. Calling people out, like,



"hey, why are you choosing to pollute the environment by driving?" or, "don't you know what the petrol corporations are doing to the environment?" or "PG&E is destroying our world. Why are you using electricity?" or whatever your personal political agenda commands you to speak up about. Disagreements aside, thanks for speaking up, HS.
Carmen/ cwhite@maitrisf.org

Dear Carmen,

Thank you for responding to our interview and voicing your concerns. You have brought up so many good points that we will address & continue dialoguing with you and others who have questions about some of our statements. We agree that the tone of the interview felt divisive and that to "try to define punk is folly", and for giving off those impressions we apologize. To say that it bordered on xenophobia is a very strong statement which we are not sure how to take, however we do understand that we will never know the reality of being a punk dyke of color. Also, we feel that some of the things you said have made it clear that you've read between the lines & read your own things into the interview (maybe because you felt attacked & defensive?- sorry if that's the case.)

Shari never said that she doesn't see the point in playing with women & nor did she say that she doesn't have anything in common with women except her genitalia. These "quotes" were inaccurate and misrepresentative. Shari said it was more challenging for her to play with stupid boy bands that attract idiots and a hostile environment, than to play a "nice, happy, all girl show". That statement was maybe too strong, sarcastic & harsh and nobody should be called stupid, but she never said she doesn't see the point in playing with women (altogether) - that needs to be set straight. She said she doesn't see the point in playing shows where she doesn't feel challenged by the other bands, the audience, or the way the show is set up. But it is challenging to be forced to be strong and ward off guys groping us, and guys spitting at us and seeing us as sex objects & raise questions to those guys about why that is not OK.

Yes, we still feel it's important to play with other women and that it is equally as challenging to play girl shows where the women haven't yet or are just beginning to deal with the oppressions they face; and how the effects of socialization affect them and men as well. Although we understand the need for all women spaces & shows, the specific shows that we were referring to were frustrating because of the sexism that put us on the girl bills in the first place. These were shows set up by men and we were placed on them simply because we are in these instances seen more as women than as a band. Girl bands & queer bands don't get billed with non-girl/non-queer punk bands very often. Scenes don't overlap, and we would like to try to be a part of them overlapping more.

Common oppressions can be a starting point for community and unity, but it's not all we consider when we feel people/bands out. We could probably find common oppressions with a lot of people (racists, sexists, homophobes) that we don't feel we want to use our energy trying to bond with. Along the same lines, we don't feel bonded with a band just because they are punk. Maybe we could start finding more challenge in trying to get the girl scene to think more politically. The Haggard is one Portland band that is doing this now - cheers to them! Tribe 8 has done it for years, and surely other all-girl bands with political agendas will pop up. We should make it more clear who we are criticizing, which is the faction that is interested in fame, fortune & popularity - and not interested in anything that is not seperatist and/ or trendy. Shari also did not say that she has nothing in common with women except our vaginas. She would never say/ suggest that. She was referring specifically to a certain type of girl band that we don't want to get lumped in with, and to make that into a general statement about women is unfair. We apologize if those statements were not completely clear to you or other people, or they sounded too hostile or harsh. The statements were rash, not worded well, and were born out of frustration.

You also had a problem with the meat eating anarchist statement Shari made. That thought/ statement came from her feeling of not understanding how someone who has gone through the thought process to call themselves an anarchist can not have gone through questioning the ethics of meat eating in a capitalistic culture. Apparently, when she said that she was only thinking about some of the people who may read MRR - some not-so-political, circle-A-wearing fashion punks. We understand that vegetarianism can be a class issue and is a privileged way of thinking in many cultures, but she was addressing the average MRR reader and assuming that anyone that reads the interview (especially American punks) is in a privileged enough position to consider not eating meat & why. This is just our opinion but still, Shari should have been more specific/ detailed when addressing such a loaded topic.

Again, thank you for talking to us about this stuff - it's important to hear, consider & evaluate different perspectives or points of view. This is why we are so happy that you have written to MRR & talked to us about your concerns/ disagreements with some of our statements. It is vital to continue talking about things that affect us as women in the punk scene- because things are far from perfect. We will try to be more clear in the future.

Please keep the lines of communication open & flowing! And thank you for all of your valuable comments & criticisms.
Harum-Scarum

Dearest Mimi Nguyen,

First and foremost, I'd like to say that I never thought I'd be writing the reviewer of my zine. I just never thought I'd be *that guy*, but please realize that I wouldn't be writing you if you said my zine sucked. I'd just leave it alone. It wouldn't bother me *too* much. I'm taking the time to write you because of what you said, period. I'd probably be doing the same thing if you wrote something similar in a column or article.

I made that analogy to display that some people will not voluntarily harmonize to what is evidently courteous, just, and unselfish. Some people have to be forced to not brutalize, enslave, govern, exploit, and torture others. I still stand behind that analogy and I think it makes the point I was trying to get across, no matter what you or your lawyer friend says.

I'm not bitching, but I'm left puzzled why you used 90% of the review to discuss no more than 4 pages of writing. This is what Gary wrote in response to you attacking him: "Before I blast Nguyen's vacuous comments about my truthful and unassailable writings, everyone should ponder the cruel practices of animal exploitation, animal incarceration, animal slavery, animal murder, ethics, compassion, altruism and how it relates to human hatreds. If the animal oppression/ human oppression link is blurry, contact me at 810-763-2715 or DogmaDay@aol.com for a 20-minute graphic video about the vicious traditions of animal abuse that still exist in our society."

Let me throw out two quotes before I briefly explain why speciesism is the root of all hatreds. "The animals of the world exist for their own reasons. They were not made for humans any more than black people were made for white or women made for men." That quote by civil rights activist, animal rights activist and humanitarian Alice Walker - author of "The Color Purple" - represents the animal rights revolution with complete accuracy. Author Milan Kundera once stated, "Humanity's true moral test, its fundamental test, consists of its attitude towards those who are at its mercy — animals. And in this respect humankind has suffered a fundamental debacle, a debacle so fundamental that all others stem from it."

Animals are the most violated species on the face of the earth. Speciesism which is the unfounded, unethical and unprincipled view that the human animal has every right to exploit the non-human animal — lacks coherent thought and is a narrow-minded view of the life that comprises this planet. It is true that speciesism is the first form of discrimination and bigotry that humans are taught. An American baby for instance is introduced to animal flesh as food and either taught to disregard the cow, the pig, the chicken and other food animals or lied to about where food comes from because otherwise no child would consume his or her animal friends. Author Harvey Diamond once said, "put a two-year-old

child in a crib with a bunny rabbit and an apple. And if that child eats the rabbit and plays with the apple, I'll buy you a new car."

Now, children are not only taught to discriminate against the seemingly unattractive food animals, he or she is also told to disregard or despise the seemingly annoying animals who are considered pests, like mice and rats and bats and opossums. Now how is a child growing up among different humans — different sizes and shapes and colors of humans — different levels of attractiveness — how is that child supposed to learn to accept every living being for who they are and learn to treat every living being equally. With speciesism instilled in that child's brain it cannot happen. And nothing turns my stomach more than misguided people who purport to be humanitarians — purport to teach their children ethics — purport to be against racism, classism, sexism and heterosexism — purport to care about this planet and its inhabitants — yet they take part in speciesism everyday by sitting down to violence and hatred and death at lunch or dinner and teach their children to consume death as well. My friends, one cannot be a humanitarian without being a vegan and condemning all forms of human-to-animal slavery.

Without animal liberation there cannot be human liberation. Until speciesism is eradicated, racism will thrive. Unless the human animal frees the non-human animal, sexism and classism will proliferate. We must destroy violence, hatred and discrimination at its root. And animal exploitation is that root.

Pythagoras, the benevolent philosopher, once stated that, "As long as humanity continues to be the ruthless destroyer of other beings, we will never know health or peace. For as long as people massacre animals, they will kill each other. Indeed, those who sow the seed of murder and pain cannot reap joy and love." In order for peace to flourish on this planet between the human animal and the non-human animal, we must subdue our arrogance and have the empathy and humility to acknowledge that animals suffer as much as humans do and that animals want their freedom as much as humans do. Without freedom there is no reason to exist. Ever.

Mark Twain once chimed in with this bit of truthful sarcasm: "In studying the traits and dispositions of the so-called lower animals, and contrasting them with human's, I find the results humiliating to me." I did not write this response (to Nguyen's misguided and arrogant statement that humans are the only species that matter) to try and convince you that animals are more important than humans because the issue of importance is irrelevant to how animals should be treated. In fact, the issue of importance is irrelevant to how certain humans should be treated when compared with other humans. We need to stop searching for reasons to differentiate one sentient being from another sentient being because those arbitrary discriminatory reasons only allow the unrelenting exploitation to continue.

Nguyen's arrogance was typical and trite. It was remedial and banal. She should open up her mind, let some knowledge pour in and use the brain that was given to her a little more rationally. Later,
Mark Osmond/ 8364 Washburn/ Goodrich, MI 48438/ deodorantstinks@yahoo.com

Mark & Gary,

Mimi is aware you wrote in but said she was not stoked on your zine the first time around, and did not need the "aggravation" of reading and responding to your letter added to her already hectic life. She stands by her review. I did not read your zine but would like to comment on a few things you say in your letter.

When you say our other problems will disappear once everybody's vegan, you remind me of the communists who say once capitalism is destroyed, we will all be one happy working family. I don't see it. Any kind of analysis which puts one social justice struggle above all others seems short-sighted to me. All the fucked-up shit in this world is interlinked, not stacked up like blocks. *Claiming insight into the origins of a myriad of issues requires you to demonstrate at least some knowledge of how these issues came to possess the form they have today. Mimi's review claims your zine does not do this, and your letter certainly does not. Obviously you write off vast numbers of people you've never met when "vegan or nothing" is your standard. Carmen and Harum-Scarum discuss this a page or two back this issue.*
Jeff M.

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll*,

Well, your last issue reviewed my zine *Smell of Dead Fish* and thank you for taking the time to read it. In the last couple of years you have always reviewed it as "boring" or "not enough pictures" which is fine, I can understand that. But in this last review, Mikel Delgado was saying that I know nothing about gentrification because I have only lived here three months. The thing I would like to explain is that I've been coming here seven or eight years. I spend most summers here or a part, no matter how small. This should be able to grant me the vision to see some change in the neighborhood.

I didn't mean to insult anyone and I wasn't born here but it's a pretty obvious difference from a few years ago. With that comment he *[sic]* said "do us all a favor and move back home." I'm sorry but that isn't currently possible, but thank you for the advice.

He *[sic]* also pointed out that my zine is just a bunch of name dropping and cool band rhetoric. I apologize, again I'm just a fan of bands. I like the music and it's kind of what got me involved in punk rock, even got me reading *Maximum Rocknroll*. Now if that zine doesn't name drop, I don't know who does. Hell, they even do band interviews! I feel that when people are helpful to me or a band will list me it's kind of my way of saying thanks to the bands. I know it's weird but I actually write: Thank you (insert band or "cool" person).

I do understand my zine may be uninteresting and badly written but I am working on it. In closing thanks for keeping *Maximum* going so long. I don't know how you do it (seriously). *[small drawing of heart]*
Skot *[? - illegible signature]*

Skott,

First of all, I did not say that you know nothing about gentrification, or had no right to complain about it (as you have stated in the newest issue of your zine). I'm sure you know it well, as you (like myself) live in the Mission. My problems with what you wrote about the way this neighborhood and city have changed are 1. the lack of your own personal history in San Francisco - you didn't say anything except how much the Mission had changed since you moved here, which you said was a few months previous, and 2. the lack of any sense of personal responsibility for that process. I wasn't born here. I've lived here almost 8 years, and guess what, it's punks like me and you who paved (and continue to pave) the way for those vile "dot-commers" to move in. I don't think it's wrong to talk about gentrification or be bummed at the direction the city is headed in. I do feel that it's wrong to pretend that punks live in a vacuum that doesn't contribute to the situation! I see a lot of that here, and it frustrates me to see this blameless attitude. I took that frustration out on you. My "move home" comment was completely out of line and for that I apologize.

I do still feel like your zine is self serving and that most readers would be alienated by the continual stream of names of people they didn't know who put you on their guest lists, said hi to you at the show, etc. It makes you look like you're trying to prove you are "someone" and that's fine, if that's what you need to do, but it doesn't interest me.

As far as my review making you want to stop doing your zine, all I can say is, do what you want to do. I can't take personal responsibility for you stopping your zine. If you continually get reviews at MRR that say your zine is "boring" and "repetitive," maybe you should send Smell of Dead Fish *to some other zines to get reviewed, or try to change or improve what you are doing. Part of putting yourself out there is being willing to take criticism, however harsh. I have learned that through personal experience.*

Finally, in the new issue of SODF, *you wrote "I do hope to meet Mikel one day, not to kick his (sic) teeth in, not like that, just to maybe explain where I am coming from." Perhaps we will meet, it's a small city. I*

agree, I'd much rather hear where you are coming from in person, because your zine is hard to read and left me with unanswered questions, and I'd probably like you a lot more than I like your zine. Hopefully, you wouldn't try to kick my teeth in because I am pretty attached to them, and because I'm pretty tough for a girl. Sincerely,
Mikel

hi, punks!

As a medical student who has witnessed several abortions, I wanted to comment on the "What to Expect at the Abortion Clinic" article in the (generally excellent) reproduction theme issue. I'm not saying that the article was inaccurate, since the procedure is performed differently in different facilities and at different stages of pregnancy, but the article did make it sound worse than it is in my experience, and my impression is that my experience is fairly typical.

Women going in for an abortion at most clinics do not need to fear a "very painful.... twenty minute" procedure for which they will be given nothing more than a "couple of Valiums." Vacuum pumps can be used which reduce the time required to about thirty seconds, and local anesthetic and sedatives are given, so that the pain shouldn't be any worse than bad menstrual cramps (something I have no personal experience of, it should be noted). At the clinic I observed at, the drugs (whose names I unfortunately can't remember) left the patients conscious (though spacy) during the procedure, but I was told they would have no memory of the procedure once the drugs wore off. There are some hospitals and clinics which will knock you out entirely, but that means an anesthesiologist has to be present, which increases the cost.

In most states (I live in Wisconsin), the physician must "counsel" the patient to make sure she is aware of the consequences of her decision. This would be part of any responsible professional's duty anyway, but right-wing fucks in the Legislature have mandated certain ways of doing it which serve to put up obstacles to a woman's exercise of choice. In Wisconsin, they have to give the patient this creepy little pamphlet printed by the State containing many inaccuracies. Although purporting to offer "scientific" information, the pamphlet contains no sources or reference which would enable patients to further investigate its dubious assertions, nor does it even list the names of its authors! After the counseling session, the patient must wait a week before returning for the abortion, a major problem for women who are poor and live far from the clinic.

Sadly, another thing you can expect at the abortion clinic is to be harassed by know-nothing religious zealots on your way in and out, who will mercilessly attempt to intimidate you and make you feel guilty, if not actually physically accost you. Federal law requires them to stay 25 feet away from the clinic entrance, but in cities like Milwaukee, whose government is pretty well wrapped around the Pope's pinky ring, good luck getting that enforced. Hopefully there will also be some kind people who have volunteered to shelter you as much as possible from the wrath of these thugs.

This brings me to another point—volunteering to escort patients in and out of abortion clinics is a wonderful way to contribute to the struggle for human rights! It requires no special knowledge, just a brief onset training, you can show up as often or as seldom as your schedule permits, you'll meet some really cool people and get to piss off some really evil ones. Just call your local clinic or abortion rights group and ask how you can get started.

OK, that's my piece. If anyone wants to ask any more questions about medical-type stuff, I'll be happy to try to answer (keeping in mind that I'm still two years away from being an actual doctor). And especially, any Milwaukee punks who would like to hang out are urged to get in touch... I've met lots of great people in med school, but none of them know who the Dead Kennedys are and sometimes I feel a tad isolated. I can be reached at ewilson.mcw.edu or c/o Physicians for Social Responsibility/ Medical College of Wisconsin/ 8701 Watertown Plank Road/ Milwaukee WI 53226.
Eric Wilson

PS When in San Francisco, be sure to patronize Mission Records (on Mission between 18th/19th)—the punkiest place on Earth!

Dear Eric,

I'm glad that you feel a responsibility—as a medical student and assumably a man—toward the issue of abortion, and that you were motivated to write and challenge the piece I wrote. I appreciate the benefit of your witnessing several abortions, and the clinician's perspective. I am considering, as hopefully are other readers, to take your advice and act as a buffer between women and the Pharisees who harass them on those ugly days. Since I have faith in neither Gore—who supported the fetus' "right to life," along with other nasty things, in his 1976 Tennessee Congressional campaign (see Cockburn's column in the Aug. 7/14 Nation*)—nor the Bush heir to preserve my right to choose, I recognize that the time to get to it directly is nigh.*

Still, despite your obviously good intentions, I found your letter to be phenomonally condescending. When you mention the "struggle for human rights," you are talking about my rights. When you are talking about what in "your experience" is true, you are talking about your experience of watching pain, not mine of feeling it, and this is very different, and the difference is important. Your voice seems anthropological, almost, as if the patients you write about were shadows in a medical desk reference, who have probable pain, which they may not remember.

Let me preface this by saying: it seemed obvious—and unavoidable—to me at the time of writing the "What to Expect" piece that my experience with abortion would not parallel every woman's. Your point that procedures vary from place to place is a valid one. And predictably, the subjective experience varies too. Women I know who have had abortions have shared very different feelings with me, from the flippant to the devastated. I thought in an issue about families and the lack of families, someone ought to write a piece like it, and since no one else was forthcoming, that person was me.

There is a sort of silent agenda murmuring I shouldn't complain that my abortion was very painful (far worse than the worst menstrual cramps, or than breaking bones, for example), or that it was emotionally difficult. This compromises the movement, provides the enemy with an argument. *After struggling with this reluctance to complain, I finally decided that it was more important to me to be honest, to be an emotional animal rather than a political one. (And though I shouldn't have to qualify it, I made the right decision, and will fight to defend my right to do it again).*

I appreciate your good work, Eric, but more than that, I am unnerved by the voice of authority, any authority, that denies the validity of what I feel. It is dangerous to assume you know people better than they know themselves; also, to confuse good intentions with solidarity.

Up the punx.
Arwen C.

Dept. of Corrections

• Renae Bryant conducted the Sub City/ Hopeless Records interview, published last month in #208 (Sept/2000). We very regretfully forgot to credit her.

Email:
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters-to-editor. Use phone for ad reservations. Do not expect answers, but you might get one)

The New and Improved! WHATS THE SCOOP? by

Today's question: Does Christianity have a place in punk?

I'm going to keep this short. I just wanted to say that I believe there is. The last time that I checked punk rock was not supposed to be an exclusive club with rules to abide by to be a part of. All of my life I have been persecuted for being different and having a mind of my own. I just do not feel that any persecution should be carried over into the punk rock community simply because I choose to believe in a God. If we, as punks, preach tolerance of others because of their race, appearance, or sexual preferance why not their religious beliefs as well.
Christophe P.O.BOX 3084 SHAWNEE, OK 74802 zombierot@hotmail.com

I would have to say yes, or at least there should be. And now for the babbling that I shall call reasons for my answer. First of all, like it or not, there is such a thing as Christian punk, or at least there are Christians who call themselves punk. On this planet, any and all possibilities can exist, an occasionally merge and break off from one another, kind of like a lava lamp. This is inevitable, and necessary for us to grow and learn as people. Let me say that what makes punk better thatn Christianity or most other worldly religions or beliefs, is that it allows space for people to decide for themselves how to view it. And for this reason, don't hate the people that don't understand you, it only reduces you to their level.
Greg / Tea, SD

Christianity and Punk? I really don't think so. Most of the so-called Christians I have come across in my life don't even know the meaning of the word Christianity. Jesus would not stand with these people. Their version has always been about racism, homophobia, and elitist attitudes. Those things have nothing to do with punk.
Eric Fortner/ Hayward, CA

No. Why, you ask? Cause it's shit. And shit belongs where? In the toilet.
Love,
JT / 1515 Morton Dr. / East Moline, IL 61244

I am a 32 year old father of two, married back in 1991. From 1981-1990, I was actively involved in local hardcore/punk and "alternative" music and film scenes here in NY. I must say that, No, there is no room in the punk scene (or any secular music scene) for genuine Christianity. Considering that punk (and in subtle ways all forms of secular music) is built upon rebellion, a sin that God says is equivalent to that of witchcraft, it's safe to say that biblically there is no room for Christianity in the punk scene. No, I don't feel that I am "any better" than anyone reading this, and any Christian who does should see if they have been truly converted; Christians are as "messed-up" as anyone else.... just forgiven for it.
-Nick C. Barracato Box 060382 Staten Island, NY 10306 / USA

If you answer no to this question, you are really no better than a fekin' nazi. The only thing we don't have a place for is Hate, Violence, Predjudice, and inequality. Keep in mind that Christianity is just following the teachings of Christ. How can that be bad? You say Christianity constricts free thought. Fuck That, i consider myself Christian and I think for myself. I'm just sick of christianity getting the shit, because of what all these stupid Christian fucks in power saying gays need to die, and whatever else. I don't think Jesus ever said we should kill gays. Believe what you want, I thought that's what Punk was all about. Doing what you want Regardless. Fuck Racism,Fuck Homophobia....... Peace, Love, Respect, Unity, Equality.
...trAv

The idea that one can be a Christian and a punk is to me laughable. Christians can take their patriarchal ideas and obssession with a dead hippie and shove them up their ass. Just stay away from my scene.
John Stevenson / Memphis, TN.

Punk rock has always been pretty anti-Catholic or anti-religious. It goes with the territory. Christianity discriminates against women and gays. That has no place in the punk rock world. Christianity can also mean a personal belief. I am studying Buddhism. I keep my beliefs to myself. If someone believes in Jesus they can keep it to themselves also. The whole philosophy behind being a Christian is to giv up your possessions and go on a mission to heal people. This definitely has a place in punk rock. If someone follows Christianity with their heart and goes out to make the world a better place and doesn't force their beliefs onto others, I see no problem for that tinning into the punk rock community. If someone wants to force beliefs onto others and discriminate against women and gays, they belong on the 700 Club, not in the punk rock community. Punk is about respect, open-mindedness, and rebellion against the evils of the world.
PFC Nordine

Some answers have been edited for brevity.

Next Month's Question ?!?:

Would you pay to see a cover band playing all your favorite punk songs?

send answers to MRR PO Box 460760 San Francisco, CA 94117 or maximumrnr@mindspring.com
scoopers! Please respond by October 13th and try to keep your answers under a hundred words.

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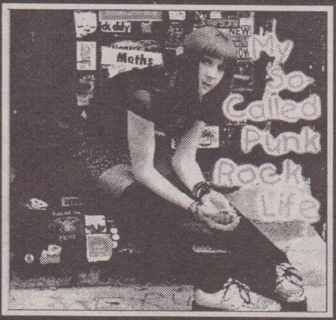

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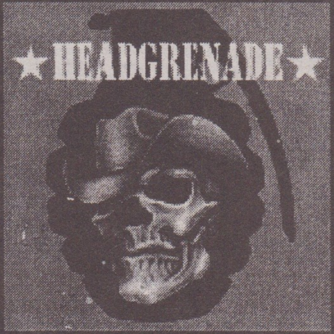

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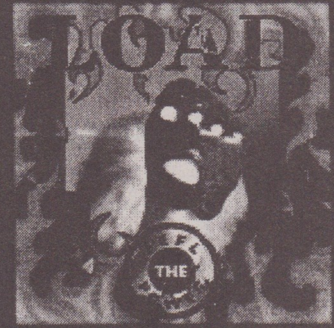

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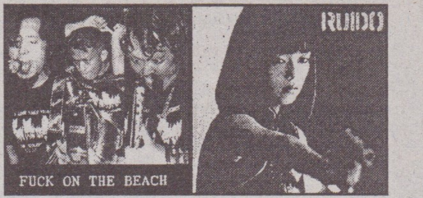

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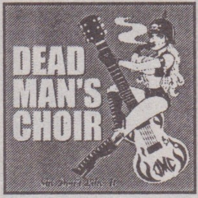

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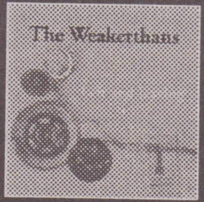

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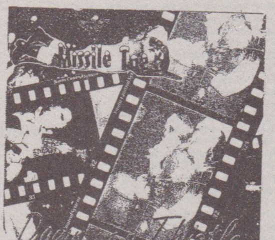

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Columns

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

It's 1956, maybe '57. My tiny hand grabs my father's left forefinger as we walk through the gate. The lights! Flashing. Red. Blue. Yellow! Going around in a huge circle. Bigger than I've ever seen. Bigger than Daddy even. And music. Loud. Like on a merry-go-round. Screams too. Like girls make when you pull their pony tails.

"Oh look," says Dad, pointing to a big red box. "Let's try this."

On the side of the box is a silver slot. In front of it, on the ground, is a smaller box. Dad leads me up to the machine and lifts me on top of the small box. I can now see that on the big box is a giant plastic hammer. It's yellow, attached with a long string.

What look like nine plates, all in neat rows, sit on top of the red box.

"Pick up the hammer," says Dad. "Now, wait 'til you see the little mole come out. Then, whack it!"

Dad puts in a coin. There's a whirring. One of the little plates moves. A brown animal head peaks from underneath.

"Whack it!" yells Dad. "Whack it!"

I'm not sure about whacking little animals for no reason. It's my first experience with *Whack-A-Mole*. But whack I do.

Now, let's shift ahead forty-something years. Let's shift places too. From a carnival on Long Island to San Diego California. I'm here after bailing from my abortive adventure with M. We took a hellish busride from Milwaukee to Salt Lake City. There, we went to the Mormon temple, where Tsengel, my Mongolian friend, verbally abused our guide.

Later, M tells me she's decided to change her life and remain faithful to her boyfriend back in Wisconsin. That kills the month of romantic fun I had planned. We part. I go to San Diego with Rosey Palm, my new-old lover. M heads for San Francisco.

Fortunately for my right hand, my L.A. pal Rick is a porn reviewer. He wanted to clean out his collection. That's a dozen magazines and videos for ME!

Shift to San Diego. I stay with Brian, a business professor at UCSD. He was in *Newsweek* because he failed a quarter of his students in *Business Ethics*. Why? They were cheating on exams. He caught them by switching the question order from one class to the next. Cheating students, who got answers from the earlier class, blithely marked the same answers in the wrong spots. Even Jay Leno talked about it on TV.

"Twenty-five percent of the students in a San Diego business ethics class were caught cheating on exams this week," he said. "The university took action. They withdrew all the students— and immediately enrolled them in law school."

I arrive at Brian's place at noon. He greets me with a Coors Light. Tall, with blond curly hair and a down-turned mustache, he has a slightly threatening presence. Like Art Garfunkel turned mean. He's anything but.

Though I'm only a friend's friend, he treats me like a long lost army buddy. He carries my backpack as we walk through a lush, but perfectly kept garden into his apartment.

"I've become like Felix Unger in my old age," he says. I look around and everything does seem to be in it's place. I figure I'll take care of that soon enough.

"I hate my neighbor," he tells me. "Chip! Fuckin' Chip! He got thrown out of his last place. And he brags about it. He's had this derelict boat parked in front of our place for weeks. What an eyesore! I called the cops on him. I hate that guy."

"Anyway," he continues, "you're welcome to eat what you like. Help yourself to anything in the refrigerator."

"Thanks," I tell him, ambling over to that appliance. Inside is a case of Coors Light, half a head of lettuce, and an opened bag of potatoes. One the tubers, with large black splotches, is just starting to sprout.

"Oh," he says, "I forgot to tell you. My diet is usually just lettuce and beer. I figure that eating only lettuce will make me thin, so I can drink a lot of beer and it won't change anything."

"Could I just have some coffee?" I ask, closing the door of the potato incubator.

"Sure," he says, "I don't have any coffee mugs. Just take one of those 7-11 jumbo cups over there, throw in a coffee bag, and put it under the tea maker."

Not only aren't there any coffee mugs, there are no plates, glasses, forks or knives. At least none that I can see.

Brian says he's got time off and offers to take me around. I'll sleep on the couch in the living room. There's nowhere to hide when the TV goes on. Loud!

Every day, it's the same the morning ritual. Up at noon. Watch TV, then, out to the garden. There, Brian carefully inspects each plant for insect damage. He rips up those that've been touched by bugs.

"Chip, that neighbor I told you about," says Brian every day, "he plays ping pong and always falls in the gladiolus. You can't believe the damage he's done. And he barbecues! Right there!" He points to a gas grill. "Who knows what that does to the plants?"

"I need more poison," he continues. "Stronger stuff. I've got to kill those little bugs."

Then, it's off to 7-11 for a giant ice tea with four packs of Nutrasweet. Then to a Mexican restaurant for lunch. Then, Brian chauffeurs me thriftstore shopping. Goodwill, Salvation Army, St. Vincents, and plenty I don't know about. I look through the books, records, hats and boots. Brian looks through the books, records and large paintings on the wall.

He's the perfect host, taking me where I want to go, showing me what I want to see and eat and drink and drink. A six pack for the road. One ON the road. One after the road. A forty ounce to fill the spaces between six packs. All the while, music blasts from his car windows. Good stuff: Iggy Pop, MC5, but at a volume loud enough to shatter bulletproof glass.

A week of nothing but loud music, beer and Mexican food. By the end, I float on a continuous cloud of flatulence.

Every morning, Brian suggests that he drop me off someplace. "while I go to the gym," he says. "I need to pump some iron... and jog. I try to jog a few miles every day."

Every afternoon he says, "I don't think I'm gonna make it to the gym today. Too much beer."

Let's go back to mid-way in the week. Cruising in Brian's Ford, we slam down our third Karl Strauss, the local beer brand. Off to the left, I get a glimpse of what looks like Disneyland.

"What the fuck is that?" I ask. "It looks like the Mickey Mouse castle."

"Where?" asks Brian swivelling his head behind as he goes full-speed ahead. "Oh, that's the Mormon temple. They've got a big one here."

"They're whack-a-mole moles." I say.

"Huh?" he answers.

"Whack-a-mole moles," I repeat.

"Is that something you put on Mexican food?" he asks.

"No," I tell him, "it's a carnival game. You have a hammer and you bang it down on a pop-up mole. Then another pops up someplace else. It's the same with the Mormons. You bang one down in Salt Lake City. Up pops another in San Diego. No matter how many you whack down, they keep popping up someplace else."

THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR RAP! As if to emphasize my point, a massive amount of jalapeño tinged gas escapes from my lower intestines.

BRRAAAAAAAP, answers Brian, releasing his own vaporous build-up. "Now I got it. You're right."

The next morning, I suggest we go to Mexico. Tijuana is only a few minutes from here. I wanna see the donkey show."

"We can't go tomorrow," he says. "I want to go to the gym. Besides, tomorrow is election day in Mexico. They don't serve alcohol on election day."

The next day, Brian drops me off in town. I hang out while he goes to the gym. Yeah right.

Walking around, I visit non-Starbuck coffee houses, thriftshops and record stores. I plan to visit my longtime unrequited crush, Leontyne during the evening. She's married now, with a kid to boot.

It's in the Goodwill store that I hit gold. *Learn To Discern* is on the video cover, in big green letters. There's an "explicit material" warning on the front. On top, *Focus on the Family Presents.* Wow!

Focus on the Family. Number one Christian shitheads. Should be whacked like moles. Pro-censorship, homo-hating, intolerant, Jerry Falwell lackeys. What better entertainment could I ask for? And for a buck fifty! I'll mail it home with the porn that Rick gave me. They deserve each other's company.

I also buy a fedora, combat boots and an Elton John record I can sell on ebay. Packages in hand, I head for Leontyne's where I get to play with the kid and reminisce about old times. Then it's a taxi home, arriving at around one in the morning.

Brian is in the livingroom. The stereo plays *Hawkwind,* turned up to 11.

"How was the gym?" I ask.

"I didn't go," he says. "I spent the day spraying this industrial strength insecticide on the plants... AND ON HIS BARBECUE. That should teach him! Oh. His barbecue. I got it good!"

I nod.

"Oh yeah, the bars are open in Mexico tomorrow," he says. "Wanna go?"

"You bet." I tell him, putting in my earplugs and waiting for the music to stop.

Next day: Brian doesn't want to drive into Mexico because of the long waits at customs. He suggests we drive to the border, park and just walk. He's right. There's no problem.

On the other side, we're greeted by touts. I'm used to these guys from Bangkok and Kabuki-cho in Tokyo. They stand in front of bars or sex clubs. They grab your sleeve.

"You like girls? We got girls. We got what you want. Just step inside, Sir. You won't be disappointed."

Never go to a bar with a tout. I learned that lesson many years ago. The Tijuana difference though, is that it is not the bars that have touts, but the pharmacies.

Right on the other side of the border. Half a dozen drugstores. "Come on in boys. We got what you want. Right here. Right inside."

It turns out Viagra is one of the few drugs you NEED a Mexican prescription for. Sad. So I buy a bottle of Roofies and hit the record stores. Brian and I walk about a dozen blocks down Revolution Avenue. We go across to Constitution Street and then walk back.

"Geez," says Brian, "I'm beat from all that walking. Why don't we go someplace and have a beer?"

We hit a touristy disco. In search of authenticity, I start a conversation with the Mexicans sitting next to us. They're from San Jose, they say.

It's mom, hubby, uncle, and junior. Junior is about 18. He's got a new digital video camera. "I bought it hot," he brags. They buy us a lot of beer. Mom asks me what I think of Tijuana.

"I came for the donkey show." I tell her. "OUCH!"

Brian has kicked me from under the table. Mom laughs.

"There is no donkey show," she says. "It's a big old story. Something for the tourists.

I can feel my chest sink. My eyes tear. It's more disappointing than prescription Viagra. The donkey show. The famous Tijuana girl-does-mule. The great meeting of PETA and PLAYBOY. A myth. An urban fantasy. One for the websites and schoolyards. THERE IS NO DONKEY SHOW!

Crestfallen, I drink another beer. Hours later, somehow, we stagger across the border and back to Brian's car.

During the ride from the border back to San Diego, THE STOOGES explode out of the Ford's window. Back at Brian's place, a car sits parked next to Brian's car. Tucked into the top of the car door is a note: DON'T TOW. CHIP'S CAR.

"I'll kill him!" screams Brian. "That's my space. He knows it. I'll kill him."

He tears into the house, scrambles under his easy chair and pulls out the local Yellow Pages.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"A tow company. I'm gonna call a tow company. I want that fucker out of there."

"Can't it wait until tomorrow?" I ask.

"You're right. It should wait. It should wait. I'm gonna get him. Not only that, he leaves his garbage all over. He doesn't bag it. Just puts it i.n the garbage. Just like that. I found a roach the other day. A big one... Wait, I still have it." He fumbles around the kitchen wastebasket. Pulls out a crumpled tissue. Brings it over to me and opens it. Inside is a large crushed cockroach.

"I'm gonna bring it to the landlord. Tomorrow. Show him what this guy's doing. Then I'll tell him about the parking. Get him towed. Get him thrown out."

Brian is becoming agitated.

"Why don't you get some sleep now and take care of it in the morning?" I suggest.

"Good idea." he says, "I'll see the landlord, first thing. Right after I go to the gym."

Still pacing, Brian walks over to his huge record collection. He puts on a Jonathan Richman album. Turns it up to jet engine volume and sits down. I put in my earplugs, lay on the couch and try to sleep.

The next morning, Brian comes into the livingroom, turns on the TV, volume up to *jackhammer,* and eases into the easy chair.

I groan myself awake.

"I don't think I'm going to the gym today," he says. "My legs are sore from all that walking in Tijuana."

I groan again.

"Besides," he continues, "I didn't get any sleep last night. That parking space. Chip. It was running through my mind. Over and over. I couldn't sleep. I kept on thinking about that car."

Suddenly, he stands up. Runs outside. Comes back in, slamming the door.

"It's still there!" he says. "That fuckin' car is still there! It'll be there all weekend."

Fortunately, we've got a distraction. We're meeting up with Bob Barley, head honcho of Vinyl Communications. We're going to a Padres Game.

I love baseball. Brian does too. More than that, he knows all the players. He's got a computer-based fantasy baseball team. His star player is Larry Walker, of The Colorado Rockies. They're the opponents at today's game. Brian's coming along to root for the other side.

"Ok," he says, walking over to the refrigerator for the day's first beer, "I just wanna check my team first, then we'll go... Wait! What's that?"

He sees something out the window. A tall shadow. Moving.

He springs out the door.

"I told you before not to park in my space," he says, with much more control than I would have imagined. "Get your car out of there. Now. Okay?"

He returns. Face red. Slightly shaken.

"That was Chip," he tells me.

"I figured," I reply, hearing a car start outside.

We meet Bob, his pal and his son. It's a good game at Qualcomm, the first internet sports stadium. The Padres win. Walker goes one for four.

After the game, we go to Bob's brother's house for a barbecue in Chula Vista.

In an hour or so, the barbecue is over. The womenfolk are inside. Peter, Bob's brother, speaks to us. His voice lowered.

"I wanna show you this." he says. "Wait a minute."

He goes into the house and returns with a mean-looking contraption. It's two lengths of black pipe. One is about three feet long and three inches in diameter. It's welded, in a straight line, to a wider pipe about two feet long.

"It's A POTATO BAZOOKA," he says. "Watch."

Bob's brother takes a raw potato from a sack and puts it on the end of the pipe. Pressing down, he stuffs it into the front pipe, tamping it down with a wooden stick. Then he opens a screw cap on the rear pipe and sprays in some engine starter fluid. Quickly, he screws back the cap.

Then, he aims at a large hill behind his house. He turns a switch on the side of the pipe. BLAM! Out flies the potato hurling a super speed, turning to mash against the hillside.

"That thing can go through a quarter inch of plywood," he says. "My wife doesn't like it very much."

As if on cue, the little woman shows up silhouetted in the house doorway. She stands there, arms akimbo. (Wow! I've always wanted to write "arms akimbo" in a column.)

"What was that?" she asks.

"Oh, nothing dear," he answers. "A car must've backfired."

"Yeah right," she says in a way that makes me thank God I have not yet been ensnared in marital bliss.

"You wanna sell that bazooka?" asks Brian. "I already have the potatoes."

"I'll give it to ya," says Peter. "It might save the family."

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"No!" shouts Brian, ever the business ethicist. "I want to pay for it. You labored to create it. You're entitled to compensation."

He pulls out few twenties.

"Whoa," says Peter, "it's a couple lengths of pipe! And a lantern switch. Give me five bucks."

"Added value! Added value!" shouts Brian. He's on his feet now. "You worked on this. You took these pipes and created A COMMODITY. You're entitled to compensation. Forty? Fifty?"

The light in the house comes on again. Peter looks in fear toward the door.

"Okay. Okay." he says, trying to shush Brian. Realizing he'll be unable to give away his weapon, he says. "Ok, give me twenty. It's yours. Just promise to take it away from here."

Smiling in triumph, Brian takes a twenty from his wallet and hands it to Peter. Peter gives him the bazooka.

After another beer, carrying his new weapon of mass destruction, Brain says goodbye to our new friends. We're back in the car, headed back to San Diego.

"Just wait til Chip gets a load of the business end of this!" he says petting his new purchase.

When we get home, the car formerly parked next to Brian's car is gone. This does not please him.

"Damn!" he says, "I'm gonna have to wait to potato-whack that guy. You can't whack somebody for no reason. Life isn't a carnival game. You know?"

The next day at noon: It's July 4th. The whole town and all the neighbors are celebrating. Or they will. Brian is still asleep. The doorbell rings. I jump into my pants and open the door. An attractive girl is on the other side. Her tank top is tight enough for me to see not only her nipples but to trace the little penumbra where the skin turns from brown to pink.

"Is Brian here?" she asks.

"He's sleeping." I tell her.

"Oh, do you think it would be all right if I parked my car in his extra space?" she asks.

"Well, I don't know," I tell her chest. "He's pretty protective about that space."

"It's just for today...." she starts.

I hear a sound. It's Brian waking up, staggering down the hall, dressing at the same time.

"Hi Debbie," says Brian, "What's up?"

"Oh Brian," she says, "there's just no parking today because of July 4th. Is it okay if I park my car in your free space?"

"Sure," he answers, "No problem."

"Thanks," she says, "you're the greatest."

When she leaves, Brian closes the door. I look at him, smirking.

"Well," he says, "she asked. That's all you have to do, is ask first."

Ah, there's so much more to tell, but this column's already too long. I'm gonna have to leave out our drunken bazooka test under the cover of July 4th fireworks. I can't tell you about the bar-to-bar search for pitcher David Wells, my hero. About leaving Brian. About remeeting the only girl I asked to marry me... and her current girlfriend. About meeting Ms. K, my pre-Mongolia love, and her up-coming marriage to a Mexican lawyer. About running into a long-time pen-pal who was sexier than her photos. About two bisexuals and dinner. About lots more. Instead let's return to New York.

My box of videotapes is unpacked. After watching the AssMasters video, I wipe my hand, and put in the *Focus on the Family* tape. It's got clips of Oozy, Van Hale, 2 Live Crew, Alice Cooper and everyone else you like. Host Robert DeMoss Jr.'s warns against the evils of satanism, and homosexuality. Especially hilarious is the explanation that you can tell right from wrong by "what's in The Bible." Like those famous Biblical injunctions against Motley Crue. Audience members they look like Jerry Springer rejects. They move their lips when they read those tough Biblical passages.

BUT,(and that's an all-capital letter BUT, buckaroos), every once-in-awhile, the guy on the tape is right. Like a whack-a-mole mole, DeMoss keeps popping up with the right way of looking at things, in the midst of Christian idiocy.

In the section on advertising, he talks about how cosmetic companies work hand-in-hand with magazines to make teens dissatisfied with their bodies. He mentions how advertising doesn't sell you a product, but sells you an image. He talks about how, in Hollywood, on TV, everywhere, "the bottom line is *the bottom line.*"

"All they care about is money." says DeMoss.

Do I have to say *Amen?*

More than that, he tells the audience that their solution, as parents, is "to talk with your kids." Bring ads to the dinner table and educate the kids about what they say, what they're trying to sell.

DeMoss doesn't advocate censorship. He doesn't advocate running into kid's room and breaking Judas Priest records. Mainly, he advocates talking to kids. Treating them as humans, rather than controlling them. This guy is right. Goddammit!

Shit! Nothing is easy anymore. When you can't even hate "Focus on the Family," what can you hate? You can't whack somebody without a reason. Life isn't a carnival game, you know?

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Pearl too Jammed dept:* It's THE WHO in Ohio all over again. It was the usually peaceful Danish Roskilde festival. Eight people died as they rushed the stage to see their beloved *Pearl Jam.* Unfortunately, none of the band was injured.

On the other hand, I went to the Warped Tour this year, in the parking lot of Disney's MIGHTY DUCK Hockey stadium. I give credit to the security guys. Though the crowds were crushing (I missed Green Day, thank you, but I was up front for NO FX.), security kept a good eye out. They rescued people as quickly as they saw the need. Not only that, when people crowd-surfed up front, security unloaded them and gently ushered them out the side. GENTLY and SECURITY are words you don't often see in the same sentence. Ten points for that.

The only nastiness I saw was a prohibition on bringing in your own water. You had to BUY it there. Also, beer "in the beer garden" was $7 for BUD LITE! Yuck. The beer garden, by the way, was the floor of the hallway in the stadium. No seats. No garden.

—>Joe Gervasi, of MRR letters fame, has just released a new email-only film catalog. You can ask for it at jag666@erols.com. Filled with the most vile, obscene, disgusting and fun videos you can imagine, I feel like sending a copy to *Focus on the Family.* Joseph promised me a tape or two if I mentioned him. We'll see if he comes through. If not, well, there are always other services he can perform. Now touch your toes, Joseph.

—>*Put that in your Starbucks and drink it dept:* I guess they learned their lesson. Any place in the US that The World Bank tries to meet, is rife for a little street action. (Except maybe New York, city of wimps?) So what should those fat cats from Switzerland do?

DUBAI! Yep, that fine city-state in the United Arab Emirates. That's where they're meeting. You can bet your camel they won't have riots there! Damn! Where are those car bomb terrorists when you need them?

XXX HIRAX MAX

So much stuff has been happening lately around here. So many good touring bands coming through, tons of new records out, friends visiting San Francisco from all over the world, etc. It's hard to keep up with it all. This weekend the Bay Area had its butt kicked by THE DEGENERICS and DS-13. THE DEGENERICS surprised everyone (reminded me of DIE KRUEZEN), while DS-13 destroyed everyone. DS-13 was one of the best bands I've seen — stripped down, energetic, fast, everything that I crave. MALEFACTION from Canada played, too, and their style of no-holds-barred grindcore got the crowd amped.

The fucking crazy thing about these shows was the low attendance. I couldn't even believe it. I knew people who showed up early because they feared it selling out, and in the end not that many kids showed up at all. I heard some people say there weren't

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enough local bands on the bill; what the fuck is that? Does it take "your friend's" band to play to get you out to see and support bands from Sweden, Canada and the East coast? Sometimes I fucking hate the scene because of that stuff. It's disheartening. But I think the crowd participation and heckling for DS-13 made it a very intimate and energetic show nonetheless. And I can't help but feel that all those boozer crusties and basketball jersey HC kids are suckers for not having witnessed a show that ruled as hard as the one I just saw.

In connection with this topic, I just started noticing that I've grown intolerant of metal in hardcore these days. Fancy-looking covers, fascist black metal shirts worn at shows, the same tired old-metal riffs arranged in the same ways. I just am fucking over that shit. And you may ask, "Just now you're getting tired of that?" But mind you, I was really into that. I used to collect death metal demos back in the day, along with my hardcore demos. In the late 80s, I felt the two were somewhat connected by the whole idea of an "underground." It's not that there aren't anymore underground death metal bands or people, it's just that recently I've noticed how tired and old it has all become. I don't want to see fascist black metal shirts at fucking hardcore shows. I don't want to get a fucking die-cut, laser-printed sixteen-fold cover on my EP (a photocopy will do me just fine), I don't want to hear once again how shitty life is and how everything fucking sucks or about death, crust or drugs. I'm still young (27), but the older I get, THE MORE I NEED POSITIVE MUSIC IN MY LIFE. That's what was so amazing about DS-13. Stripped-down punk, energetic and pissed off but inspirational. This isn't really against any metal/HC bands, because standing on their own I like them, and I like death metal and gore metal, as it stands outside of a DIY hardcore community. So what this all boils down to is that I personally have started to identify with the more positive, energetic, youth-inspired bands and have come to shy away from the negative music that so many people listen to these days. I guess I've come full circle again to where I started.

OK, fuck all this ranting and raving, let's FUCKING GO!

First up is a kind of obscure compilation CD called "Menus with Manpower." It's put out by a radio station about an hour outside of San Francisco and features some studio tracks as well as radio performances of some bands. The reason I'm writing about this is because it features some stuff by SLIGHT SLAPPERS, HELLNATION, AGATHOCLES, AGENTS OF SATAN, EXHUMED, etc, so look this up. In fact, order it because I don't know how the distribution will be for it. The comp is about 60 percent noise stuff, which isn't very good, but the live tracks from the international and local hardcore and grindcore bands makes up for it. (ALCD, PO Box 4301, Davis, CA 95617.)

Next up is THE OATH EP out now on Coalition. This is an all-star band that features ex-members of MONSTER X, CHARLES BRONSON, OIL and MAINSTRIKE. Cool! Mark was describing this as old MADBALL/AF kind of shit. Yeah, right Mark, on crack! This shit is fierce 1000 mph hardcore that fucking sticks you in the throat. Great fucking shit, too bad the Atlantic separates these kids from doing more shit. Oh, just to piss you off, mine is 114-of-150 limited-edition set. Nah! So watch out for them, they are touring both Europe and the West coast (see below for details).

We got two new releases from Germany's Bushido Records, which has had a constant flow of records coming out, so you should check em out. These ones stray a little from what I've come to expect from Bushido (youth-crew style) but are good nonetheless. The first is DURANGO 95, who play energetic yet melodic hardcore with some youth-crew elements. It's almost a more punk rock direction than the current bands and pretty good. Kind of like the NERVE AGENTS (but better). The next is HOLD REGAINED, who play that mix between melody and pure metal. Something that would be on Hydra Head or Escape Artist these days. It's not really my style, but HOLD REGAINED are damn good at what they do. Write Bushido and see what's new. Seb has a ton of releases coming up so don't sleep. (Bushido Records, Soester Str. 66, 481 55 Muenster, Germany.)

DON AUSTIN just put out an awesome debut EP, get it now! I had an advance tape of this, but on vinyl it even sounds better. This features some Akron all-stars from bands like SPLINTER (do I hear some SPLINTER guitar riffs in this?) and THE UNHOLY THREE. It's pissed-off, straightforward hardcore that has a really good hard edge. This is awesome. (Rubber City Records, Po Box 8345, Akron, OH 44320-0345.)

Holy fucking shit. Stop the fucking presses. I have just heard the best tape of the month right now. The fucking split tape with TRAGATELO and KONTRAATTAQUE fucking rules my youth. TRAGATELO is a fucking all-star group featuring some LIFES HALT and LOS CRUDOS members, and it fucking rules. Ripping punk-thrash that sounds like old '82 Italian thrash. Catchy, pissed off, energetic, and (my favorite) fast! I'm in awe. KONTRAATTAQUE kick down some songs that rule and are actually even better than their debut EP. Fuck, this tape rules. Get it now or go to Wal-Mart to buy Victory records' bastards. (Write TRAGATELO at: PO Box 18198, Los Angeles CA 90018.)

Final bit of music this month is a demo from TRUCKER CRANK (ex-2 PUMP CHUMP). These guys play really fast, energetic, '86-style hardcore. Kind of like a crossbreed of youth crew and fast punk. The snare is just booming when they go fast, which is most definitely a positive! Great demo. (Get it from: Bruce, PO Box 82172, Las Vegas, NV 89180-2172.)

Now for the zines, and be prepared, there are a lot of them this month! First up is a photo and article zine from Oxnard called Carnage Asada. Cool zine since it has a lot of good live shots of bands of all different styles. Some featured in this one are NO REPLY, THE VARUKERS and DEAD AMERICA. It's $1 plus some postage. (Write them at: Carnage Asada, Po Box 6715, Oxnard CA, 93031.)

Next up is No Longer Blind from Australia. A good zine, mainly covering straight-edge and East-coast-styled hardcore bands. Some of the bands interviewed are IN MY EYES, FOUND MY DIRECTION and REACH THE SKY. Plus there are show reviews, an article on spirituality in hardcore, etc. It costs $3, but send some extra loot for postage. (Daniel Stewart, 74 Gladstone Ave., Wollongong, NSW, 2500 Australia.)

Traitor is a crazy grindcore zine from Los Angeles. Done by Seanocide (did art for GODSTOMPER, PROTES BENGT, etc.), it covers a wide range of grind, noise and death metal bands. This time around it has a ex-post-facto interview with PROTES BENGT, plus interviews with GODSTOMPER, CRIPPLE BASTARDS and a few others. Some articles, some old-school pictures, etc. Cool, although the Japanese sex and horror graphics are lame. You can get it for $2 plus some postage. (Sean, 15289 Youngwood Dr., Whittier, CA 90605.)

Subsidized Chaos is a good zine from New Jersey, and a freebie, too. It has an old, reprinted interview withj BGK, one of the last interviews with DEAD NATION and one with the editor of Change Zine. Cool photocopied quality (my favorite). Send some money to cover postage. (Joe Hays, 61 Hacklebarney Rd., Long Valley, NJ 07853.)

Some other news: TOTAL FURY (the reincarnate of STATE OF ALERT) from Japan are touring the West coast in the fall and are doing some shows with WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. In fact, they will be on tour with THE OATH (see above). Check it out if you get a chance, because although TOTAL FURY's records are hard to find here in the United States, you will be blown away by them. Speaking of THE OATH, they are on tour in Europe as I'm writing this, supporting their new EP on Coalition. WHAT HAPPENS NEXT is heading to Japan this September to play thirteen shows. (All the way from Nagasaki to Sapporo!) We'll have a tour EP out right before that, so keep an eye out. It will be limited to 1,500. CATTLEPRESS and HEMLOCK are coming out West as well to show all of us wimps how real black thrash is played. In the old news file: DEAD NATION are gone, but they have started a new project that will have a gazillion records before this zine is even printed! Oh, the new CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/UNHOLY GRAVE split EP is out, and get it pronto, as only 1,000 were made. Oh, and check out the new 625 ad. See all that shit! Fuck man, you know how long I will be stuffing records for? And I got

to do it before I leave for Japan? Yeah, the life of a record label, it's all glamor I tell ya!

OK, my friends, thanks for reading this. I hope there was some useful info in this. And once again, send in any contributions to me at: Max/625, Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413. I'll see you in the pit (in Japan).

Well, the good news is that I have the whole house to myself for the first time since I moved in eight years ago. The sad news is that my beloved roommate of six years moved out. Yes, David and his boyfriend decided to take the nasty plunge and move in together. Move in together into their own place, without me.

Well, having his boyfriend live here for the summer was no picnic for me either. One hyperactive, ultra-needy, drama queen in the house is plenty, add another and someone's bound to break a nail. We did manage to get along famously, but I guess having me around was not conducive to the large amounts of man-lovin' they so desired. So last week, they packed up all of their early 1960s art deco furniture, their his and his matching towels and washcloth sets, the plants, my plants, the fine china, fondue pot and their sadly missed, enormous collection of gay porn and settled into a small apartment on 14th Street. David says he's happy. *Gay even.* Of course, he misses the washer/dryer, the garage, the backyard with garden and all the extra rooms and space we have here, but his new place is just down the street from JohnFrank, where only the hottest upscale fags dine. *And to think I was worried.*

I will miss living with David. He came to me a mere pup, fresh from his mother's teat, and under my love and guidance, he blossomed into the man he is today. The big-hearted, theatre-diving, campus-dancing, rubber-wearing, spotlight-stealing, man-loving, high-cheekboned beautiful bottom that he is. It will be hard to replace him. Believe me, I'm trying.

Seems like every queer boy I know is a bottom. Actually, most of the straight boys I know are bottoms, too. Butch in the streets, femme in the sheets. And speaking of bottoms, more and more boys are beginning to pay attention to their own insertive needs, finally admitting that they love having their assholes stimulated, played with, licked and penetrated. *It's what's inside that counts...*

And what's inside the ass is richly endowed with nerve endings, interconnected to the main pelvic muscles, that contract rhythmically during orgasm. Near the anal opening lies the lower end of the penis, or "bulb," and just a few inches more, located behind the pubic bone, just beyond the rectal wall, lies the prostate gland — that extra special yummy spot that can be an amazing source of pleasure when massaged by a finger, dildo, penis, carrot, candle, candelabra, menorah, etc. Become best friends with your prostate and you'll never ask for anything more. Except maybe for it to meet some more friends.

Now whenever I fuck someone in the ass with a strap-on, I prefer to do it doggie style. Doggie style allows the best angle for penetration, toward the prostate in boys (toward the g-spot for women) and gives you a clear view of the butthole, so you can see what you're doing. It also allows both parties to share control of the rhythm, depth and timing. You can try almost any position you like, but just the thought having someone head down, ass in the air is more than enough to get me going. But, no matter how hot you may get, don't just start thrusting haphazardly like some virgin on prom night. Anal penetration requires practice, patience and lots and lots of lube. Lots of lube! Go slow, be gentle, and pay attention to what your body is telling you.

If you're looking to purchase a strap-on, the first thing to do is choose a harness that fits. You want one that's comfortable but feels secure and snug without pinching. Try them on if you can to find one that works best for you. And don't just put it on and stand there, move around a little. You're not buying it for a fashion show (well, I hope not); you want to see if it stays put or starts to slide around. I prefer harnesses with two straps that wrap around each leg instead of one strap that goes between your legs, but that's me.

Next, pick out a dildo. Although we're taught that bigger is better, when it comes to choosing dildos for anal penetration, *think different*. That 8" realistic dildo may have seemed benign to you, but objects in ass will be larger than they appear in store. Make sure your eyes aren't bigger than your anus. You'll want to make sure the dildo you select is compatible (with a flared base) with your new harness. Try on the complete ensemble before you leave the store just in case you need help putting it all together.

For more info on this subject, check out both videos by creator/director Shar Rednour, **Bend Over Boyfriend** (*Fatale Video*) and **Bend Over Boyfriend 2: Less Talkin', More Rockin'** (*S.I.R. Productions*). The first and only sex videos about women doing men. And I could never think to mention anal sex without acknowledging the work of the great Doctor of Buttsex, **Anal Pleasure and Health** (*Down There Press*), by Jack Morin, Ph.D.

Well, I'm off to meet my new houseboy. If you or anyone you know is a gay bottom, I have a room with a view for rent. Till then, play hard...

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Why I Love Dumpster Diving
by anyone, anywhere

Nothing compares to the feeling of elation, of burdens being lifted and constraints escaped, that I feel when I slide that lid back and hop inside a dumpster stocked with possibility. When the mountains of trash produced by this filthy society cease to be mere refuse and become MATERIALS. Dumpster diving is the ultimate expression of tact and savvy, it is pure evasion. Everything that sucks about capitalism is immediately inverted when the late night dumpster diver finds her score. Poverty becomes abundance. Loss becomes gain. Despair becomes hope.

Tactics:

The first thing is to find out who in your town is wasteful. I have found that newly opened businesses in yuppie parts of town are often unaware of the wonderful things they throw away. They make good targets; but you have to be careful not to piss them off. A disenchanted yuppie is twice as likely to padlock a dumpster as a shop owner from a more working-class background. Many yuppie shopping centers will be ripe for the "double d" but have security guards that patrol the area. It can help to disguise yourself with an apron or a name tag. When questioned, look extremely annoyed (in true yuppie fashion) and say: "I'm taking out the garbage, you moron," or something to that effect.

If you live in a college town, it should be obvious. College kids throw out more useful garbage than perhaps any other class of people on Earth, especially at the end of a semester. Near the end of spring, the campus here in Greensboro is swarming with scavengers of all kinds. A fellowship exists among us, but there are no rules, no traditions in this game of find to keep; some secrets are shared, others we keep to the grave.

Successful dumpster diving is not only a question of where, but also when. It involves precision timing, especially when it comes to frozen goods and other perishable items. There was storm here not too long ago that cut out the power for a few days. Many businesses were throwing out their frozen goods because their freezers were failing. This constituted an opportune moment, prime for the savvy dumpster diver to col-

lect many otherwise unavailable items. Moe and I, for instance, were able to dumpster ten frozen pizzas, five apple pies, twelve packages of Morning Star corn dogs, six boxes of Boca burgers and sixteen quarts of almond bark Tofutti, not to mention nearly thirteen back issues of Seventeen magazine (so that we could work on Moe's love life). It took us a total of three and a half hours and roughly six trips to and from the dumpster on foot. We hoarded it all and fed ourselves from the cache for roughly two weeks.

Psychological Effects:

Among other things, dumpster diving is a powerful anti-depressant. In the middle of one desperate night, I left the house in disgust to go for a walk to try to clear my head. I was listening to Black Sabbath and grumbling bitterly to myself when I ran into my friend Nirmala on Tate Street. On a whim I mentioned, "Hey, wanna go dumpster diving?" She had never been but she was ready to go. We left the world of despair behind and walked to Friendly Shopping Center, where I took her on my usual rounds. In the end, we walked away with one bag of potato chips, one garden salad, as much bread as we could carry, three bags of cookies and, oh my god, the flowers! We got flowers! We took them back to the apartment and made them into a bouquet on the back porch. It was so romantic, I felt like French kissing Nirm, just being caught up in the moment! But I didn't.

While we were behind the florist sifting through the scraps, a Wackenhut Security officer pulled up in a white ATV with green police lights. "I'm gonna have to ask you to leave," he said dryly. Completely swept up by the idea of beautiful, dumpstered roses and tulips, I sauntered up to the Enemy and, saying nothing, offered him a white carnation. He refused. "I'm allergic to flowers." His eyes never met mine and his hands never let go of the steering wheel. We gathered our flowers and left the scene. It was obvious to all of us what was going on.

On the other hand, dumpster diving can be risky for the recovering bourgeois. Once, I was climbing out of the dumpster behind a bread shop, drooling and giggling (of course), and just as I was leaping out, two of the bread shop attendants came out the back door. They looked at me, I looked at them, then we both looked at the huge bag of bread I was toting like Santa Claus. "I... uhh," I started to explain , but the two went back inside before I managed to get out my doctoral thesis on free food. They looked a little appalled and I felt a little weird. It wouldn't have bothered me much except that I recognized one of them to be the little sister of a kid I was in drug treatment with a number of years earlier. I shrugged it off and set about my way. Before I could make a clean break, however, the two emerged once again, this time with a loaf of fresh potato bread to give me. "Um, thanks," I said. I don't think she recognized me.

Sustainability:

I try not to be noticed, but war is war. In my experience, it always serves the dumpster diver to go unseen. I usually make my rounds after store hours and try to clean up the dumpster a bit, leave it in better condition than I found it. However, if the store owner becomes openly hostile, I say fight back. If they padlock the dumpster, squeeze a tube of super glue into the key hole and leave a lengthy manifesto with a death threat.

Superstition:

First and foremost, never be afraid to get inside the dumpster. The dumpster gods do not like window shoppers. Secondly, if a dumpster appears fruitless, do not assume it will always be so. The dumpster gods smile upon those who show persistence. I had to go to the CVS dumpster once a week for months before I finally found it filled to the top with fresh ice cream bars. Lastly, if you find something useful, take it. The dumpster gods deserve respect. Keep them appeased and all will go well. Last week I found an umbrella, on a day as hot and dry as every other one this summer; today it's been pouring rain torrentially since we woke up, and I've got to go to the bus station.

Warnings:

Some of us have had a problem with this, which is why I bring it up. You've got to watch out for scabies. It was common among us for some time to acquire our sleeping arrangements from a mattress store down the street that would throw away the old mattresses their customers brought in when they got their new mattresses. We have also been tempted by the many foam cushions people leave out with their trash on Thursday nights. Sometimes these seemingly dreamy cushy cushies are infested with little bugs that get in your skin and try to eat you. This is a condition to avoid; be careful.

Another thing to watch out for is rat poison. Most common in larger cities, shop owners often pour Clorox or other lethal substances onto their edible goodies out back to deter the presence of rats (our fellow dumpster divers). Sometimes you can smell it and sometimes there will be discoloration on the packaging. Be sure to inspect your score and stay away from the sketchy ones.

Dumpster juice:

Its a bad thing. Sometimes you just don't need to go any deeper.

Scavenging:

Trash picking is a fine art, it takes experience and intelligence to cultivate your skill. Something changes in the mind of a scavenger as she becomes expert, something strange and hard to define. Where others see garbage, she sees opportunity. Where others see junk, she sees valuable materials. There is a moment in the life of every serious dumpster diver when she realizes that her hands and feet have superpower and are capable of incredible things, if they are in the right place at the right time, with the right idea. It is a mastery of the resources at hand that gives the scavenger her power. To the extent that she can see the unseen, to the extent that she can match her wild imagination with the sea of trash before her, is the extent to which the dumpster diver can realize the true possibilities hidden from the rest of society, hidden in the trash.

Versus Shoplifting:

There are some critical differences between the two most common ways to get free stuff. Shoplifting doesn't contest overproduction, and may even fuel it; dumpstering utilizes it, and in doing so decreases it. Dumpstering is easier to explain to civilians who haven't yet understood the necessity of fighting capitalism and corporations by any means necessary. As such, it can work as a good stepping stone for introducing them to more radical forms of resistance. Perhaps most important of all are the differences in psychological (and thus physiological) effects. Shoplifting is generally characterized by a period of high stress and paranoia, followed by a burst of elation and exhaustion, while dumpstering is much more laid back and thus more emotionally sustainable. Shoplifting has some obvious advantages for recommending it, too, but we won't touch on those here.

Some Items Obtained:

One 15"x 6" sheet of industrial museum foam, twenty pounds of steel shavings, over 100 VHS jewel boxes (for video project No. 1), one pair of white mule work gloves, one custom guitar amplifier, mountains of bread, rivers of coffee, miles upon miles of romantic Christmas lights, one container of shark cartilage supplements (among other hippie/yuppie health products), "The Enchanted Caribou" children's book (found in Toronto), did I mention bagels?

Flowers (oh the flowers), one greasy massage table, one "frozen" pizza (slightly moldy, eaten after three days baking under the hood of the Cathars' van), 25 banana-flavored power bars, silk-screening ink, various home furnishings, one Dutch bass player and more Ben and Jerry's ice cream than is healthy for any human

If You're Not Careful... Epilogue (Backlash):

In the summer of 2000, I found myself caught up in a great purging, an elimination of the physical objects surrounding my body and choking up my home. It started as a simple room cleaning, on a Saturday afternoon around 1 p.m. By 2 o'clock, things had changed. I was throwing out cassette tapes and dirty clothes. By 2:45, I was throwing away stacks of things I meant to mail to people (effectively sending them through the other postal system). Soon, I realized this was more than a mere physical cleansing of my dwelling space; it had become something primal, something that had to be done. At 3, I started in on the home furnishings, and then the pots and pans. By 9 the next morning, my house was completely empty. I threw out all of my belongings as well as all of my brother's (who was away for the weekend). I threw out the shelves from the refrigerator, and then dragged it onto to the street as well. The experience was simultaneously terrifying and liberating. A few minutes later, I looked out the window and saw my

friend Jason digging through our trash, my old sneakers in one hand and the thrill of discovery on his face.
CrimethInc.—2695 Rangewood Drive, Atlanta, GA 30345 USA
PS: we have our first book done now, "Days of War, Nights of Love." Read about it at crimethinc.com

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL

WHO CARES?

mark murrmann

With so many good records out this month, it's a good thing all of you have those fat student loan checks coming in. Get comfy, 'cause this column is gonna be long.

It's out! It's out! The long-awaited FIRESTARTER 7" (Target Earth, c/o Masao Nakagami/505 Lupinus Hiranuma/1-1-15 Hiranuma/Nishi-Ku, Yokohama/220-0023/Japan//nkgm@pop02.odn.ne.jp) is finally out. But unfortunately, it's also out of print. If you can track down a copy, I highly recommend you grab it. If you liked the RAYDIOS, you'll love FIRESTARTER, which has three-fourths of TEENGENERATE (Fink, Fifi, Sammy). These four songs are a little on the long side but are more than solid. They have a great, souped-up, blown-out EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/KILLJOYS/AUTOMATICS pub-rock feeling running through their sound. Not quite as power pop-like as the RAYDIOS — they're more mature sounding, which might take a listen or two to get used to, especially if you go in expecting the furious howl of TEENGENERATE. A musical force to be watched for sure.

Before David Yow was a hot-shot noise rocker, he was in a dirty Texas punk band called TOXIC SHOCK. If you read "Fucked And Photocopied" carefully, you'll notice a mention of them. According to that book, they didn't really exist. Well, an LP just came out that proves otherwise. This gets the reissue of the month award, for whatever that's worth (nothing). It's limited to just 197 hand-numbered copies, but is worth tracking down. The packaging stands out as being nearly spectacular (especially since so many comps and reissues have been totally skimping on the presentation of themselves). Cool blood-splatter-printed inner sleeve, on red vinyl with hints of white. Musically, it's not to be missed as well, especially if you're a fan of brash Texas punk. (That reminds me, did you pick up the PARTY OWLS LP?) The female vocals make Penelope Houston sound like the art school student she was. TOXIC SHOCK are fast and loud, taking no prisoners as they run through their songs.

The REDS LP on Rip Off is finally out. Fuck, I had to go a whole four or five months without any new REDS' stuff. Well, would you expect anything less than great out of this record? It's fast, loud and sharp. They cut out everything unnecessary and get down to business on fourteen songs, including a killer cover of the URINALS' "Ack, Ack, Ack." The opening song, "No Style," sets the tone for the record, then quickly moves into their theme song, "Ready Steady Reds." From there, it's non-stop breathless, sneering punk action. Listening to it, I can't shake the idea that these songs sound a lot like much of the Japanese punk that's coming out these days (REGISTRATORS, PRIVATEWAYS, RADIO SHANGHAI, GIMMIES, ZYMOTICS). Oh, a handful of these are on blue vinyl. Greg Lowery knows how to make the collector geeks sweat.

Spreading the word of one of Spain's snottiest group of derelict punks, the SAFETY PINS (Dead Beat Records PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078) just released the snarling "Invite Us To Your Funeral" LP. Have you heard their other two LPs on Munster Records? Funny how easy it is to find all the killer Munster reissues, but their original releases have a harder time making it to the States and elsewhere.

And I know you're dying to know what Munster has got cooking in their reissue department. The answer: tons and tons of killer records. Here's a quick rundown:

THE DOGS "Charlie was a Good Boy" 7". Noted as the "first" punk record from France, original released in 1977 on Skydog. THE PLIMSOULS "A Million Miles Away" 7" power-pop hit that went up to #83 on the Billboard charts, for whatever that's worth. A good record, but not as good as REDD KROSS "Born Innocent" LP, which Munster is also reissuing. It's the complete LP from '82, with all the original art, on muscle-building 220-gram vinyl. More L.A. goodies include The WEIRDOS "Neutron Bomb/Silver Shining Light" 7". This is the A side from their Dangerhouse single, with a song recorded in 1990 (featuring Flea on bass). Want more WEIRDOS? OK, how about an LP (titled "Weird World: 1977-81, Vol. 1") collecting their "Neutron Bomb" and "Destroy All Music" 7"s plus the "Who What When" and "Action Design" 12"s. Gatefold sleeve, and again, hefty 220-gram vinyl. Going back farther, Munster is reissuing the FLAMIN' GROOVIES' first release, "Sneakers" as a 10" (like the original). Seven songs with the original artwork and lots of cool full-color posters and shit. You need this, and bad. But wait, there's more! Munster heads to Australia, bringing us back the generous gift of a double SAINTS LP. Thirty-two songs that span from '77 to '99. Sure, their later stuff drags, but their early songs alone will make this worth your hard-earned cash. Then again, you'll probably have to work a whole weeks' worth of overtime just to save enough money to get all these Munster goodies. Oh, wait. Munster also has two BOBBY FULLER 7"s to help you break the bank.

Two years in the making, "Jellybean's Jumpin' Jukebox" (on Dionysus) has finally hit the streets. A collection of some of the hottest Japanese garage bands from the late '90s, this record includes songs by the JET BOYS, TWEEZERS(!), JACKIE & THE CEDRICS (naturally), TEENY CHEETAS, PEBBLES, GUITAR WOLF and more!

I recently got blown away by MOONEY SUZUKI, who played at this weird, swanky, upscale club in San Francisco. From start to finish, they unleashed pure rock 'n' roll thunder. I have a couple of their singles and though those records are good, they don't even compare to the thunder of their live show. Hopefully, their first LP, "People Get Ready," released by Estrus, will do their live show better justice.

The RONDELLES played the same show and were good, but not quite as good as their records, mostly just because the vocals were hard to hear. The best part of their show was their amazing drummer, who plays a little Casio keyboard as he also plays the drums. At the end of their set, he came up front and sang "Stab the Motherfucker in the Back," and "Are You A Boy or Are You A Girl?" A perfect ending, though most of the messy, bobbed-haired Indie kids in the crowd seemed utterly confused. Speaking of the RONDELLES, they have a new single, "TV Zombie," on K Records.

After laying low for a while, Sack O' Shit (PO Box 308/Kankakee, IL 60901) has dumped another load on us, three 7"s and an LP to be exact. I mentioned the SEXAREENOS "Finger Party" single last month. In addition to that, the SMUTS come at you with two echo-chamber trashy numbskull songs on a hot 7". The GUILTY PLEASURES single is one of those that you have to listen to loud to really appreciate it. Right now I'm listening to it on a set of headphones with only one working side. My right ear is getting blasted with a swarm of crunching distortion, snotty vocals and some hot guitar action. I'm going deaf now. Finally, Sack O' Shit just put out an LP by the MASHERS. Only 550 of these blister-causing hotcakes to go around, so get yours while the price is right ($10 in the U.S., $11 to the North and South, the rest of you have to shell out $12.50, but it carries the Sack O' Shit brand name, so you know what you're getting—a big smelly turd for your turntable to piss off your parents and freak out your friends).

The ever-prolific DIALTONES are at it again, this time delivering seven songs on a one-sided 12" platter, called Short Sharp Shock (Radio Blast).

My favorite European power-pop band (and hopefully yours), the YUM YUMS, are back with a new single called "Back to Rosie" (Safety Pin). With only one original and two covers (of SWEET and the BARRACUDAS), it leaves a little to be desired. Regardless, the covers are good, the original is great. Get it.

Shawn Obnoxious raves and raves about CRIMSON SWEET, or maybe it's Kenny Rock Action. One of those Ohio guys. Anyway, CRIMSON SWEET have a new 7" out (PO Box 20506/Tompkins Sq. Sta./NYC, NY 10009), and it's worthy of the raves the crazy Ohioans give it. On the first song on

Columns

each side, "CTR" and "Bad Riddle," Booster's vocals shriek like no others I've heard, like pure nails on a chalkboard howling. Depending on what kind of mood I'm in, it's great. Right now I have a headache, so I'm paying more attention to the other songs, where she's actually singing (like "Robot Bus Driver" and "I Can Touch You Now). They have a good, twisted sound.

It was only a matter of time. Somebody pressed two tracks from the pricey STOOGES "Funhouse" box set on Rhino on to a nifty 7" and called it "Lost In The Future."

Being lauded by many (including members of the band) as one of the best MC5 records, the classic ROIR tape "Babes In Arms" has finally been issued on vinyl! Fifteen songs that span the length of their career, this LP is really a must have for Motor City fans. It includes different versions of songs on their Elektra LPs, as well as their first two singles ("I Can Only Give You Everything/One of the Guys" and "Looking At You") and a previously unreleased song recorded in 1971 called "Gold." If you're tired of picking up lame-duck live records of the MC5, have faith and don't pass on this record.

If you remember, about this time last year I wrote about going to Detroit for a monumental show , the RENDEZVOUS BAND, with Deniz Tek joining on guitar. Well, thanks to the hard work of a lot of fans, a live recording of the show has finally been released, titled "Gettin' There Is Half the Fun" (REAL-O-MIND). The sound quality is top notch; it's an excellent document of an incredible night. Limited to 1,000 copies, it's available through Get Hip and the usual sources.

Continuing the Motor City thread that's going here, Bomp Records and Douglas Books have reissued JOHN SINCLAIR's classic tome "Guitar Army." It's a faithful reissue, including all 365 pages, documenting the White Panthers' activities from 1968 to 1971. Over 100 photos, cartoons and posters round this book out, making it interesting to look at and read.

The old UK compilation "Sent from Coventry" has recently been reissued in full by Data Records (28 Silksby St/Coventry/CV3 5FX/UK). If you're a fan of the "Powerpearls" and "Teenage Treats" comps, be sure to get this, you're sure to love it.

I mentioned it a while again, but it's worth saying again, Penniman Records has reissued what I would consider one of the all-time best 7"s ever! Yes, the FUN THINGS EP has finally been reissued in its entirety, with the original artwork. Penniman is located in France, but all the usual distributors will have these and the second NERVOUS EATERS single, "Loretta." You've probably heard the song "Loretta." The B Side, "Rock With Me," doesn't compare.

Shane McGowan's (of the POGUES) first band, the NIPS (originally the NIPPLE ERECTORS), has an LP out that collects their first four 7"s and includes eight other songs from 1978 and 1980.

"Back to Front, Volume 2" has been reissued in a limited edition of 300. Maybe this will remind people why all the furor over old, obscure punk started. This is one of the best series of comps ever done. Get it now while you can.

Other reissues: REZILLOS "Can't Stand the Rezillos" LP (Talenti), VILETONES LP (a bootleg of the "Taste of Honey" CD that's still in print on Other People's Music), F "You Are an EP" 7" (Sound Idea), VOID "Live 2-13-83" 7" (300 pressed, good recording), BENEDICT ARNOLD & THE TRAITORS retrospective CD, RUBBER CITY REBELS retrospective CD, the CRIME "Johnny Come Home" 7" (UK band on "Bored Teenagers," a reissue of their 1980 7", ASTA KASK "Rock Mot Svinen" LP (a "best of" collection) and "Till Sista Droppen" 7" (outtakes from 1984-85; both are on Hohnie).

If you really like old East-coast hardcore, stuff like the TEEN IDOLS, MINOR THREAT, DYS, I can't recommend enough that you check out DS-13 from Sweden. Not only do they carry on the tradition of fast and loud without all the shitty metal guitars, their lyrics are the best ever. But I'll warn all you closed-minded rock 'n' rollers, stay far away — your brain will be smashed to pebbles by the ferocity of their songs. They have a bunch of stuff out, including an LP on Deranged and a few singles. Your best bet is to order from Felix Von Havoc or Profane Existence.

The photobooth zine I've been putting together should be out by the early September. Write me for details.

That's it this month. In a matter of hours I'm heading out to Las Vegas for the Shakedown, then a few days later I'll be in the Midwest riding the world's largest rollercoaster (310 feet). Summer is almost over and that sucks. I hope yours was more funfilled than mine.

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WHY I RECENTLY BOUGHT A 9 mm BERETTA: Just kidding. No, but really, I did buy a handgun a few months ago and I'm currently encouraging people to get their own stock of weapons. Sniper riffles, handguns, shotguns and yes, submachine guns. You know that saying, "The People United Will Never Be Defeated?" I think we should change it to "The People Well Armed Will Never Be Defeated." Even if California has outlawed certain weapons and if The Man might read this column, fuck it! People need to get their shit together. I know many great revolutionaries, but a lot of them know jack shit about weapons. It's all good. There are many ways for all of us Barbarians to challenge the Romans. I'm just sick and tired of punk kids and revolutionaries who talk shit about people who take martial arts and gun training as a serious part of getting ready for The Time. I don't consider myself a gung-ho Soldier of Fortune-NRA person. I just think people need to seriously take into consideration the fact that this Empire has increasingly become more militarized in its policing matters, has built way too many prisons for too many of its young, and has done all the possible things it can do to disarm people by passing more restrictive laws and by literally taking guns away from people. We can raise so much awareness about whatever issue concerns us (gentrification, welfare rights, need to have safe and legal abortions, animal rights, the right to bear arms, globalization, big brother, etc., whatever the fuck, etc., etc.). But, as comrade Lenin once pointed out: a state exists when there are irreconcilable class contradictions in society. Translation: different sectors in society have their own visions of how society should be run. They also have an army to back up their shit. So, we (here, write in your own party, group, band, gang, whatever, etc.) who have nothing to loose need to get our army together — along with all the needed equipment that armies have. Nice, huh? I love the way my mathematical equations work.

And speaking of getting ready for The Time, I'm planning my trip as I write this. I leave for Los Angeles in a couple of days for the Democratic National Convention. Anybody out there who went to the Philly RNC? Too bad for those cops who got hurt by the rowdy protesters. Maybe its time they got a real job? And speaking of anal-retentive fucks like GLOBAL EXCHANGE, who preach "nonviolence" and have singled-out "anarchist troublemakers" at recent demos, I have absolutely no patience for those who want to negotiate with The Colonizers. I don't claim to speak for all, but many of the people of color (in the Third World and the U.S., or should I say, the third world inside the U.S.) who Global Exchange says they are helping do not need anymore condescending saviors. As the The Internationale suggested many years ago, what dispossessed folks need is more than just fucking up Starbucks or a Bank of America. It will take the violent overthrow of imperialist globalization. Que no saben lo que es vivir con dignidad, pendejos?

Anyways, not that I turned all "violent" on you all, but I have lost my patience with the way things are. I don't want to make my "peace with it," nor do I think its possible. Those who think its possible to "work with" death squads like the LAPD are in for a treat during this August's DNC. Already, some "activists" have pledged to the City of Los Angeles that they will not participate in any acts of violence and will even facilitate in turning in protesters who

engage in acts of "unnecessary violence." Hmm. I hope to be able to give you all a report back next month.

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

Stage diving: you can take it or leave it, but you almost always have to deal with it at some point and time at a punk show. I have always wondered how and where the stage dive began. I mean, what possessed somebody to stand on a stage and to think it was a wise idea to hurl their entire body into the air and onto the heads and shoulders of unsuspecting audience member? I have seen some pretty good stage dives in my day, and I thought I would share some of the craziest, funniest or stupidest stage dives I have ever seen and done myself. Let's start out with some that I have seen (in no particular order).

1) Probably the funniest stage dive I have ever seen was at the very first show I ever went to, which was DRI and DR. KNOW. When DRI played, the crowd turned into one of the most frenzied spectacles that I have ever witnessed, even to this day. Anyway, I was right up front hanging onto the stage for dear life while all these kids were climbing, stepping and jumping over and onto me. I distinctly remember this really young metal kid jumping up onto the stage at the opposite end of where I was located. He started skanking across the stage, heading right towards me. He ran behind the singer and eyed up his spot for take-off. Unfortunately, amidst the chaos of the show, he jumped way too early and landed face first onto the stage, right in front of me. That's right, he didn't even make it off the stage. He just lay there for a second with a stunned look on his face and then managed to get to his feet and actually make it off the stage. Needless to say, it was fucking hilarious.

2) Some of the most amazing stage dives I have ever seen were at a hardcore show in Los Angeles a few years back. The lineup was something like SNAPCASE, STRIFE, UNDERTOW and 1134. There had to be at least 500-600 kids there and no bouncers! It was probably the craziest fucking show I have ever been to. The kids were completely out of control. They were mobbing the stage at every opportunity they had, turning around and stage diving back into the crowd in some of the most contorted, crazy moves I have ever seen. Kids were doing front flips and back flips. They were jumping off the stage and reaching back and pulling their legs back as if they were in a belly flop position. Some were doing these crazy corkscrews, where they would run across the stage and spin their body around in a corkscrew, often getting at least a couple of revolutions before they landed on the crowd. People were running up the backs of audience or band members and diving into the crowd. They were even jumping off the speaker stacks on the side of the stage. It was hard to believe that I didn't see at least one person being carried out on a stretcher that night. (Though I ended up going to the hospital that night to get stitches in my forehead. See below for further details.)

3) I have seen at least two different stage dives that involved bouncers to some degree, and they all stand out as some pretty amazing sights. The first one that comes to mind was at some crazy show back when I used to live in the Midwest (I unfortunately forget who was playing). It was at the same club that I saw DRI and DR. KNOW. Anyway, as usual the kids were totally out of control, jumping on the stage at every given opportunity they had. The bouncers were trying so hard to keep the kids off the stage, but the kids were definitely winning. So one of the bouncers (he was huge and muscular) reached down and picked one of the kids up off of the stage and lifted him up almost over his head. He then chucked the kid out into the audience, sort of like he was throwing somebody out of a wrestling ring. At first it looked like he was trying to maim the kid, but then you started to realize that he had given up on trying to keep the kids off the stage and was joining in their fun by giving them a toss into the crowd. People started running to him in hopes of being picked up and tossed into the crowd. It was so crazy to watch him effortlessly chucking these kids into the crowd. He did it a few times and then retreated to the side of the stage and pretty much stayed out of the picture for the rest of the show.

The second bouncer story that comes to mind was at a NOFX show here in San Francisco. This particular show was at a fairly large venue with a barrier separating the crowd from the band. So even though stage diving was kept to a minimum, there was a lot of crowd surfing. Anyway, there was a fairly large pole that was pretty far from the stage and was covered in pads so the kids wouldn't get their noggin broke if they ran into it during a show. I looked over at the pole while NOFX was playing and this kid was shimmying up the pole. He got up pretty high onto the pole, at least to the point where his feet were over the heads of the people in the crowds. I looked over at the stage and saw this bouncer running full speed across the stage. He proceeded to jump over the barrier and crowd, sailing Superman style all the way out to the kid. He grabbed/smashed the kid from the pole while he was still flying through the air and they disappeared beneath the crowd. It was fucking amazing. I was unfortunately too far away from the situation to see if either one of their bodies was broken in two.

4) The last one that I want to talk about was also at that DRI and DR. KNOW show I went to. I actually didn't see this stage dive, but I sure the fuck felt it. Toward the very end of the show, some kid stage dived and landed right on top of me. The weight of his body ripped me from the stage and I crumpled to the ground. The guy jumped up and took off running and I slowly picked myself up off the ground. As I stood up another guy jumped directly on top of my head. I remember seeing a flash of light because he hit me so hard and I stumbled to the ground, almost ready to completely pass out. I lay on the ground for a minute and slowly made my way to a seat in the back. I sat there for the rest of the show and waited for my friend. We drove all the way home and I went to straight to bed (after checking out all of the footprints on the back of my CIRCLE JERKS shirt, from people climbing over me to get on the stage). When I woke up the next morning I went to the bathroom and after I took a leak I looked in the mirror. I realized that guy had landed so hard on my head that the force of my jaw clamping shut had broken off part of my front tooth. It was insane! I ended up getting my tooth fixed by the family dentist. But that was after convincing my mom that my tooth had been busted wrestling around with a friend, because I was afraid to tell her that somebody had jumped on my head at the punk show.

That about covers it on some of the stage dives that I have seen. Let's move on to some of most memorable stage dives I have personally done.

1) Two of my stage dive stories center around SNAPCASE, who used to be my favorite band. It was almost at the very end of the show I was talking about earlier (STRIFE, SNAPCASE and UNDERTOW), when I had this grand idea that entailed running and jumping from the floor over the crowd onto the stage. So I got a running start and jumped up by boosting myself over somebody's shoulders. I unfortunately did not realize the guitarist for SNAPCASE was standing at the front of the stage and I proceeded to go head first into his guitar. He barely missed a note, but it split my forehead wide open. I started bleeding like a stuck pig and I ran outside of the club screaming fuck over and over again. I found one of my party and we had to round everybody up so I could go to the hospital and get stitches. I had a grand time trying to explain what happened to the hospital staff. I ended up just telling them that somebody hit me with a guitar. Besides, I was too embarrassed to admit that I was dumb enough to jump into somebody's guitar. Anyway, due to this injury I stayed in Los Angeles another day to see the second show of the weekend, which leads me to me second stage dive story.

2) The next night we went and saw almost the exact same lineup, except it was

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at a different club. I was pretty much forced to sit on the side of the stage the entire night, because I was afraid I would knock my stitches out. During SNAPCASE's last song a ton of people got on stage to sing along. I couldn't stand not being part of the action, so I looked up at the towering speaker stack behind me and figured out a way to get up on the top of it. Once I got up on top of it I did a huge dive onto the people singing along with the vocalist down on the stage. I have actually seen a video of this particular show. And my dive is not very pretty, nearly knocking over the whole crowd onto the stage. When my feet touched the ground I realized that even though my bandage had been torn off, the stitches were still in. So I hightailed it to the side of the stage again, where a bouncer was waiting to chew my ass out for climbing up on the speakers.

3) The last stage dive I want to talk about is one I did at an AFI show a few years back at a local club called the Berkeley Square. I had been planning out this particular stage dive for quite a while. I wanted to jump over the singer of any band in the heat of the action, ever since I saw those kids doing it at those Los Angeles shows. So during the AFI show, I slowly wormed my way up to the stage. The place was a stage diving madhouse, so when I saw the opportunity arise I took advantage of it. I tore off across the stage and ran up behind the singer. I put my hands on his shoulders and proceeded to do a complete flip over the top of him. I flew pretty far and basically landed on my feet on the floor. It was a pretty freaky sensation being that high in the air, upside down. But I pulled it off without hurting anybody around me or myself so I was stoked.

That's about it. I have never been a huge stage diver because I am always too busy watching the bands. But I certainly enjoy sharing my goofball stories, which I am sure we all have. If a band is really kicking my ass, I will still do a leap of faith, but with Gilman Street's no stage-diving policy, I don't really get the urge very often. I can't really remember the last time I did a stage dive. Maybe it was at the GOOD CLEAN FUN show, which was at Gilman Street. OK, let's hear you all in unison "Breakin' The Law, Breakin' The Law." Anyway partner, look for me to kick back in next month with some reviews of your favorite grind/hard/crust/metal/doom core releases.

By the way, DS-13 came through town recently. They proceeded to kick my ass and everybody else's, too. What a fucking killer band. Fast, energetic, powerful, funny, sincere.....you remember those words, don't you? The fucking thing was that there were only about 20-30 people that came to each of their shows. So let me get this straight, an amazing band comes to town from fucking Sweden and you people can't get your pathetic ass down to the club? Sorry to hear that, but in the end it is your loss. Fortunately, the few people that were there were going off, and I think the band knew that they were truly appreciated. (Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712, xgoatcorex@ hotmail.com)

Hey, I hear people don't like my column! Awww! Are there a lot of Mr. Grumpy Pants out there? Huh? Is that what you are? A little gwump who doesn't wike me? WAAAAH! OH BEHAVE! HA HA H A HA HA HA! YEAH BABY, YEAH! OH BEHAVE! HA HA AHA HA HA! SMASHING BABY, YEAH! HA HA HA! OH BEHAVE! So people don't think my column is very punk rock? FAAART! God damn you. I am John Ringhoff. I can write about whatever I want. Knock knock! Who's there? FAAART!

OK, let's test your punk rock trivia. Actually, let's test your John Ringhoff trivia! I will ask twenty questions. The first to send me the correct answers will win an autographed picture of me and some random things that were lying around my bedroom. Oh, and I will print the most creative answers. OK, let's go!

1. What am I going to be for Halloween this year?
2. What was I for Halloween last year?
3. Who is my favorite Fraggle?
4. Why did my old band Keystone get kicked out of our last show ever?
5. What do I look like?
6. What do I do for a living?
7. Fill in the blanks: _ ___ _____
8. What celebrity do I live three blocks from and what do I plan to do to him?
9. What celebrities am I obsessed with and why?
10. Why did I almost get fired from my last job?
11. How would you describe a typical day in the life of John Ringhoff?
12. What bar do I hang out in and why?
13. What posters are on the wall of my bedroom?
14. Who is Mike Joyce and why?
15. What are my favorite foods?
16. What would I do with one million dollars?
17. Have I ever eaten a pupusa?
18. What is the best thing I've ever done?
19. What is my favorite sandwich?
20. What is the most I have ever drank? Please list where, when and each drink I had.

LET THE CONTEST BEGIN! HUZZAH! Oh man, I can't wait for the answers to start pouring in! The mailman will come with big bags of mail for me with TONS of letters to read! E-mail your answers to johnr@whiskyagogo.com or to 4446 Finley Ave #201, Los Angeles, CA 90027. On a side note, you can buy my band The Count's 7" by sending $4 to PO Box 1161, Claremont, CA 91711. But if you get the 7", only listen to the bass guitar, which I play. And don't read the lyric sheet. I have no idea what our songs are about and I don't want to know. But they're probably gay lyrics. Not gay like "fuck members of the same sex" kind of gay, but gay like a ceramic-kitty-cat-dressed-up-like-a-person gay.

Trying to get the baby to sleep, we loaded her into the baby backpack and strapped her onto Daddy's back. Maybe walking her would do the trick; we tried everything else. We walked a few blocks to the show, and that's where I wanted to be anyway. DEAD AND GONE was playing with THE HAM and shortly after arriving, the baby nodded off. Daddy knows I'm always up for a show. He knows that since having the baby, I embrace them as a special occasion and with energy, and that a few loud, screaming, rocking bands will fuel a good mood in me for at least a couple days, so he encouraged me to stay.

I wanted to stay right then, but that would have meant me having to walk home alone well past midnight, so I walked back home with him and our sleeping babe. Instead of just hopping on my bike and peddling right back to the show, I clomped upstairs to change my clothes. I understand that changing clothes is not such a big deal, but for me, and probably you, too, changing my clothes to go back to a show is not an action that usually crosses my mind. Since becoming a mother four-and-a-half-months ago, however, it's crossing my mind all the time and for two completely different reasons.

Going to shows now for me has become a priceless gem and so, a couple times, I tried to look like one, too. Well, maybe not trying for the priceless gem look, but definitely the Hot Mama look. I think it worked once, because before I walked out the door, Ernesto told me that if he wasn't married (to me), he'd hit on me. Ha, ha, but seriously, new moms need to feel and be told they still got somethin' goin' on other than boobs leaking breast milk.

Because I'm a new mom, it's probably easy for you to understand why I don't get to go to all the shows I want. But what am I doing instead of going to shows? Well, at that time of night, I'm either just getting

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Baby to sleep or just did get her to sleep and am either crashing, too, or staying awake another hour or two just to have a few rare moments of alone time to read or write something like this column.

What I'm doing in the daytime now is also a pretty stark contrast to what I used to do, pre-mom status. I used to sleep late, work part time, go to band practice and basically do at my leisure whatever the fuck I wanted to. But now, I can be found at the Wiggly Baby society, which is a weekly potluck lunch gathering of moms and babies. On a different day, I can be found at Baby Brunch, a small gathering of us new moms at a friend's house. I've been doing various other new mom things, too, basically anything that will keep us from feeling cooped up and isolated in our little upstairs apartment.

So yeah, I'm out and about as much as possible, with baby on my hip, on my back and in my arms. And although I'm donning the very rare role of Hot Mama night crawler, as I mentioned a little while ago, during the day I've found myself even more uncharacteristically going for the opposite look.

You might be surprised how disapprovingly some people look at me because I have a newborn in my arms and tattoos on my legs, chest and back. Not that they can ever see all of them at once, and they're not even all big and colorful or anything, but if there's a glimpse of ink, I have felt some cold shoulders.

And what about the rest of the appearance package? Before, squares just probably thought I was some college girl going through a phase or something. Who knows? But now I feel like, solely because of my appearance, I'm being judged with their first impression whether or not I'm a fit mother. I know, fuck them, right? Well, right, but..... Actually, there are a lot of buts.

For one, whether another mom digs me or not, I can't say I really care, but I'd like them to allow their kid to play with mine. That's important to me because I believe kids playing together is necessary. So, for that reason, I guess I've been making myself appear more approachable.

And did you know that all it takes is one phone call from some wing-nut stranger reporting suspicion of neglect to the authorities and you've got to fight them tooth and nail to prove otherwise? It freaks me out that someone could judge me to be a neglectful mother because it seems to them as if I'm neglectful of my own physical appearance. Yes, people do make connections like that in their closed minds and no, I'm not paranoid; it just happened to a friend of mine.

I am definitely feeling something I've never felt before and it's societal pressure, some stereotype of what a mom in this society should look like. Looking at some lame-ass mainstream parenting magazines, I see that I'm supposed to wear unsexy knit outfits, that I'm to wear a modest amount of make-up and look squeaky clean at all times, even though I've got a newborn who spits up on my shirt several times a day. You get the picture; you probably have your own notion of what a mother looks like.

And what's the baby supposed to look like? Well, people can't just let the baby be a baby, it has to be and look like a male or a female. The gender-coding pressure actually started before my baby was born. People would ask me if I knew yet if I was having a boy or a girl. When I'd tell them I wouldn't know until the baby was born, some would be OK with it, but some in all seriousness wanted to know how I would know what color of clothes to buy and what color to decorate the baby's room. It was kind of fun telling one of my clueless co-workers that I decorated by selling my drum set.

Of course, after my baby was born a girl, we were gifted with little pink outfits from our families. Luckily, babies grow out of their newborn size clothes quickly. Also luckily, we've been generously given baby clothes hand-me-downs that are all colors but pink. I will admit that I do like to play dress up with her with clothes that are characteristically more girlish than boyish, but unless the clothes are pink, pink, pink, people will still say, "Hi, you cute little guy!"

Just three mornings ago at the bagel shop, three college women were sitting in a booth discussing feminist theory. One was a professor who was discussing with her two students how the femme fatale character always exists outside of the mainstream because the dominant patriarchal paradigm will not allow her existence otherwise. Upon walking past their booth to an empty table, one of them commented on how cute my little boy looked in his baseball cap. Quick on his tongue, Ernesto explained that no, our little boy is a little girl and that by dressing her in a light blue shirt and a red and blue hat, we were smashing the dominant gender-coding paradigm and raising a femme fatale of our own. Of course, they chuckled.

OK, gotta go. Daddy Ernesto got Baby to sleep already so I'd have a couple hours to write this and now, tonight's a special occasion show night, too. HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE and THE GODDAMN DELUGE is playing with TUPAMAROS from Germany. Yee-Haw!

If you'd like to discuss mom appearances and baby gender coding, feel free.

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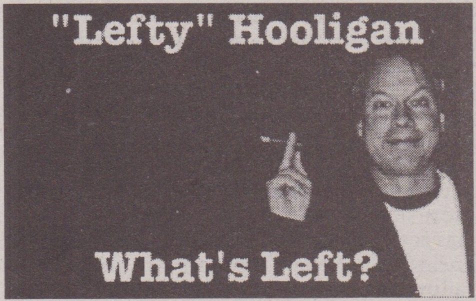

The uniformed armed guard enters the cell, slapping a truncheon in the palm of his hand. The prisoner, dressed in grimy gray coveralls, huddles in a corner and tries not to make eye contact with the guard.

"Fucking scum," the guard throws a hard-booted kick at the prisoner. "Soon, we will liquidate your kind."

The prisoner scuttles quickly away and the kick glances off his shin. This infuriates the guard, who kicks again, then swings his club. Again and again he strikes the helpless prisoner, who wreaths in agony across the floor. When the guard finally straightens up, sweating from his efforts, the prisoner, now covered in his own blood, has a shattered kneecap, two cracked ribs, a broken arm, five fewer teeth and a severe concussion.

"I'll be back tomorrow." The guard says, looking down at his victim, hate mixed with contempt in his eyes. "You'll beg me to kill you, before I'm through."

For once, the prisoner meets his torturer's gaze with a look of hate mixed with fear.

This scene could have played out in a Nazi concentration camp between SS guard and Eastern European Jew. Or in a Soviet gulag between state security and Soviet dissident. Can anyone honestly argue that the guard's hate is in any way comparable to the prisoner's hate? If somehow the prisoner had gotten hold of the guard's gun and shot his torturer, could anyone possibly equate those two acts of violence?

Of course, there's a whiny kind of middle-class, quasi-religious, naively humanistic response to this; a plaintive bleating that goes: "Hate is such a negative emotion. Hate simply generates more hate. Violence comes of hate, and violence only breeds more violence. It's a vicious cycle." This presupposes that hate or violence can be isolated into some type of pure strain, a patently absurd assumption. The guard's contempt for his victim's existence can no more be separated from his hatred than can the prisoner's fear of pain and death from his hatred. And whereas the guard's violence is slowly torturing another human being to death, the prisoner would resort to violence to save his own life.

What's more, pacifists steeped in the classics (Gandhi, Thoreau, Martin Luther King, Dorothy Day, *et al*) have recognized the value of hatred in their standard line, "hate the sin, not the sinner." The most ardent pacifists have been passionate haters of social injustice, a recognition of the motivating power in hatred. And Gandhi once commented that, if someone couldn't maintain the higher discipline of nonviolence in fighting oppression, they should by all means take up arms, rather than submit or turn tail and run. Finally, when we get to groups like the War Resisters League, we can find folks who recognize that the oppressor's hatred and violence can't be equated with the oppressed's hatred and violence because of the difference in power between the two. The guard literally holds the power of life and death over his prisoner in the above example.

I used the Soviet dissident under Leninist oppression and the Eastern European Jew under Nazi oppression as further examples everybody would instantly get, and with

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which most people could agree. I didn't mean to confine the metaphor of guard/prisoner just to the obvious, however. Vietcong guard and American POW, U.S. prison guard and death row prisoner; it is in the extreme instances of such differences in power that we get peculiar effects. The Stockholm syndrome for instance. In radical hostage situations, the hostages can begin to identify with their captors. The hostages sometimes come to sympathize, voluntarily help, even love, admire and defend their captors. Yet another illustration of the effect notable differences in power can have.

Personally, I'd argue that the hatred and violence of the prisoner in this discussion is superior to the hatred and violence of the guard. That's not the point at the moment. I'm simply demonstrating that the two cannot be equated. That they are not the same by virtue of the power differences between the two. This is not to say that, with a revolution, for instance, the hatred and violence of the oppressed cannot transform into the hatred and violence of an oppressor. History is littered with far too many examples of this occurring to try and deny this potential. Yet history also offers up an occasional instance of when this doesn't happen, as in South Africa, indicating that the process is by no means inevitable.

This is not to attack the politics of pacifism. I'm no longer a pacifist myself, and I do tend to be highly critical of nonviolence both tactically and philosophically. I don't go to the extreme of Ward Churchill's "pacifism as pathology," however. Many of the pacifists I've known, not to mention the leading figures in the pacifist tradition, are quite admirable individuals. Their commitment to nonviolence is frequently courageous, if misguided. Nor am I trying to bust down that simple-minded humanistic liberalism mentioned above that insists that hate and violence are merely part of a vicious cycle. Rather, my intended target is that brand of criticism that asserts: "All racism is bad. The prejudice, discrimination, harassment and violence of white people against black people is indefensible, but so are similar behaviors by blacks against whites. Each is equally racist, and therefore each is equally wrong." You see this kind of criticism all the time in publications like *Hit List*. Call it conservatism, classical liberalism or radical individualism; this absurd evenhandedness is usually followed by some sort of declaration that "people should be judged and rewarded solely on their individual merits."

Racism can be considered a particular form of hatred and violence, and given the argument that started this column, the racism of the oppressor is in no way equal to the racism of the oppressed. The anti-Semitism of the Nazi concentration camp guard is in no way comparable to whatever anti-German racism a Jewish prisoner might have felt. Nazi anti-Semitism led directly to the attempt to exterminate the Jewish people. If Jewish concentration camp survivors experienced anti-German racism, it may have fueled commitments to Zionism or Communism or assimilation, but it did not lead to Jewish attempts to exterminate the German people. Likewise, the anti-black racism of the white antebellum plantation owner is in no way comparable to whatever anti-white sentiments black slaves might have had. The former was the *raison d'être* for the wholesale enslavement, rape and murder of black people, whereas the latter might have fired up the black struggle for civil rights, social liberation or racial separatism, but it did not attempt the systematic enslavement, rape and murder of white people. To hammer home the point one more time as to why the racism of oppressor and oppressed cannot be equated, consider the difference in power between Nazi guard and Jewish prisoner, or white plantation owner and black slave.

At this point, self-righteous meritocrats would argue that there are no concentration camps in the United States, and slavery was abolished almost a century and a half ago. "There is no entrenched white oppressor elite or oppressed black underclass in America, so black and white racism can be equated." At least now we're getting close to the real issues here. By any index or study available, and even after decades of affirmative action (what the meritocrats consider "reverse racism"), there are still vast differences between white and black folk in this society. Black people are disproportionately underrepresented when it comes to authority, wealth, position, education and health, and disproportionately overrepresented when it comes to poverty, crime, unemployment, illiteracy and disease. Clearly, there's a substantial power difference between whites and blacks in America. So the question that needs answering is, why?

Since I assume that there are no essential differences in ability or capacity between white and black people, I conclude not only that American society is not a meritocracy, but that white racism is in effect to produce such social disparities. It seems only logical to me that a society in which white people have power would organize things so as to maintain that dominance and enforce the prevailing racial prejudices, going so far as to subtly instill racial discrimination into educational processes, hiring practices, social advancement and policing procedures. This does not require some vast conspiracy, but merely a reliance on individual self-interest. Even though affirmative action is an incremental liberal reform that in no way fundamentally challenges the institutionalized racism in this society, its elimination does not require a malicious conspiracy among white people. Rather, it is in the immediate self-interest of white individuals to gut affirmative action programs. I prefer this explanation to the more liberal one that the lingering "legacy of slavery" accounts for these marked descrepencies. What then accounts for liberalism's failure to do away with this legacy?

Those reactionary meritocrats who insist that we now live in a truly "color-blind society" have equally limited options as to how to explain this extreme gap between whites and blacks in the United States. Blaming it on liberalism, either on Johnson's Great Society policies or further back on FDR's New Deal, doesn't cut it because the "why" question just gets pushed back in time. Why did such noticeable social descrepencies exist between whites and blacks prior to the existence of the liberal welfare state? Few have the courage to answer the question by proclaiming a hardcore racism that maintains there are substantial differences between people based on the color of their skin, and that black people are racially inferior to white people. Most opt for the softcore racism of the likes of Larry Livermore, who contends that it's black *culture* that's inferior to white *culture*. In other words, black folk are fine so long as they don't act black. Those who proclaim the superiority of "western civilization" over all others are just playing variations on Rudyard Kipling's theme of "the white man's burden."

Don't get me wrong; judging and rewarding people solely on their individual merits is a great idea. Unfortunately, it hasn't been done throughout the history of this country, it sure as hell isn't being done today, and it won't be done in the future without drastic changes. All else being equal, a meritocracy is a fine way to organize society. The operant phrase here is "all else being equal."

Now for a slight detour. Be patient, it'll reconnect to this column's main thread soon enough.

San Francisco is quite pathetic as a big city, actually. It's very racially segregated, not at all hospitable to strangers, and extremely arrogant to boot. San Franciscans used to refer to the East Bay as East Berlin when the Cold War was still going on.

Besides New York, I've been to Chicago, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Seattle and a dozen other U.S. cities as a tourist. Standing on a street corner in any of these places with a backpack and an unfolded map trying to figure out where I need to go, I've experienced folks coming up to me to ask if I need directions. (New Yorkers don't do this out of politeness or friendliness mind you. With this gesture they're saying "I know this town like the back of my hand, so where do you want to go?" Hospitality takes many curious forms.) But every time I visited San Francisco before I actually moved to the Bay Area and stood on busy downtown street corners looking like a tourist, no one volunteered shit. San Franciscans passed me by, eyes averted, unwilling to give me the time of day. The one instance somebody approached me, he asked me in a perfect Brooklyn accent: "So, where do you want to go?"

Christ, there are more black folk living integrated with white folk in Portland and Seattle in the heart of the white Pacific Northwest than in liberal, tolerant San Francisco! Whereas New York *is* "The City," San Francisco self-consciously calls itself "The City."

That, not to mention the astronomical rents, was why I didn't settle in San Francisco when I moved to the Bay Area in 1991. Berkeley was little better, with its smug radicalism

and complacent hipness. I liked poor, multi-racial Oakland, where I still live, and not because I've got a notion it's cool or PC to live in a struggling, mixed-race community.

Oakland reminds me of when I was a kid. My parents didn't have a lot of money when they immigrated from Europe to the United States after the second World War, so I grew up in working-class neighborhoods until I was in my teens. My folks despised Germans, but they didn't know anything about blacks or Latinos or Asians. They thought nothing of moving into areas other whites were fleeing to avoid integration.

In turn, Oakland really is the near-term future for California and the long-term future for America, when white people become a minority. Ramon G. McLeod wrote this about the Golden State:

"The new state numbers show that by 2001, whites will represent 49 percent of the population, Latinos will account for 31 percent, Asians 12 percent and African-Americans 7 percent. Native Americans will account for just under 1 percent. Approximately 34.6 million people are projected to live in California in 2000.

By 2021, whites will no longer have a plurality, the projections show. At that point, Latinos will be the largest single group in the state, accounting for 40 percent of the population.

By 2040, an estimated 58 million people will live in the state. By then, whites will account for 31 percent of the population. Latinos will be a near majority, accounting for 48 percent, Asians will account for about 15 percent, and African Americans about 6 percent. Native Americans will number less than 1 percent, according to the new projections. ("In a State of Change," 12-18-98 *San Francisco Chronicle*)

Whites will fall below 50 percent of the population in the United States sometime in the middle of the century.

Great. Only one more year until Larry Livermore won't feel comfortable visiting California anymore. Too bad we can't accelerate the process in the rest of the country as well.

What all this means is that the issue of race is going to get harder and harder to ignore. "Lefty" Hooligan's pure class analysis and insistence that there's "no war but the class war," which never intended to accurately reflect reality, is becoming completely untenable even as I write this. I recently read David R. Roediger's "The Wages of Whiteness: Race and the Making of the American Working Class," in which he argues that Marxists in general, and American Marxists in particular, have been myopic with respect to racial issues. And while I find Roediger's substitution of a dubious postmodern linguistic critique for a decent economic analysis particularly weak and unconvincing, I can't fault his main point. Factors of race must be taken on a par with factors of class when analyzing American society. Hopefully, this conclusion is a little more dialectical than Larry's puerile assessment that "race does matter."

Hegel's was an idealist dialectic. Ideas—what Hegel called spirit—were primary and they shaped material reality. Marx stood Hegel on his head and put forward a materialist dialectic in which material conditions formed the base from which the superstructure of ideas and culture sprang. There is no reason we can't have a non-hierarchical dialectic, in which the various individual elements interact in a more autonomous fashion, where dominance is temporary and dependent on circumstances. Games theory, cybernetics, systems theory, gestalt, chaos and complexity theory and ecology are a few of the attempts in specific disciplines to apply a non-hierarchical, dialectical model. Some neo-neo-Marxists make the argument that Marx should be read in a similar way, insisting on taking Marx *in toto*. This is the direction that socialist theory needs to take.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o *MRR*. I should have my personal Web site up by the time you read this, so check http://www.huahua coyotl.com for the "lost" Hooligan column.

With the elections drawing near and no real candidates to choose from that offer any hope of radical change, I figured it would be a good time to point you to a few Web sites that offer information on various candidates, preferably from an unbiased (or at least anti-Republican) opinion. Actually, I was hoping to include Web sites that were also anti-Democrat, but all the ones that I could find were so offensively right wing that I don't want to waste the space to mention them.

If you're going to bother looking at these Web sites, you might as well be registered to vote. I'm certainly not convinced that voting makes a difference on the national level, since both majority political parties are so close together in philosophy that it's sometimes hard to tell them apart. However, since it only takes a few minutes one day a year to vote, I do it anyway. If you need to register to vote, there's a Web site where you can go and start the registration process. Just visit http://www.beavoter.org/ and get registered.

Probably the best source on the Net for information on candidates and other political issues is Project Vote Smart. Project Vote Smart takes an unbiased opinion toward candidates, simply making available as much information as possible on over 13,000 candidates in the United States, from the president on down to state governments. If you're interested in finding out what the candidates think based on their past actions, this is the place to visit. Project Vote Smart is at http://www.vote-smart.org/

Open Secrets is another site that simply provides the facts. In this case, they give you a list of where each candidate gets their campaign contributions, how much money they've received, and how much they've spent. You'll find out who really owns the candidates. Open Secrets is at http://www.opensecrets.org/

The League of Women Voters is another nonpartisan group that offers information on the candidates' positions on the issues. They help sponsor The Democracy Network Web site at http://www.dnet.org/ that also offers information on state and national candidates. The Democracy Network site is also sponsored by grassroots.com (http://www.grassroots.com/), which is a site that helps citizens connect with their government. They also have columns, one of which is written by Michael Moore (of Roger & Me fame).

Those sites should give you a good start on the candidates. Now, how about a few sites that take aim at G Dubya Bush? First off is The Bush Files (http://www.bushfiles.com/), which offers up a collection of newspaper columns that are critical of Bush — both on his policies in Texas and things he's said and done in his past. A lot of interesting reading is contained there.

Another anti-Bush site is The Partnership for a Bush Free America, found at http://www.jug-or-not.com/pbfa/ This site is a collection of links to other sites that discuss shady business dealings, lies, and other stuff the Bush family doesn't want you to know. Actually, Bush looks like almost any other politician. Big surprise.

Finally, for a bit of fun, visit the W. Dance page at http://www.gwbush.com/wdance/ I'm not gonna tell you what's there. You'll have to find out for yourself. Have fun.

OK, enough with politics already. I'm going to finish up with a few punk rock Web sites for your enjoyment, starting off with one I first mentioned in 1996 — and it just keeps getting bigger and better all the time. I'm talking about World Wide Punk, and if you haven't been there before, you've really missed out. World Wide Punk contains more links than you'll ever have time to look at, along with reviews, interviews, message boards and more. Visit it now and often at http://www.worldwidepunk.com

World Wide Punk should be heading the list at Top 25 Punk sites and it doesn't even show up. Who knows? Anyway, you can find out what's on the list right now by visiting http://server27.hypermart.net/punxnot/cgi-bin/topsites//topsites.html

A regional Web site that features information on Northwest U.S. bands is Northwest Punk, located at http://www.northwestpunk.com/ They are basically a

resource list for all things punk rock in Oregon, Washington, and Vancouver, B.C. Quite a bit here, though not extensive.

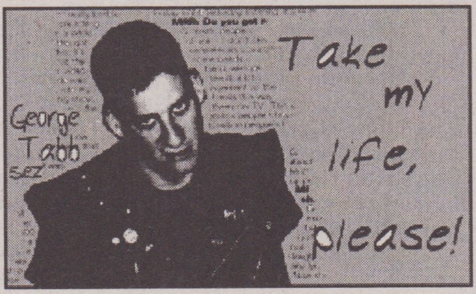
I got e-mail from spbclub touting their Web site so I went to visit it. And guess what? It's written in Cyrillic. I have no idea what's going on at this site, but if you know the Russian language and want to brush up on things, visit http://www.spbclub.cool.ru/

Aversion is an interesting Web site, if only because their review section seems to pan every punk album they listen to, even though they bill themselves as a source for rock, punk and indie music. If they hate punk so much, why bother covering it? Still, it warms my heart to see a jaded rock critic pan J Church or the Dropkick Murphys. Visit Aversion at http://www.aversion.com/ — just don't expect to like what you read.

Digital Independence is a new Web "portal" that is supposed to be a resource for all indie media, including films, comics, magazines, bands and more. If you have a site, bands or whatever, get yourself listed here. Remember, the more places you're listed, the more people will find your site to hear your band, see what you have to say or whatever. Surf Digital Independence at http://www.digitalindependence.org/

I'm going to finish up the column this month by mentioning the legendary Cleveland, Ohio, band The Pagans. The Web site — http://www.geocities.com/pagan_pages/ — is a four-part biography written by vocalist Mike Hudson, as well as a complete, official discography and links to other sites about 70s punk rock. Unfortunately, there are no sound files, but it still worth a visit for a taste of history.

That's gonna wrap it up for this month. Remember to send your site recommendations my way—netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit http://www.diehippiedie.com for my past, present and future columns. And, as always, my mailbox is at PO Box 8059, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. See ya.



The sound of sprinklers and smell of freshly cut grass greeted my senses that summer every Saturday morning as I made my way out onto the baseball diamond that was exclusively for my Little League team, The Parkway Pirates. Well, not Little League, actually. More like Mini-League or Bush-League. I was in the fifth grade, my brother Lloyd in the fourth. And we were the only Jewish members of the team.

It was my stupid idea to join the team in the first place. Maybe if my dad had played more "catch" with me in the backyard, instead of dressing up like a women under his business suits, my yearning for big hard balls and stiff bats wouldn't have led me down the road to hardball hell. But, alas, it did.

That summer began as most others did for a Jewish kid living in Greenwich Connecticut. With relief.

I wouldn't have to ride the bus to school everyday, where the kids would beat the shit out of me just for having a big nose and being something that sounded like a "kite."

Instead, I would get to stay home and play with my Captain Action and Dr. Evil dolls, or ride along on my "Chopper" bicycle as my brother Lloyd raced his ten-speed up and down the driveway while my youngest brother, Seth, tried keeping up on his Schwinn.

Or so I thought.

"Boys," my dad said to us about the third day into our freedom, "you have to get off your asses and do something this summer."

I protested, telling my father I was doing something. That I was going to make another Super-8 millimeter movie, and this one would be my best yet, better than "Flush," my last one about the clay-mation creatures that escaped from the toilet.

Lloyd, also protesting, claimed that this was the summer his two new gerbils were going to be launched into orbit. That he had built an Estes Rocket that took four-D engines, and had padded the "payload" section with nonflammable material so this time his "astronauts" would survive, and not end up as "Timmy" and "Jimmy" did — cat barbecue.

Seth, my future doctor brother who was just going into the third grade, said that this summer he was going to dissect all his stuffed animals and "then put them back together again." The last summer, he had just left them in pieces. Especially "Goofy". His pillow-like guts had been strewn across our backyard for days. Well, until Barkwell, the Golden Retriever who lived next door decided to eat what was left of the Disney character, then throw it up all over our front porch.

"That's not good enough," said my dad in a stern voice. "This summer I want you boys to learn the value of money."

I knew what was coming next. Jobs. Work. And there was no way I'd have any of that. My brothers neither.

"We want to join The Parkway Pirates," I blurted out, surprising myself as much as my dad, Lloyd and Seth.

"You do?" asked my dad.

"We do?" asked my brothers.

"Yeah," I said. I explained how much we loved The Yankees, which we did, so much so that we used to go to games with my mom and Nick and yell "Bozo" at Thurman Munson as much as possible. I explained that baseball was the great American pastime (I'd read that in the World-Book Encyclopedia from 1972; the ones that were white with the green trim) and that since we were Amercians, it was our duty to play the game.

"You guys play baseball?" asked my dad, "You little pussies won't even play touch football when Uncle Marty and Uncle Wuzzie come to visit."

"It's supposed to be 'touch,'" I told my dad, who had played football for "Hofstra," some guy I think who got buried under a goal post somewhere.

"And you and Uncle Marty jump on top of us," added Seth.

"Yeah," said Lloyd.

"Do you guys know the first thing about baseball?" my dad then asked.

I told him we did. That the Japanese baseball mitts he'd got us had been put to some use. We had played catch with one another at least twice, and that Grampa Jack, his father, also played catch with us every once in a while, when he wasn't driving golf-balls and having us chase them.

"So that makes you good enough for a team?" my dad asked.

"It's the Parkway Pirates," I told my dad, "they'll take anyone. It's not like it's a REAL team or anything. Just kids from school."

My dad reluctantly agreed to let us play, but as it turns out, Seth was too young, so he was only allowed to watch. Which was good because of the whole "T-Shirt" thing, which I'll get to very soon.

*

"You fucking little brats are going to have to join a car pool or something," my stepmother, Connie, bitched at my brothers and I as she dropped us off at Parkway Elementary the first Saturday morning for baseball practice. "Either that, or ride your bikes. It's only eleven miles."

We just ignored her, as we usually did, and ran out to where a bunch of kids had gathered and were tossing the old hardball around.

"Hiya guys," I said, excited. I saw some of my classmates, as well as others I'd seen around the hallways, or cafeteria.

"Oh look," said one kid with straight blonde hair, and blue eyes, "it's the Jews!"

Everyone laughed except Lloyd, Seth, and me.

"I didn't know Jews played with baseballs," yelled another kid, whose name was James Smith, a guy in my math class, "I thought they only played with Matzo Balls!"

More laughs.

"Hey Tabb," said Mike, another kid from one of my classes, "what kind of mitt is that? A 'kite' mitt?"

I looked down at my Japanese mitt and frowned. It was huge. And flat like a kite. Someone had once told me it was a "pitcher's mitt", but I couldn't tell from all the Japanese writing all over it. All I knew is that my dad got it "cheap," which he loved to brag about.

Lloyd, on the other hand, had a real mitt. One with a hole in the back where you

could stick out your fingers and everything. It had some name crossed out on the back of it with black magic marker, and "Tabb" written in instead. I once asked him where he got it and he told me he'd won it from some kid in a bet about getting the kid's sister naked. That's my brother.

So all the kids started chanting "Jews, Jews, Jews, Jews!" over and over while Lloyd and I stood there with dumb looks on our faces, and Seth just sat in the grass and started to pick it. Then eat it.

"That's enough," I suddenly heard a MAN'S voice yell.

I turned around and saw him. Our coach. Kurt. And his girlfriend. Dawn. Who had the biggest breasts I'd ever seen. And I mean "seen." Her halter top barely contained her quarter-sized nipples, and her miniskirt looked like it went up to her belly-button.

All the kids got quiet.

"I'm Coach Andrews," said the guy with the sideburns down each side of his neck, and curly blonde afro as wide as the Goodyear blimp.

All the kids stared at him.

"But you can call me Kurt."

Some kids mumbled "hellos."

"And this is my girlfriend, Dawn," said Kurt, "she'll be helping me coach you guys this summer."

"A girl?" said the blonde-haired blue-eyed kid.

"A girl," said Lloyd, with his tongue halfway to the ground.

"Wow," was all I could mumble.

"And," added Kurt, "I'm Jewish."

I should have guessed from the brotherly 'fro.

"So there will be no more name calling. Of any type. Got that?"

Most kids nodded their heads and my frown about my mitt turned into a big smile. Finally, a guy who looked as old as my parents or teachers who didn't call me "pussy," "fag" or "kite."

The first day of practice went well. Kurt hit a lot of balls out into the field where we all practiced catching them and throwing them to either first or second. I almost caught one, but when it hit my flat mitt, it hurt so bad I had to drop it. But I still had fun.

The next Saturday was our third day of practice. We were doing Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. When we arrived, Connie, my stepmother, asked who owned the V.W. van with all the daises and peace signs painted all over it.

I explained to her that it was Coach Andrews. Kurt's.

"Fucking hippie," was all she could say before she again told us that we'd better join a car pool or ride our bikes the eleven miles because she was a very busy woman.

Ignoring her, we ran out and greeted Kurt.

"Hey Kurt," I said to our coach as I went over to his van, which was parked behind the fence near home base.

"Hey George," said Kurt, then picked me up and gave me a big hug. He then did the same with Lloyd.

"How's it going, guys?" he asked.

"Groovy," said Lloyd.

"Groovy is far out," said Dawn, Kurt's girlfriend, who today was wearing daises in her hair.

"Far out," Seth mumbled. He was with us again, just to watch us miss balls and strike out.

"Well," said Kurt, "why don't you guys make your way onto the field and practice some, and I'll join you in a few minutes."

We told Kurt we would and told him we'd see him soon. He nodded his head and gave us the two finger "peace" sign.

A few minutes later, after standing in the field and having no balls hit to me on purpose, I made my way to the Volkswagen van to see what was keeping Kurt.

Turns out Daisy was.

I looked into the side door, which was facing away from the diamond, and there was Kurt, kissing Dawn, with his hand fully surrounded by a furry thing that he was grasping between Dawn's legs.

"A Doggie!" I yelled, shocking Kurt and Dawn.

Dawn quickly pulled down her skirt the two or so inches it went, while Kurt looked at me with a strange look on his face.

"Do you know what we were doing?" he then asked me.

I told him that they were kissing, and that Dawn has a puppy somewhere that I don't see anymore.

"Uh huh," said Kurt, then he pulled out a hand-rolled cigarette and asked me if I knew what it was.

"A cigarette," I said.

"Groovy," said Kurt, then lit it, inhaled, then passed it to Dawn.

They both passed it back and forth, inhaling it quite deeply.

"My biology teacher, Mr. Williams, says that smoking is bad for you," I told the two adults.

"Uh huh," said Kurt, as he exhaled a cloud of funny-smelling smoke.

"Far out," added Dawn.

Then Kurt put the cigarette out and we both went onto the field to practice some baseball.

At the end of practice that day, Kurt told each of us to bring six dollars on Tuesday. That he would be getting us "Parkway Pirate" t-shirts, with our last names on the back of them. That we would wear them at our first game, which was two weeks away.

Lloyd and I, very excited about this news, told our dad that night at the dinner table.

"Six dollars?" my dad screamed, "for a fucking t-shirt?"

"It has our name on it and everything," I said, trying to act excited, which I was.

"Back when I was in school, our shirts cost a nickel," my father explained. It seemed EVERYTHING cost a nickel back then.

"I want one, too," said Seth, who had been going to practice with us and sort of became the unofficial cheering section for the Jews of The Parkway Pirates.

"Buy them yourselves," said my dad, "I don't work hard all day just to get ripped off. It's enough I pay for the food on this table.

I looked at the canned asparagus, sweet potatoes with marshmallows on them and hardly cooked liver. Then wondered why.

"Come on Lester," said my stepmom, in a move that was surprisingly decent for her, "get them the fucking shirts."

"Are you telling me what to do?" asked my father, as his skin began to turn purple and he started to shake uncontrollably.

"Yes, I am, dickhead," she replied.

My dad, through his clenched teeth, told her to shut up, and as he did so, all us kids cleared out knowing a storm was brewing, and, at least, we weren't at the center of it.

Suddenly, the dishes began flying and the name calling started. Then the chairs, table and fists came next.

Another Saturday night at the Tabb residence.

*

The following Tuesday, Lloyd and I showed up with six dollars. Between us. As it turns out, my father gave in to my stepmother. Half way. It was decided that Lloyd and I would "share" a t-shirt since we both bore the last name of Tabb. And since we both played right field, we wouldn't be playing at the same time.

I remember telling my dad that it wasn't fair, and that I was going to ask my mom and Nick, my stepfather, for the money. He told me when he was a kid he loved to share things with his older brother. Especially beds when they went on "family vacations." And that if I asked my mom or Nick, he'd make sure I didn't have working hands to play baseball with at all. And I knew he was serious.

So, Lloyd and I gave Kurt the six bucks and he asked where the rest of the money was. We told him our dad would only let us get one.

He laughed nervously, and then told us that things would work out OK.

Dawn, overhearing all this, said, "Wow, your old man is sure a downer!"

Lloyd just nodded his head and looked down at the ground.

"Don't feel so bad, honey," said Dawn, and with that, picked up Lloyd and hugged him tight into her double-D chest.

Lloyd just closed his eyes and smiled. As did I.

The rest of that day and night were spent asking Lloyd over and over again what "they" felt like.

***

It's the first game of The Parkway Pirates, and most of the kid's parents are there to watch. Of course, mine aren't. Connie had dropped us off two hours early because she was going shopping in the city with my stepsisters, and it was either go early or ride our bikes the eleven miles. My dad said he

couldn't come see us play because he knew we'd be awful, and he didn't want to be embarrassed in front of the other parents.

So it was just Lloyd, Seth and I. Seth, being our cheerleader, of course.

Since it was a home game, we were in the field first.

"Okay Lloyd and George," said Kurt, "who wants to play right field first?" We had both chosen right field because, as everyone knows, the least balls get hit that way.

"I do!" I said, because I wanted to wear the purple Parkway Pirates t-shirt first. We had it still sealed in the plastic bag that Kurt and Dawn had given it to us in about an hour earlier.

"You'll stink it up," exclaimed my brother, "I want to play first!"

"At least I take showers," I yelled at Lloyd.

"I take showers, too," said Seth, who was sitting by himself on the bleachers watching the world go by.

"You'll flip for it," was Kurt's answer as he threw a penny up in the air.

I called "heads" and lost. Lloyd got to wear the shirt first. He took off his Italian bread shirt he'd gotten somewhere and put on the purple Parkway Pirates shirt with the letters T-A-B-B pasted up hugely on the back. I was jealous as Seth and I watched him run onto the field.

Three outs later, the top of the first was over, and Lloyd took off the shirt and gave it to me. We were at the end of the batting roster, and knew we wouldn't be up this inning, so I took off my "keep on truckin" shirt, and wore that purple flag of honor. As I put it on, and even though it stunk of my brothers sweat from the hot June sun, I felt proud. There I was, on a baseball team, just like my heroes Thurman Munson, Catfish Hunter, and even that pussy Met Tom Seaver, who was at the game watching because he lived near by.

The bottom of the first inning didn't go by as quickly as I thought. Our guys kept getting on base, and suddenly Kurt yelled that I was on deck. To bat!

The guy in front me got a base hit and the next thing I knew, I was up. Lloyd is called on deck.

As I stared at the pitcher from Norwalk, I heard the catcher utter things like "Oh, you're the Jew, gonna strike out for us?" and "swing, batter batter, swing!".

I ignored him and waited for the right pitch. It happened three balls and two strikes later. I hit a line drive to the shortstop, which the guy missed, and suddenly I found myself on first, having driven in one run.

So, I'm standing on first base, in my purple Parkway Pirates t-shirt, with the letters T-A-B-B proudly displayed on the back, when I see my brother walking toward home plate. In his Italian bread shirt. I started to get that sinking feeling.

Then, as if timed by a perfect clock, Kurt ran out to me and told me to take off my shirt and give it to my brother. I looked at the crowd, then Lloyd, who already had his shirt off and was standing near home plate, waiting. I took off the shirt and handed it to Kurt.

As Kurt ran over and gave it to Lloyd, who quickly put it on, not only did all the kids on The Parkway Pirates and The Norwalk team laugh, but the parents did as well. I heard some kids say that we must be the cheapest Jews ever, and shit like that.

As Lloyd waited for the right pitch, and missed two of them, I felt the sun bake the skin on my bare back. I motioned for Kurt to come over, which he did.

"Can I wear my other shirt?" I asked him, feeling silly standing on first base half naked.

"Sorry, George," said Kurt, "it's either a Parkway Pirate shirt or none at all."

I told him that was OK, and as he walked away I started to feel tears of embarrassment running down my cheek.

"What's the matter, fag?" asked the first baseman.

"Shut up," I said to the kid.

Two bad pitches were thrown to Lloyd, and Kurt and Dawn, acting as our surrogate parents, yelled "Good eye! Good eye!"

"What's the matter?" whispered the first baseman to me as I tried to take a little bit of a lead. "Your parents too cheap to buy you your own shirt? It's probably just that your dad knows you're a homo and has given up on you."

With that, I punched the kid in the face with an uppercut as hard as I could. He bit his tongue and blood started pouring out of his mouth.

Suddenly, everyone was running in my direction and they all tackled me. The next thing I knew, every fist and foot in Greenwich was making contact with my body. I looked up and saw my own teammates kicking the living shit out of me. I also saw kids from Norwalk doing the same. I even saw some parents standing around. Laughing.

Finally, Kurt, Dawn, Seth and Lloyd managed to pull me free from the wild crowd. I was red and bruised all over, and my nose and mouth were bleeding. The umpire walked up to me, asked if I was OK, then told me I wa out of the game.

Lloyd told him it wasn't fair, and he was thrown out, too. So it turned out that Seth got to wear that Parkway Pirates shirt for the next eight innings. And he kept telling us that if we kept fighting, maybe he could wear it every game.

*

The rest of the summer spent with the Parkway Pirates, well, sucked. Kurt kept us out of as many games as he could, at our request, so we didn't have to be embarrassed by having to change the shirt back and forth between us. Eventually my stepmom made good on her promise, and we found ourselves riding our bikes 22 miles three times a week to practice. My dad never did make it to one game, and when I asked him for a new mitt, because the Japanese one hurt when a ball hit it, he hit me.

But not everything was all bad. Lloyd, Seth and I really grew to be good friends with Kurt and Dawn. They'd let us sit in their painted VW van before and after practice and listen to music they liked from names like Hendrix, Cream and Three Dog Night, while they smoked their hand-rolled cigarettes. Lloyd and I would always stare at Dawn's breasts, which she would flash us every once in a while.

Then, at the last game, Dawn made my brothers and I brownies that were really, really good. It's funny, but all I can remember about that day is laughing and laughing, and wishing how the summer I had hoped would end soon, wouldn't.

But it did. And when the next summer rolled around, that prized Parkway Pirate t-shirt with T-A-B-B in huge letters on the back was nothing more than a dust rag and towel to dry off wet dogs. A tattered memory.

But one that will remain.

Take My Life, Please.

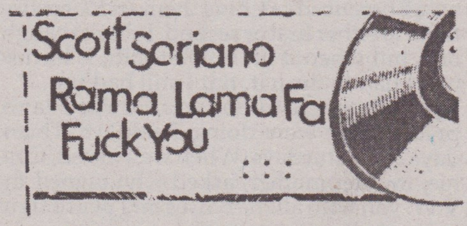
Endnotes:

1..george@georgetabb.com

2. By this time, the Furious George Web site should be updated with all sorts of cool new stuff, info on our next record, etc. Check it out at www.furiousgeorge.com Thanks, Rat!

3. I ran into some old "punk rock" pals from a few years back. While I still enjoyed their company, and like them as people, I am very sad that they bought into the whole republican/conservative bullshit. When are people gonna wake up and realize that if you don't have tons of money, those bastards are going to fuck you. I also ran into an old pal from the CBGB hardcore matinee days, who used to be into all that Right-Wing bullshit, and now, some years later, he's more of a socialist than me! You go, Carlos!

4. And now, a short note to those "older punks" who have become jaded: Keep your bullshit to yourselves. I'd much rather live in an idealistic world that may not be perfect than your boring, realistic world where you've given up all hope. Hope is what keeps humanity going. Without it, well, we may as well be you.



As any anthropologist will point out, ranking in the tribe ultimately comes down to credibility. Sure, you can whup your fellow primate into submission, allowing you to climb to the top of the dung heap. You can shower your brethren with goodies, buying your way to No. 1. You can even do good deeds, endearing yourself to the masses. But after the bodies are cleared away, the booze guzzled down, and the selfless acts of positive human spirit have dissipated into the mist, people will ask, "Was his power/gen-

erosity/sacrifice real?" ,and, "What does he have to prove it?"

In my younger years, when I was a burnout (AKA rocker, pothead, hesher, stoner, etc.), credibility was not gained by ass-kickings, gift giveaways or picking up your fellow hitchhiking burnout. Having the best bud in town, a parent who owns a liquor store or the foxiest sister in town didn't do. And, believe it or not, getting your pipes cleaned every day since you were thirteen by some lucky young miss did not bring cred either. There was only one thing that brought cred in my teenaged, burnt-out world: concert ticket stubs.

While the concert was what makes the stub valuable, the stub made it real. Concert stubs were the purple hearts of our pot-addled universe. They were THE PROOF. What was the use of seeing Sabbath with Ozzy if you didn't have the stub to prove it? However, having the stub wasn't enough: A story, THEE concert story was needed. At the very least, these tales were exaggerated. Often, they were farce. Angus Young's five minute solo in "Whole Lotta Rosie" magically bloomed to 45 minutes. Ted Nugent not only swung onto the stage on a rope, guitar strapped on his back, but he stage dove into the audience, handed you his guitar, taught you the solo to "Great White Buffalo" and let you take it on stage. But, but, but once again, all this was moot if you couldn't get to the show you bought a ticket for.

Being a concert goer from the age thirteen on, my pre-driver's license years were marred by many a missed show. Getting to shows in town wasn't difficult. The Sacramento Memorial Auditorium was a mere twenty blocks away from my best friend's house, and the walk to Cal-Expo for a day-time fest was fine if you had enough dope and booze to get you there. Plus, the Cal-Expo walk was along the river, and you could always set fire to something if you got bored. The trouble was the big acts — Sabbath, Van Halen, the Stones, etc. — never played Sacto. Instead, they'd do a stadium show in the Bay Area. The Oakland Coliseum and Arena, the Cow Palace and Candlestick Park were the prizes. Bill Graham's Day on the Green at the Oakland Coliseum was the ultimate in cred.

But, but, but if you were fourteen and too chicken to steal a car, didn't have an older brother or sister (or "cool" pot-smoking parents or a dope dealer) willing to let you tag along, you were a bong without a carb, i.e., you were fucked. No quadruple bill of the Nuge, Aerosmith, AC/DC (with Bon Scott) and Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush. No Who "final" show. No Frampton Comes Alive tour. The threat of history passing you by made for many last-minute scrambles and Rube Goldberg-style arrangements. Yeah, sure we could have hitched, but this was the 70s and horror stories of mass murderers scalping hitchers were the rage. No one except hard-living hoboes hopped trains. And Greyhound was out of the question 'cuz none of us had places to stay in Oakland or SF. Ahhhhh, fuck it all, we had to get there. We had to. That drive to cred led to some memorable situations.

Van Halen were slated to play the Oakland Arena. I don't know who opened. It really doesn't matter. No one was there for the opener. It was VAN HALEN. They were the biggest thing in stadium rock. They had just released their second album, and while it didn't smoke as hard as the first, it was still Heavy Metal at its best (or so my fourteen-year-old tastes dictated). I, as well as half the Bay Area, saw them the summer before in a support slot for Journey — the Bay's fave — and Cheap Trick — hot off of "Live at Budikan" — at a Day on the Green. They stole the show, without a doubt. David Lee Roth was the ultimate Sinatra-style showman and nobody could touch Eddie Van Halen in the guitar-wanking division.

(OK, obligatory disclaimer. Now, if you are shaking your head, thinking "Dumb fucker. Why was he raving about Van Halen when he could have been seeing Crime?" Tell me, friend, where you were in 1978 and what you listened to when you were fourteen years old? Besides Tiffany, that is.)

My friend Brian and I had decent seats but no ride. We asked and asked and asked and finally some guy at Brian's school said his brother would drive us if we bought him a ticket. The tickets were a whopping $15, so we talked another friend into going and we split the cost for the fourth ticket 3 ways. Of course, my mom wouldn't let me go to Oakland for a concert with people she didn't know, neither would Brian's; so we didn't even tell them about the show and pulled the old "I'm staying at Brian's/Scott's" trick. John, the third friend, just snuck out. Parentals out of the way, we waited at Okie Park for Bill, our ride. When he pulled up in his black Trans Am, gold eagle on the hood, and in his Varnet sunglasses, we knew we were riding in style. Once in the car, he uncapped a fifth of Jack Daniels and passed it around. Since I was a sworn pothead and didn't partake in liquid libation, I passed on the booze. But our host was not to leave until I had had my fill. After two big gulps, no chaser, he was satisfied, so we drove to the liquor store for a case of Bud and ice while I gagged and turned blue in the back seat

Back from the liquor store and in the car, I was handed a beer and a beer bong and told to drink. I finished one and was handed another. Two beers barely in, the beer bong made its rounds and we were ready for take off. Maybe take off is too mild a word. It was more like burst onto the freeway, doing 95 the whole way, swilling down beers and chucking empties at passed cars and cutting off whoever we could. I was as near to being passed out as a guy could be. My head was barely upright and often banged against the passenger-side window. The sound of my head slamming against the window was the cue for Bill to yell, "If you fucking puke, you lightweight, I'll toss you out while we're rolling and you can walk there!" Miraculously, my stomach held.

We got to the concert and it blurred. Brian and I were lucky enough to have seats next to two fine bleach-blond honeys, both of them taking interest in my condition and pampering me all night with strokes and motherly kisses. Being a pitifully drunk fourteen year old coddled by two twenty-year-old metal babes was what I remember. The hell ride was what I remember. The concert? What concert?

The ride back was just as harrowing as the ride there. Bill picked up another twelve-pack and more ice, but my night of drinking was through. After the concert, Brian had to deadman me to the car. And once nestled in the comfort of imitation leather bucket seats, I was out. Brian later told me that Bill was out to break his record in getting back home and did, driving from Oakland to Sacto in 45 minutes.

We snuck into the shed in Brian's backyard and slept until the sun woke us. After Brian's mom went to work, we snuck in his house, changed clothes and headed to school with our tales and ticket stubs. Well, Brian did. I spent the day puking in Brian's bathroom — with no ticket stub, it lost like the memories of the night before. No tales of glory would await this hungover youth, only the long, long walk home, head pounding, stomach turning. Ah, fourteen years old and hung over. Memories..... ++++++++++++++ Correspondence & free shit sent to: Scott Soriano, 1114 21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814. scott@sl.net DO NOT send me your play lists, show announcements, advertisements or like crap.

REWIND

erin yanke

po box 1115 portland, or 97207

Leaping right in to the reviews, no chastising this month! How refreshing! BABY STRANGE are midtempo, with traditional rock 'n' roll roots worn proudly on their sleeves. They have dramatic vocals a la early NY featured pretty prominently in the mix. Reminiscent of THE CELIBATE RIFLES. (Five songs, no lyric sheet, full production. 11 rue neuve Popincourt, 75011 Paris, France.)

BRAZEN HUSSIES have the pop sensibilities, clean production and pretty though mean vocals of BLONDIE in the first song, while the rest of the songs are less mean. The other two songs, especially the vocals, are more like the PAPER TULIPS. (Three songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 22 Crispe House, Carnegie St., Islington, London N1 OUB, U.K.)

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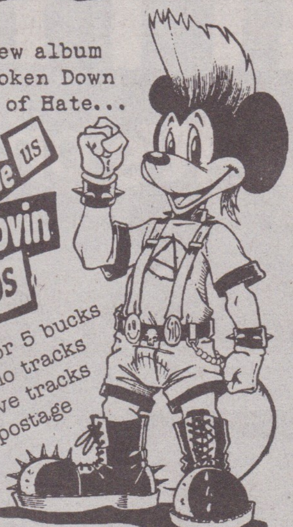

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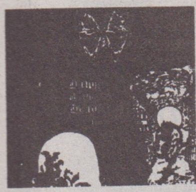

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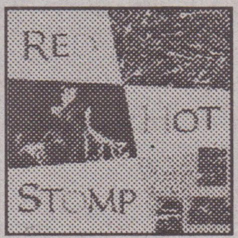
VA - RED HOT STOMP COMP CD

(1+2CD121)



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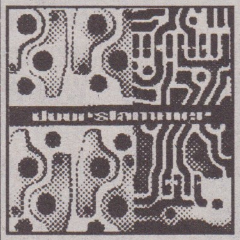

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This is a long waited debut CD. It includes 15 oroignal tunes from Todd Westover.
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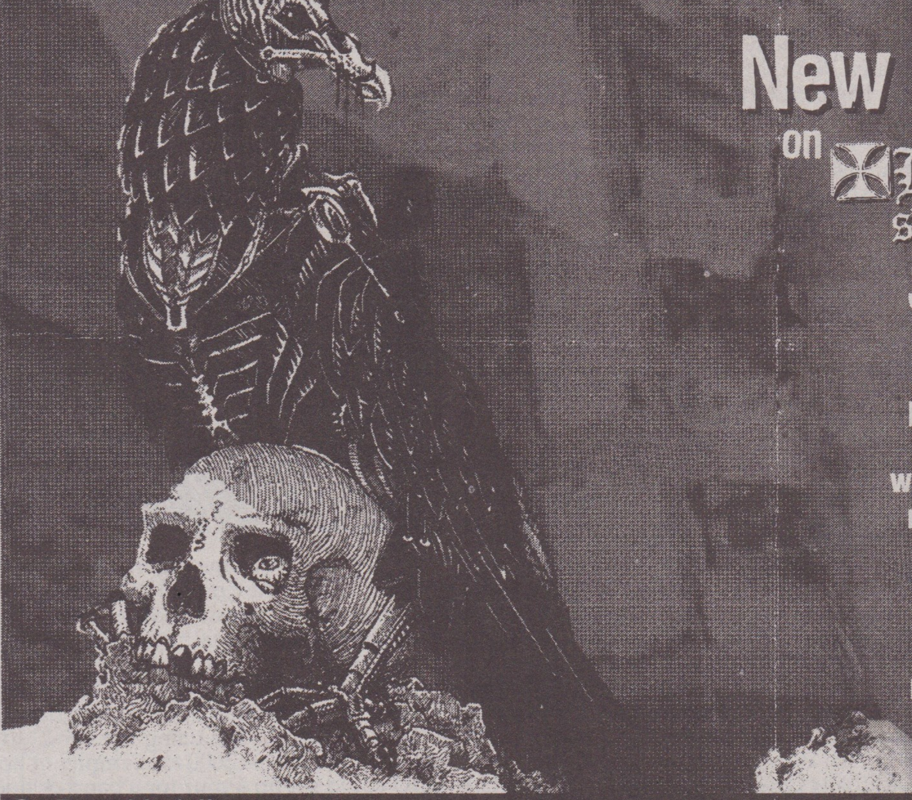

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Columns

FANTASTIC EDDIE sound like SCREECHING WEASEL did on Boogada x 3, but with fast songs, punk ones, not the dopey love songs that I hope the reader doesn't just see the big print of the name and stop reading. FANTASTIC EDDIE seems more consistently political, but it's the same pacing and snotty vocals and cleverness. (Twelve songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 416 S. Carroll #34, Denton, TX 76201.)

FUCK THE MAINSTREAM is a comp by Eat Shit Productions, who would like you to send tapes for future Eat Shit comps. This features DAMAGED GOODS, HELL-BENT BASTARDS, D.U.I., OFFENSIVE DEVICE, AK-47, STRONG INTENTIONS, THE GROMITS, FECAL FACE AND THE TOILET SLAVES, FIFTH OF PISS, ANXIETY, GUILOTINE SOCIETY. These bands have a similar thrashy style, a hardcore sound more like the coasts than Minneapolis, screamy vocals for the most part, and the flow of the tape is great. (Twenty-four songs, the production varies, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 4766, SLT, CA 96157.)

G.F.I. play your angry, straightforward, melodic hardcore with vocals that spit out a million words and then hold out the last word. Great theme song. (Twelve songs, good production, lyric sheet. 4140 Oceanside Blvd., Oceanside, CA 92056-6005.)

GINO'S EYEBALL are purely a pop band, with pop punk as influences. Lighter and slower than HORACE PINKER and GREEN DAY, whom they compare themselves to. (Four songs, clean production but recorded low, no lyric sheet. Processieweg 68, 2520 Ranst, Belgium.)

HOSPITAL FOOD have the faster style of pop-driven punk down pat, with no distractions. There's a yeller and a singer and lots of background vocals of the wo-wo variety. The slow parts of the songs sound like a dead ringer for Fifteen, but with a higher-pitched vocal range. (Four songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 2464, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.)

LASAGNA RECORDS put out a three-band demo featuring THE FIFTH (punk rock that has BAD RELIGION harmonies, but more like the ADVERSIVES musically when it's fast and NIRVANA when it's slow), THE FROWNIES (who remind me of DILLINGER FOUR but break up their songs with more traditional poppy parts) and BUG CENTRAL (with an anthemic street-punk chorus gives away the fact they're from England, playing straightforward, tough, melodic punk). (Twelve songs, good production, no lyric sheet. c/o Tomasz Bronowski, P.O. Box 630, 25-520 Kielce, Poland.)

THE LASHES have an energy palpable in this demo, which I bet would make them a good live band. They have a jangily guitar and don't play that fast, but the songs are catchy and it sounds like they're having fun. Vocals sound like they're in a tunnel. (Fourteen songs for $1, four-track production, no lyric sheet. 220 South St. #8, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.)

MALPRATICE's sloppy charm has the spirit of CRASS, but they play melodic guitar riffs in the middle of their political anthems. (Nine songs, decent production, lyric sheet. 34210 Winslow, Wayne, MI 48184.)

MARCONI BEACH have a jangily pop sensibility to them. The vocals are sort of shouty but still singalong. It's hard to explain, but it reminds me of the mellower stuff Steve Ignorant did for a while. This is much poppier, though. (Four songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 791, Northhampton, MA 01061.)

MONUMENTS TO RUINS play some thrashy, political hardcore. Slow enough for the music to depart from the play-as-fast-as-you-can style of hardcore, though almost every song seems to have both sides of that coin. Only punks would think this isn't fast. The male/female vocals are pretty upfront, in a good way. Like a basement-style AUS ROTTEN show when they do that song where they get a girl to sing with them, you know? There are good shout-along parts, too. (Personal note: I'm not Erin Scarum, but am a big fan!) (Seven songs, $3, decent production, lyric sheet. 1102 E.New Orleans Ave, Tampa,FL 33603.)

MYLES OF DESTRUCTION is a pretty eclectic project by one guy (Myles!) and a guest here and there. The bass sounds just like NO MEANS NO on the first song, and the second sounds like depressed high-schooler music with melancholy vocals until the crusty, throaty vocals on the chorus. The vocals are most upfront in the mix, with the throbbing fake drums a close second. (Six songs, $3, good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 554 Lawsdowne, PA 19050.)

PSYCHOTIC REACTION are two-thirds like the DEAD BOYS but with a poppy edge and faster, and maybe one-third the DICKIES. Perhaps a better analogy is that they play like they're drunk and not on drugs. Fast. Good. (Thirteen songs, good production, lyric sheet. 46 Spring St, Astonia, CT. 06401.)

SOUNDS FROM THE 'FUCK YOU' MOVEMENT is a seven-band comp tape/label sampler for C.N.P. Records. KOJAK is straightforward emo hardcore who also do a DEVO cover with amazing backup vocals, THE FABULOUS TURDS are a sonic wall of noise, THE BEARDED EDDIES are an almost acoustic band with a sense of humor ("Dean Martin is a Pearvy"), P.C.P. ROADBLOCK has sort of a RYE COALITION sound, only heavier, HARVEY RIPTIDE AND THE IRREVERSIBLE NEURAL DAMAGE has a more straightforward punk sound, complete with snotty vocals, THE BLOOD MACHINE is actually a drum machine and keyboard band who sound like a fun drunk project, and I can't figure out what's going on with SUPRESSION, who sound like a needle skating over a record with someone outside tweeting a bird whistle. IDI AMIN also do a DEVO cover that's way more raw and spontaneous than the origional, bringing that spirit to their own songs, too. (Eighteen songs, $1, overall OK production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 14555, Richmond, VA 23221.)

Thank you, dear readers, for paying attention to the kids. Send the demos to P.O.Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

Sorry to everyone eagerly awaiting the continuation of the Code 13 Pacific tour saga. You will have to wait another month as I have just returned breathless from the front-lines here in America. Below is my report from the front after the DS-13 U.S. tour and Thrash Fest 2000. This is NOT a tour diary or show review. It is me using the DS-13 tour and the Thrash Fest 2000 as examples of how YOU could set up a tour for a band or book a festival in your town. I'm not saying I'm the best or have all the answers, but I do have considerable experience to share. I will be long on details, showing the costs and numbers to help people understand what is involved behind the scenes. There will be a big emphasis herein on money and expenses. I'd love to go on tour and play music just for the fun of it. However, most working-class kids don't have this option, and the standard for a DIY tour is to cover at least travel expenses. That is transportation to the gigs in the United States and airfare from overseas. I want to ensure a band if they come over that they will at least have their travel expenses covered and if they are lucky a little money at the end of the tour to cover their food and beer expenses or rent on their crib back home while they were gone.

The Swedish Invasion: OK, Swedish hardcore is hot in the United States right now. If you work in a record store, you know that there are a lot of good bands in all genres from Sweden. For the most part, Swedish bands are well rehearsed, have good production, nicely-packaged records and, most importantly, write popular songs. Some have argued that since Sweden is a relatively rich country, it's unfair to bring so many Swedish bands over. Perhaps there are some Latvian or Indonesian bands that are more "deserving" of a U.S. tour. However, the Swedish bands are the ones people are listening to. Therefore, people will come see them, and their tours will be successful. I, for one, have been really into Scandinavian punk music for fifteen years, so I'm really excited that this music is starting to get more recognition. I mean, how different would the scene be today if Mob 47 or Crude SS had done U.S.

tours in the 80s? Anyway, the Swedish Invasion was supposed to go like this; Intensity, Scumbrigade, and DS-13 were to come over one after the other. All three bands would use the same gear and van, which I was to provide. I also took care of printing tour shirts for the bands. Timmy "little beaver" Hefner did all the booking for Intensity and Scumbrigade. I did all the booking for DS-13. Simultaneously, Kelly booked a West-coast tour for Wolfpack. As I write this, forces are at work to book a U.S. tour for Skitsystem some time soon. And last I heard, Diskonto was still looking for a U.S. band to tour with.

One band or two: It's pretty common when bringing a foreign band over to pair them up with a U.S. band for their tour. The trailblazers were of course Toxic Reasons, who used to tour Europe with a band, then bring them over to tour the states with them. This is how we all got to see CCM, KGB and Raw Power back in the day. For Intensity, Scumbrigade and DS-13, Timmy and I decided that it would be better to provide a van and equipment than to have another band and have to split the money. I charged each band $1,000 for the van and equipment rentals. This was a better deal than to split the money every night with a U.S. band. Also, consider that touring during the summer months, most shows are with several other out-of-town bands already, so one more band is often more of a detriment than an asset.

When to tour: Honestly, I think it's best to tour in the late fall and early spring, simply because everyone tours in the summer. Most bands seem to have a least one student in them and so schedule their tours around summer vacation. Or they just go on the road in June and July because that's what everyone else does. This means that every show you play in June, July and August has like three or four touring bands on it. On top of that, there are maybe four shows a week in most cities and a show every night in some. This seriously cuts into your draw and your pay. But that's not the way most people see it, so all the bands tour in the summer. With DS-13 it was the only time they could all get off their respective jobs to tour, so I bit the bullet and prepared for a July tour. From my experience touring with Code 13 in January and February, we drew big crowds because there were no other shows with out-of-town bands for months, and we got to play with all the good local bands instead of the same touring bands every night.

Are you ready to tour? Is your band really ready to tour? Think very carefully about this. Lots of bands go on tour and fail miserably because no one has heard of them. People are less willing to help book shows for unknown bands and people are less willing to come out to see them. I'd make sure you have some good releases out that are selling well. I'd try to get some interviews in zines and send out lots of copies of your record to bands you'd like to play with. Successful touring is all about preparation. Spend your time and money practicing, writing good songs and buying good equipment and studio time. Release a well-recorded and -produced record with a nice cover. If you are passionate about your music, sincere in your message and committed to the scene, it will come through in your music and your artwork. This is how your band gets noticed and what makes people want to set up gigs for you. As for the Swedes, Timmy spent some time in Europe and made friends with Intensity and Scumbrigade. I had been a big fan of DS-13 since hearing their first 7", which I later re-released on my label. All three bands have been together for some time with numerous releases out. That said, we were still concerned that they weren't very well known in the states. DS-13 had a 7" out on Havoc that had sold about 2,500 copies, mostly in the United States. They also just released an LP on Deranged from Toronto, which has sold really well and gotten some very good reviews. DS-13 also released a 7" on Insect/Communichaos, which was re-released in North America by Deranged. There were also split 7"s with STGM and Blood of Others, although I don't think those were very well distributed in the states. Still, I was concerned, so I rushed out a split 7" of DS-13 and Code 13. Since Code 13 sells a lot of records in the states, I felt this would help reach a lot of people who maybe had never heard DS-13. The two bands were a very good match for a split 7", having similar musical styles and both with the same lucky number. We rushed to get this record out in time for the Chicago fest and to make sure that it would be shipped to distributors before Code 13 left for its Pacific tour.

How long to tour: Personally, I think you need a least six weeks to do a proper U.S. tour. Two months is better, especially if you are going to also do some Canadian gigs or take a few days off. This was my biggest cause of concern with DS-13. They could only get one month off from work to tour. This meant having to cut out a big chunk of the United States and Canada completely. It also meant a blitz tour, only playing the major cities and covering vast distances in marathon drives. I apologize to all the DS-13 fans in the South and Southwest whom we bypassed.

Where to tour: There are a lot of "East-coast tours" and "West- coast tours" going on these days. I think if a band is coming over from Europe, they should tour the whole country, from Sea to Shining Sea. That said, you would want to book your tour around some major population centers with good punk scenes. I always book my tours around when I can get gigs at Gilman St. and ABC No Rio, as those are the foremost DIY venues in two of the more important cities for punk music. Also, keep in mind any festivals that might be going on and then fill in the blanks from there. There is definitely something to be said for going places most bands don't go, as the kids there will be really excited to see an out-of-town band. I've done tours where we got a much better response in places like Greenville, N.C., than New York or San Francisco.

The personality test: Can you stand being in a van with these guys for one or two months? An important but often overlooked issue. Lots of bands break up on or after tours due to the stress of being crammed together for weeks on end. Some bands are composed of best friends who hang out together all the time or live together. Others are people who see each other only at practice. While they might work well together on songwriting, living cheek to jowl on the road for months might not be an option. Small problems up close can seem very large, and minor personality conflicts can turn into huge rifts in a band on tour. I personally always advise against bringing girlfriends on tour. This almost always results in the band siding against the couple in every argument and frequently results in the band breaking up (see Spinal Tap). I also advise against bringing a ton of roadies and friends on tour. This puts unnecessary strain on people who might be feeding and housing you. Also, it's that many more people to keep track of, wait for and accommodate, which makes things just that much more difficult. I was pretty sure I would be able to get along with DS-13, as I had met them and seen them twice in Sweden. Also, they are mostly straightedge, which is a lot more easy for me to handle then some of the wild drunks who have been in Code 13. Nothing would suck more than going to pick up a band at the airport and finding out they are complete dicks. I know of at least one band that got sent back from Europe because the guys who set up their tour thought they were jerks and rock stars.

Your tour van: This is one of the most important considerations for your tour. If one of the band members already has a van, great. If not, one of you will have to get one or all pitch in together. If you've been saving your money from gigs and merchandise for a while, you might be able to buy a van with your band fund, but ultimately one of you is going to have to insure it and take care of maintenance. Regardless, put as much money and time into buying a van as you can. Buy the best low-mileage, latest-model van you can afford. Code 13 lost so much money and missed so many gigs because of our shitty tour van. We bought a 1971 GMC Step Van (formerly a Taystee Bread delivery truck) with 210,000 miles on it for $2,000. This van was supercool. I built bunks and shelves in it and carpeted it. Each of us had our own bunk, and there was plenty of room for all our gear and merchandise. There was a table you could sit at and you could get up and walk around while driving. It was more like a camper than a tour van. Unfortunately, it was mechanically a total write off. We sunk so much time and money into that van that it crippled us as far as recording and guaranteed that every one of our tours lost money. We wound up replacing the engine three times, the transmission, tires, brakes,

exhaust, front end, drive shaft and carrier bearing, did tons of electrical work on it, etc. In five years, I dumped over $15,000 on that van, on top of the purchase price. On top of that, with our last engine/transmission set up, we got only six miles to the gallon. This doomed every Code 13 tour before we started. When your van breaks down on tour you are fucked. You miss gigs, which sucks for the kids, and you lose income from those gigs. You are usually at the mercy of some hick mechanic who will charge you a ludicrous amount to get you back on the road, and you will have little choice but to pay it or miss more gigs.

As far as vans go, you will have to chose a full-size or mini-van, 1/2, 2/4 or one-ton, V-8, V-6 or straight six-engine Ford, Dodge, Chevy/GMC or import cargo van, passenger van or conversion van. Personally, unless you are a two- or three-piece band, I think you will definitely need a full-size van. If you think you can do it in a mini-van, go for it, as you will save a ton on gas but be really cramped. I envy two-piece bands like Abstain and Godstomper that probably tour in a mini-van or station wagon. Most bands will need a full-size van, which rules out all the more fuel-efficient imports. You get to choose between Ford, Chevy/GMC and Dodge. Vans and trucks are rated by their cargo capacity: 1/2 ton, 3/4 ton and one ton. The difference is in the suspension and gearing. One-ton and 3/4-ton vans are set up to haul heavier loads and typically have more powerful engines and transmissions. Personally, I think 1/2-ton vans are too light duty to carry a band and gear. At highway speeds the van will "swim" back and forth across the road if it is overloaded. The Ford 3/4 ton is pretty heavy duty, but for Dodge and Chevy you will probably want to go with a one ton. A good way to tell is to look at the number of lug nuts on the wheels. Five or six nuts is usually a 1/2 ton or lighter 3/4 ton. Eight or ten nuts mean a heavy 3/4 ton or one ton.

You will also need to choose between a cargo, conversion or passenger van. Cargo vans are typically marketed to contractors and delivery companies. They are bare-bones affairs, coming from the dealership with just the two front seats. This allows you free reign to build a loft and add seats in the cargo area. Cargo vans typically have few or no windows in the cargo area. This sucks for the guys riding in back, but is good from the perspective of not getting your gear stolen or windows smashed out by angry fans. Conversion vans are the fancy, tricked-out vans with lots of comfy chairs, big windows, TVs, drink holders, etc. These are very comfortable but leave little space for your gear. I would only recommend such a van if you plan to tow your gear in a trailer. Passenger vans typically have three or four bench seats and windows all the way around. You can just rip out the back seats to have room for your gear, or once again use a trailer.

On the subject of trailers, I personally think they are a pain in the ass to park and susceptible to theft. Also, most trailers have super-small wheels that invariably seem to spin out wheel bearings and go flat on long trips. If you do use a trailer, get one with a heavy suspension and wheels that are more like truck wheels than little lawnmower wheels. When it comes to engines, you will typically have a choice between power and economy. The best balance of power and economy is in a diesel engine, but these are pretty rare in the United States, except in big trucks and busses. If you are towing or hauling a lot of gear and people, you will probably want a V-8, such as a 350, 351 or 318. Anything bigger, like 400s, 454s, etc. is total overkill. You can probably sacrifice a little power for economy and run an inline six cylinder, such as a Ford 300. I've always felt V-6 engines were the worst of both world. As far as I know, they are a little less powerful but get slightly better mileage than a V-8. You will want to build a loft in the back of your van and store the gear under it. You can either sleep or store your luggage and merchandise on the loft. If you build the top of the loft even with the bottom of the rear windows and enclose it from the front, this will make your gear very difficult to see and steal. A few 2x4s and some 1/2" plywood is all you need. You will want to establish an order to loading your van to ensure maximum efficiency. Try to keep your personal luggage separate so you don't have to deal with loading and unloading it at every gig.

So now we know a few things about tour vans. For the Swedish invasion, I chose a 1993 Ford 3/4-ton cargo van with a 300 straight six and an overdrive transmission. This was carefully calculated to be the maximum fuel economy versus load capacity possible. The van cost $4800 and went into the shop immediately for about $2000 worth of work. On top of that, I put new tires on it (left over from our old tour van) and bought seats at a junkyard. My intention was to charge each band $1,000 for the use of the van and then sell it at the end of the last tour. This van made it 20,000 miles with only two minor breakdowns, a clogged fuel filter and a busted U-joint.

Tragedy strikes: As many of you already know, Intensity was refused entry into the United States. This meant one-third of the Swedish tour triad was cancelled. A really low blow to everyone, especially Intensity. A few weeks later, while Code 13 was on tour in the Philippines, my Blazer got stolen from behind Tattoo Shane's place where I was storing it. Since I had switched the insurance from the Blazer to the tour van for Scumbrigade, it was not covered. The Blazer was recovered a few days later, totally stripped. I had planned on selling it for maybe four or five thousand. Instead, I got a few hundred from the junkyard for what was left. I had been toying with the idea of keeping the van after the tour and selling the Blazer. Now, I have no choice. I mean, I really didn't want a van as a daily driver, but now I've got one.

Booking your tour: First, do you book your own tours or are you booking a tour for someone else? I have had really bad experiences with letting other people book shows for my bands. I had no control over the Destroy/ Oi Polloi tour booking, and that tour was a dismal failure. We spent so much time on the phone with the booking "agent" arguing over money, trying to find directions and wondering why only eight of the 21 shows on the tour schedule actually happened. If you decide to book a tour for someone else, especially a band from overseas, be damn sure you know what you are doing. My advice to everyone is to book you own tour whenever possible. No job is done better than the one you do yourself, and you will only have yourself to blame if things fuck up.

Booking a tour is all about connections. How do you get these connections? In my opinion, the best way is to start booking shows in your own town. If you put on good shows for out-of-town bands, chances are your hard work and kindness will be repaid when your band goes on tour. Even if the members of the bands you book are not actually booking in their hometowns, they can probably hook you up with someone who is and help with flyers, etc.

The DIY scene is about working together and helping each other. If you are some ivory tower "professional musician" who never leaves the practice room, don't be surprised when no one is interested in setting up a gig for you when you tour. I was surprised how easy it was to book a tour for DS-13. A lot of
people actually offered to do gigs that I couldn't commit to due to the limited time available. I wish I'd had that option when I was booking Code 13 and Destroy. The fact is that the DIY scene is much more organized than at any time in the past. Its easier to get good gigs that are well organized and with good bands than at any time since I've been involved with punk.

Merchandise: Merchandise is a band's lifeblood on tour. I never count on the door money to pay for anything more than gas to the next gig. Bring as much stuff as you possibly can to sell. Even if you have to leave your sleeping bag and camera at home. Bring t-shirts, records, CDs, patches, buttons, stickers, etc. If it's the night before tour and you aren't screening up more patches and shirts, you should be. Bring a variety of stuff in different price ranges, as lots of people will show up with only a buck but still want a patch or a sticker. If you can bring your own table and light, you won't need it every night but you'll be really glad you brought it a few nights. To the fans out there, always buy stuff from bands on tour! Buy t-shirts, records, etc. This is about the only time you actually directly support the musician instead of going through store, distributor, label, etc. I always bring money to gigs and buy records and shirts to sell at Extreme Noise because I know the money is going right to the guys who made the music. Which brings us to...

Columns

Label Support: Try to get your label to support you as much as possible. If you get paid in records, save some of these until you go on tour to sell at the gigs. Get tons of releases from your label and sell them at every gig and every store that carries punk in towns you play. Try to get your label to help you with shirts and releases. You can also try to get your label to front you some of its other releases to sell on the road. I send every band from Minneapolis out with a box of records to sell on the road. They pay me back for what they've sold and take a cut. They make some extra cash for the tour and I move some records in places where stores aren't carrying them. As anyone who has ever toured with me can attest, I go to every record store that carries punk in every town we play. Of course, I'm looking for rare records in the used bins. However, it's also important to try and get them to buy some of your records and maybe some shirts. I also just like hanging. out in record stores and meeting the people who are really excited about the music and bringing it to the kids. Running an independent record store these days is a tough racket.

Promotion: If you can, make some posters and mail them out. Put ads in *MRR* and other zines with your tour dates and be sure to post all your dates and contact info on your Web site. You can't be 100 percent sure your gigs are being well flyered in towns you are going to play. For instance, Scumbrigade's show in LA had zero promotion. Maybe fiteen people showed up. I talked to a lot of people in LA later who really wanted to see Scumbrigade who were pissed.

There was no flyer and it wasn't on the PCH club's calendar. As far as I know, the only publicity at all was on the Havoc Records Web site and any other site that posted the Scumbrigade tour dates. If you are really on the ball, you can try to contact record stores in towns where you are playing and send them some posters and see if they are carrying your stuff. Most record stores hate getting calls like this, but if your band is any good they might be happy to hear you are coming and want to order some of your stuff.

Your gear: Bring all your gear on the road. In Europe it is very common to tour with just guitars and some drum stuff, but in America you have to bring all your gear. You will probably find lots of nice bands that will be happy to share equipment with you, but don't count on it. Some people are just uptight about their gear and others are just dicks. If you can, bring two guitars and two basses and tune them every night so if you break a string you can do a quick change. In Code 13 Trevor broke strings like they were going out of style, and I would always have to ad-lib while he changed them and tuned up. Which reminds me, bring lots of strings, picks and drumsticks. Bring duct tape, flashlights and a good tool kit, too. I thought everyonethought of this kind of stuff, but it seems like someone is asking to borrow my shit at every gig. Some bands bring their own PA on tour. I did this once and didn't need it. But I've showed up to several poorly organized house shows where no one seemed to think of bringing a PA. (They never have trouble figuring out who will bring the beer.) You can also bring some extra mics, too, especially if you have more than one singer. I've showed up to lots of gigs with only one mic and if that one breaks, then what?

Communication: This is one thing that has gotten so much easier in the last few years. I bought a cell phone just for the DS-13 tour, and I know for a fact it saved one show from being cancelled due to us being late. If you can possibly afford it, bring a cell phone. It will make your whole operation so much easier. Give the number to all the people who set up gigs for you and call them a day or two ahead of the gig to confirm everything, especially if you haven't heard from them in a while. I was able to book all but three of the gigs for the DS-13 tour by e-mail. This was a huge help. I remember sitting at a pay phone with a red box booking the Destroy tour in 93. No more of that shit. E-mail a letter to all the people who set up gigs for you asking for their contact numbers, address of the venue, directions, etc. If they e-mail all these back to you, simply print them out, staple them together and you have an instant tour itinerary with all the important details. I was stunned when we showed up in Europe and Jens had a notebook with maps and directions to every gig waiting for us. If you can, have someone back in your home town (friend, room mate, your label etc.) keep in touch withj you and relay messages, especially if you don't bring a cell phone. Also, you might want to have someone waiting to print up more shirts or send out more records and CDs if you sell more than you thought. I know several bands that underestimated their popularity and sold all their shirts at the first few gigs. When Code 13 went to Europe, our shirts got seized by German customs. So every night people asked me for shirts and I had none to sell. I'm certain our tour would have broken even if we had just had those shirts. That said, don't take too much stuff. Your van probably won't have room for more than 100 or 200 shirts anyway. Have the rest shipped ahead if you can.

Doing the tour: Get up on time and show up early. Not very exciting but always better than showing up late, especially showing up after the show is over. Code 13 always had van trouble that would make us show up late for gigs. Be polite and accommodating with local bands, people whose places you stay at and gig promoters. I've had a lot of bands show up for gigs I booked who just rubbed me the wrong way from the start by being rock-star pricks. You can really burn a lot of bridges by being a dick on tour. You would be amazed at how rumors can start. I think the band Bleed pretty much shot their whole career by stealing a jar of spaghetti sauce from the THD house when they stayed there. Play your best every night, even if it's a small, unresponsive crowd. Remember what it was like when you were young and saw a band that blew you away that no one else was getting into. Play for that kid every night.

All of this seems like common sense to me, but I'm surprised how much of this stuff I didn't do when I first started doing tours for Destroy and how much I see bands ignoring on tour every day.

DS-13's tour: Well, this tour went better than I could ever have hoped. And certainly better than any of Code 13 or Destroy's tours. Except for the Cleveland fest, we had no real cancellations, no trouble with the cops, no major van breakdowns, no broken or stolen equipment, no missing or injured band members and no real fights at the gigs. Good turnouts, good crowd responses, decent to good pay and we sold a lot of merchandise. We got to play with some really good bands and, of course, met a lot of great people, visited old friends and had our faith in hardcore renewed again.

DS-13 played Chicago, Pittsburgh, Richmond, D.C., Wilkes Barre, Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York City, New Haven, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Lawrence, Denver, Las Vegas, Long Beach, LA, San Diego, Berkeley, San Francisco, Reno, Portland, and Seattle. That's only 25 gigs, about half as many as I'd recommend for a band touring from overseas. I think we were just plain lucky and fortunate that a lot of people are into DS-13's music. For those of you who want to know how many t-shirts you should bring, here is a breakdown of our merchandise sales.

We sold 125 LPs, 225 patches, 428 buttons, 373 t-shirts, 29 tapes, 150 6"s, 107 CDs and maybe 500-700 7"s (three different titles). We only had the LPs for about a week and could've easily sold 400 of them if we'd had them. DS-13 also brought some records with them from Sweden and shipped some other Swedish stuff over to sell at gigs. Total profit from the merchandise was $3,564, not including stuff I sold at the gigs from my label and distro. Total gate receipts were $2,414. The total from the whole tour was $5,978. DS-13 gave me $978 for the van and the gear and took home $5000. They spent about $4000 on airfare. So, for once, a DIY tour actually covered all the travel expenses plus 250$ per band member to cover their food and such while they were here. I'm convinced I could've done a lot better if I'd had more time to work with. But the bottom line is that it's possible with the right amount of planning, determination and hard work to bring a band from overseas and set up a totally DIY tour and break even.

But wait, I'm not through yet. In the middle of the DS-13 tour I booked the Havoc Records Thrash Fest 2000. This was basically a chance for me to get all the bands on my label together for one big gig (except for Clusterbombunit from Germany). Since there was no Barn Fest in Wisconsin this summer, I felt the upper Midwest needed a destination event.

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Other labels like Prank, Slap a Ham and Six Weeks have festivals, so why not Havoc? I booked the gig at a local indoor skate park called the Third Lair. This was really expensive as I just rented the room. I also had to provide the stage, PA, etc. However, I wanted to do the gig away from the club scene and the rock music business in this town. I also wanted it to be a drug- and alcohol-free event, at least inside the building, so that it could be all ages and thecops would have no excuse to shut it down. I rented a stage and folding tables from a local rental outfit (thanks to Sean from the Real Enemy who works there for the hook up).

I rented the biggest, baddest PA that would fit in the room and some top-shelf sound guys to run it. I hate going to shows in big halls where they skimped on the PA and it sounds like the band is ten miles away in a cave. I made some nice posters and flyers, put ads in *MRR* and hyped the gig on my Web site. I got all the guys from the Inferno to help out with working the door, as well as Stuart, Timmy and Tony Pointless, who were all visiting dignitaries but helped out anyway. The line up was Onward to Mayhem, Holding On, The Real Enemy, United Super Villains, Spazm 151, DS-13, Code 13, Aus Rotten and Nine Shocks Terror. (Brother Inferior and Distraught broke up during the planning process and the planned Destroy re-union fizzled as Markstein was in Thailand.)

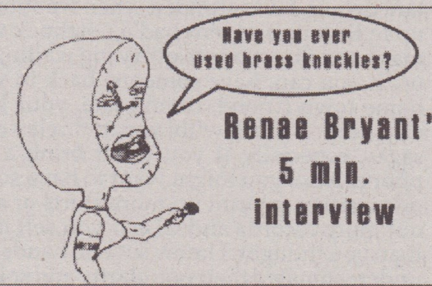
The doors opened at noon and for the first three hours we had a record swap meet. I was pretty busy, but I think a lot of people brought records to buy, sell and trade. The gig started on time at 3:30 and ran until 11:30. Most of the skate park was open to skate during the show, although you had to pay the skate park an extra five bucks and wear a helmet.

Once again, I was pretty busy, but I think a lot of people got to do some rad skating on the ramps. I think the view of the bands was really good from all over the room, as there were lots of ramps and such to stand on. We used plastic wristbands to identify people who had paid and didn't have much trouble with people trying to sneak in. We did throw out a few people for drinking inside and toss out a few would-be gatecrashers. There was no real hassle from the cops because everyone who was drinking in the parking lot was discreet enough to pour their booze into a coffee mug or pop bottle. There were no real fights that I know of.

All in all, 575 people showed up to see nine great punk and hardcore bands, ranging from drunk punk to straightedge hardcore. Everyone seemed to have had a good time and gotten along. To me, it's just a miracle that a punk fest happened where all the bands scheduled actually showed up and played. We charged $12 at the door. Bands, staff and guests accounted for about 100 people. That left 480 paid, actually about 200 less than I had hoped for. The room could have held 1000. The PA, stage, flyers, wristbands, hall rental etc. came to about $4200. That left only $1560 to pay the bands.

That sounds like a lot, but several bands traveled really far just to play the fest, and the only way Aus Rotten could do it was if half of them flew. It wouldn't have been the same without Aus Rotten, so I agreed to pay for their airfare. Luckily, I sold a lot records and t-shirts at the gig, so I kicked in another $800 from Havoc Records to pay the bands. Honestly, I think the bands should've gotten more. All the staff, including myself, were volunteers. Havoc Records took no money directly from the gig, either. In fact, the label kicked in most of what it made to the bands and donated the rest to the family of a punk kid who was killed the night before the gig. In retrospect, I should have charged 15$ at the door. I don't think anyone would've griped much about the extra three bucks and it would've meant an extra $1400 to split among the bands, which would've made all the difference. Still, a good time was had by all and the spirit of unity prevailed.

That about wraps up my last month's activities. I hope it gives anyone interested some behind-the-scenes details that might help with your projects. I'd especially like to thank all other people at work behind the scenes who helped set up the gigs, work the door, run the PA. etc., and, of course, everyone who came out and saw the bands and had a good time. As AC/DC once said, "Its harder than it looks."



Renae Bryant's 5 min. interview

I am always telling people that the strangest shit always happens to me. This is a valid assertion.

An example of this is my recent trip to the East Coast. I had to go to Baltimore for an EPA conference on Indoor Air Quality in public schools. It was a three-day conference. We stayed at the Renaissance Hotel right across from the bay. It was truly beautiful. The weather was wonderful. Baltimore in August is just delightful. I went to the conference with four other women who are on the board of directors for the Center for Community Action and Environmental Justice, located in Riverside. One of the ladies is a massive carnivore who succeeded in grossing me out by ordering crabs and hitting them with a mallet and knife, tearing them apart to get every last piece of meat. Vegetarian or not, it was pretty gross being around a room full of people pounding on dead crabs and ripping them apart. I am sure it's heaven for some, but it was sick to me.

Anyway, after the conference ended, we spent the next day in D.C. and went sight seeing, leaving two hours for us to get to the Baltimore Airport and get our rental car back in time to make our flight. We decided to have some lunch in Union Station before heading to the airport. We decided on the food court and all ordered from different fast food shops. We found a nice little table and began to eat. I bought some Chinese and purchased fortune cookies for everyone. Mine said, "You will be called upon to help a friend in trouble." Penny (the director of the non-profit) got a fortune cookie that said, "Good luck will be showered upon you." The other three ladies (ages ranging from 35-58) all had tipical fortunes, also. We laughed over our fortunes and I wondered which one of my friends would be getting pregnant next.

Suddenly, I decided that I wanted some gummy worms. Penny decided that she wanted some. She turned around to retrieve her purse and realized that it had been stolen sometime in the last ten minutes. This was the woman with the rental car key, tickets, etc. She stayed very calm and started making a list of everything of value in her purse: cell phone, credit cards, cash, etc. I decided that I would find a policeman or security.

I walked up to the next level to find a security officer leaning against a wall. I asked him if I could file a report on a stolen purse. He told me that I would have to wait until they found the purse. This, of course, made no sense to me, so I asked him again. He told me "no" once again. I then asked him where the real police were. He pointed and I went seeking. I found an "Amtrak Policeman." I geuss they are different than security and police. The officer soon informed me that he could not do anything for me, that it was the security officer who was supposed to write up a report. So then he called over the lazy security officer, who then proceeded to lie and say that he had offered to write up a report for me right away. Well, you know I called him a liar and asked him how he could live with himself on a daily basis. He started arguing with me and finally I turned to the Amtrak policeman and asked if this man's presence was necessary. He said, "no." The professional wallflower angrily walked away. Finally, the Amtrak policeman found a security man who would assist me. The new guy finds a brown paper bag to take notes on, and I was not feeling very confident in the whole process at all. As the security is getting the brown bag to write down the report, a couple of the female security people call and inform this security guard that I got "smart" with the other one. That really pissed me off, so upon returning I took down the names of all the security guards that were of absolute no help. Then the three of them started calling me names. I couldn't believe this shit. I was livid, I couldn't believe I was being disrespected in such a way. Finally, I took the nice security guard down to Penny, who gives him all of the pertenant information. I got the number I needed to complain to and told Penny how they had called me names. I was so upset and stressed out some tears even started to bubble over. I wanted to find that purse so I could get the fuck out of D.C. I didn't have sub plans for the next day and didn't want my students

to have to endure the chaos of their teacher being stuck on the far other end of the United States.

Penny called her husband and told him to cancel everything. She called Budget and told them the situation. They said they would have to locate the extra key, make a copy and send someone down to help us. I couldn't believe this fucking bullshit. We had to find that purse.

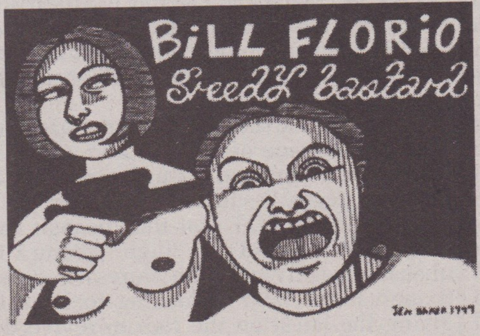
I asked the Budget people if they had heard in all their experience working at Union Station where theives usually got rid of their useless items. They told me the trash, inside the bathrooms and outside the station. So, I start rifling through all the trash cans all over the station. Then I went outside of the station. Nothing. Then I went out front. I saw tourists. I saw a model shoot. Then I saw homeless people at the far end. All of a sudden my eyes focused on a strange site. I saw a homeless person talking on a cellphone. Since I'm extremely ballsy, I walked up with a dumb blond look on my face and told them that I had lost my purse. They said they had not seen it. I started digging through the trash again.

Instantly, I saw something I couldn't beleive. Three homeless men eating candy bars called "Baltimore." Those are tourist candy bars. I knew the purse had to be close. I got the dumb blond look on my face again and asked the same question to these three in a very non-threatening manner. "I seem to have lost my purse, I was wondering if any of you might have found it. I don't care about the cash, all I need is a key from the purse." Then something unbelievable occured. The man reached under his jacket and pulled out Penny's purse. I was so fucking happy. The man stated, "I found it in the bathroom, I was just about ready to turn it in." Right, whatever, all I cared about was that I had that purse in my hands. Well, then I broke into the OJ sprint and brought it back to Penny. Everyone was shocked, as well as myself. It was a fucking miracle.

Next thing I knew, we were on the plane heading home. I was finally starting to relax, when all of the sudden the stewardess brought me TWA wings and a bottle of wine. Concurrently, I heared the pilot tell our story to the entire plane and I became the TWA "Hero of the Day."

Truth is stranger than fiction.

Contact me at webmistress@ontherag.net or po box 251 norco ca 92860-0251.



I got my first passport recently. A few years ago, I spent a week in Puerto Rico filling in on bass for MEDICINE MAN, but that doesn't count. You don't need a passport there, the same with Canada. You could get cheese curds on french fries down there and Puerto Ricans eat worse than Americans. We couldn't find a restaurant that wasn't fast food, unless you count the stands that sell fried pork skins. As far as Europe goes, it would be nice to see some castles, arches, and crap, but playing music in Europe is overrated.

So THE SHEMPS decided that our first out-of-the-country tour was gonna be Japan. Squeaky suggested it since he was going to visit his girlfriend there anyway. At first, I thought sneaking into the Vegas Shakedown would be our summer goal, but you have to be the Ugly American sometime.

I think the reason most bands don't go to Japan is because they're afraid they'll lose a lot of money. Duh! If you're afraid of spending a lot of money, why the hell are you in a band? MC Charlie Boswell used to say, "Hey, I got paid $5 to play that show last week," to his friends. This way, he didn't have to say no when people said, "$20 each?" It's funny, because people complain when they have to spend more than $5 to see a show, when bands have to pay two to four times that to practice. In Japan people pay $40 to see a show and if the shows here were as good as they are there, I'd have no problem with that.

Three months later, waiting for our flight, we were talking about the Japanese bands we like and the few bands we like from the states. Of the last 20 records I've bought, 18 were Japanese. When we take off, all I know is we have three shows, a place to stay, and enough snacks and candy to survive on if it all falls through. That's good enough for me—it's boring when you know too much anyhow.

Twelve hours later, two of them spent avoiding watching Bi-Centennial Man, we're there. Ayako and Seiji are waiting for us, and we hop into a booze-stocked van and drive through a place where everything is a bit twisted, but makes a lot more sense than the United States. This won't be a tour diary, but a list of observations of things you'll find on the other side of the world that are missing here

The Japanese accept television for what it is, and as far as I could see, the sitcom doesn't exist. Most shows were hybrids of game shows, comedies, and crazy extravaganzas. Replace Ted Turner with Chuck Barris and you have ten channels of quality stupid television. Even the commercials are more creative and entertaining — animation, voiceovers and subtitles all at once. Ayako was happy that Jerry Springer reruns were now being broadcast there.

Everything electronic works better than here. Most people have faxes, excellent cell phones with e-mail and great TV reception. Fewer have computers because the market won't put up with things that work only 80 percent of the time.

In NYC the current mayor has cracked down on what he calls quality-of-life crime like panhandling, squeegeeing, and drinking in public — the things that make New York seem seedy to tourists.

In Japan I didn't see one homeless person. You didn't have to worry about your bike being stolen or your car being broken into. I don't think this is so much how the city services are run but more how people live and think there. GUITAR WOLF's van was full of equipment, and the only time they were worried was when we were in Fusa, where a lot of American soldiers rape and steal from the Japanese. Everything is clean, and except for the fish markets, everything smells OK. (NYC smells like stale urine the second after you pass the smell of bakeries and roasted peanuts.) You can go to a 7-11 and grab some sushi without having to spend a night in the john like when you eat one of the plastic burritos here. Hell, they don't even waste space when you're dead. Your ashes are poured in a bottle and marked with an oversized Popsicle stick.

Not only are the bands better, but the shows are, too. At one show we had nine bands and no one cared who was headlining. People stayed for the whole show, crowding and cheering. Rarely do you see shows like that here, and when it does happen, everyone is concerned what time the bands they want to see go on so they can miss the rest of the show.

Actually, a show like this would be empty here because people don't go out if there's only one band they know they like on a bill. So many bands here are so involved with what shows they're gonna play and what label their records are on that actually sitting down and writing good songs is the last priority. I saw about fifteen bands in Tokyo and each one put their all into the show. There is no Japanese equivalent of LETCH PATROL. (Wait a minute, we heard some bad saxophone players in a park one day, but then again, no one paid 4000 yen to see them!) Too many bands spend their time schmoozing the more popular bands to get on shows, calling and faxing to make sure they get $350 to play Binghamton. I mean, maybe the Japanese are all about competition, but here it's like watching the guy from Def Leppard give someone a hand job!

Tokyo fulfilled my basic Bill-needs. Whenever I leave NYC, there's no place to get a drink — and I hate traveling twenty blocks to a deli only to find it closed an hour ago. NYC has one every block, which fulfills all my snacking needs. Tokyo has a vending machine every ten feet.

Also, the variety and quality of drinks is so much better. Most machines stock iced coffee and iced tea with sugar, milk or straight. The green tea there makes the coffee seem weak here, plus they have a whole bunch of other interesting stuff, very few sodas and very few over sugary stuff. I was in heaven!

It's funny, a few years ago I read Michael Crighton's Red Sun and got a very strange opinion of Japan and the Japanese. Actually,

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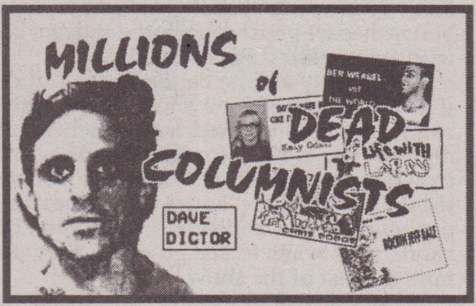
if you see the watered-down movie version, Sean Connery's denfures actually have him saying, "We're shitting ducks!" But, anyway, he paints this conspiracy that the Japanese are out to take over the United States. What I ask is, when are they going to do it already? Maybe they can breed out all the fatsos, kill off the silly Christian values and replace it with dignity and respect. Well, personally, I can't wait. Until then, I'll just stock up on all the cool bands like the ones we played with there: ACCEL 4, GUITAR WOLF, 5,6,7,8's GIRLFRIENDS, JET BOYS, BLUE 3 (a cool name when you think about it). Also, special thanks to Ayako and Masuharo for putting us up and Seiji for paying us off, Billy for being Billy and all the kids we hung out with for making our trip enlightening, even if Mike went out and drinking and break dancing til 6 a.m. every night. Write me videoschmoe@flashcom.net !



Personal Best

"Hey Buddy, I saved you a seat." I look and see this new acquaintance at my Narcotic's Anonymous group. Today I've reached a new plateau. It surely isn't a world record, just a personal best. Some folks have always lived this way, and most people never got into the mess I did.

But anyway, today I find myself eighteen months clean and sober. I don't want to bore you with the details of the struggle its been. Suffice to say, at times I truly miss my drug of choice. And I'm not gonna hit you with "life was a living hell and now things are so much better." It didn't work that way for me. I truly loved my drug of choice. I have done most of my creating with it. A lot of my lovemaking and its imagery was enhanced by it. And much of my income and my lifestyle was derived from it. Getting busted and put in jail forced me to review my drug use. When I got out, part of the deal to stay out was to piss clean via monitoring by various Sheriff's Department Personnel. Here laid my first test, followed by what rehab brought home to me, which was that my drug of choice in the quantities I was using would surely lead to an early death and that this was unfair to my loved ones. My blood pressure at one point was 180/135, which I'm told is not that safe. Both my blood-related grandfathers died before 50 from a heart attack and a stroke. Surely my medicated self allowed me to neglect relationships with my son and ex-lover. So thats my score. Use, jail, death and neglect of loved ones. Quit, adjust and move on.

Learning to deal with life unmedicated is tricky at times. I find myself constantly staving off depression, daydreaming back to a fond memory during the prime of it all. "Old habits die hard," the expression goes. At rehab they give you methods to stave off those depressions, and N.A. will give you sponsors and meetings to check in with others going through different phases of getting clean, and it can be very helpful and has been for me. I'm happy to say that the past few months or so I've been on a groove. It's this new strength I have, where I'm not intimidated by anyone for how I feel about anything anymore. It's very much the feeling I had when I first got involved with punk. But with my drug of choice driving, I would steer away from all uncomfortable situations and eventually isolate and medicate to deal with it. Now I've got this new kind of strength, and whether its telling my probation officer, a cop, the department head at my university or the person on line at the supermarket, I find myself ready to say, to communicate how I truly feel to anyone. This feels very good.

Nobody intimidates me anymore. On speed, it was like I couldn't risk saying what I wanted to quite often because I didn't want to stick out further than I already did. A professor at my university acted like I was the man on the moon when I suggested kids with Attention Deficit Disorder who are given Ridalin, a drug that is an amphetamine like stimulant, later go on to drop out of high school and turn to illegal speed to medicate and deal with life. He looked at me for a second, then turned away and said he had never heard that and didn't believe it to be true. Without thinking, I retorted, "You may have been able to avoid that reality in the world you've created for yourself, but I know it not only to be true but prevalent." He then shot me a "you're questioning me" look. I wasn't trying to be a wise guy, but I have found myself unable to let bullshit slide. Again, in my Alcohol and Chemical Dependancy class, the teacher tried to tell us that drug addicts almost never come from functional families. I called her on it (drug addicts come from all types of families).

I realize people with a little power don't like their authority questioned, but like I said, I find myself unable to let bullshit slide. Nobody wants to get called on their bullshit, individually or collectively, but that for me is what makes writing for a punk zine, being in a punk band and hanging with all you subversives so rewarding. Punk at its best is not letting society's bullshit slide. Someone tried to lay on to me that all punks do is cut their hair funny, drink 40-ounce beers and fuck everything else. I added, "Yeah, because they don't want to race into the straight world with all its games, limitations and depersonalized bullshit that tries to define , catagorize and invalidate all of us." We're all supposed to chase education to gain status and wealth. And we're all supposed to worship and slave for the $200,000 house with the $ 40,000 Chevy Blazer, while the reality is that most everyone is barely covering rent, but we're supposed to merrily skip into McDonalds and queue up and keep having a nice day and be part of the solution. For who, the government and the Fortune 500? As the poles melt and we watch the last of the rain forests destroyed? You guys relate?

My point is that was why I started using so heavily, to protect me from all the screwed-up people and events taking place. It worked for a while, but it wasn't really a long-range plan to deal with life's ups and downs. With me clean and sober, I feel I got a long-range plan. Its working so far, but I'm not so smug to think that I could never end up pushing a shopping cart around with my last remaining possessions, like some of my old drug buddies I ran with in days past. And, by the way, don't scorn those people, a lot of those people started out getting that way cause they were ultra-sensitive and this old world stopped seeming like something to care about. And the difference between making it back or not can purely be a matter of individual chemical make up.

So that's it. Tonight I am 445 days clean and sober. My advice is enjoy yourself, be profound, be creative and don't abuse your drug of choice, because it might turn on you and abuse you. And then you'll find yourself counting days and months and doing meetings, and it might be me waving you over saying," Hi buddy, glad you made it ,I saved you a seat."

Feel free to contact me at mdcops @hotmail.com

It's an ill wind that brings no one any good, ne'er does one door close but another opens, not to mention that allegedly (and most dubiously) every visible mass of condensed water contains a lining of a white, metallic chemical element that is extremely ductile and malleable, capable of a high polish and the best metal conductor of heat and electricity (even though he was left out of the Metal Men, I think, kudos to Webster for making my "job" easier).

Which is to say that, through no fault of my own (outside of laziness and a lack of initiative), my prosody is unrepresented in the most recent issue of Ugly Things (#18 and counting), BUT that this means I can with objectivity set the "high" attempt to unshamefacedly plug the aforesaid. (Even though I was kind of looking forward to giving the latest on the race to revive the corpse of electronic- type punk, since the 7" from the U.S.A.'s own Destruction Unit would

seem to put us in the lead, although Holland's Nazis From Mars do have the discomforting, if not downright disturbing, punk-rave subculture crossover going for them, a big plus if they make it to disturbing because I don't find myself getting disturbed nearly enough these days, and there should be something to disturb my serene complacency. But , surprisingly, I digress.)

Now, I know a few of you small fry might take a look at Ugly Things and exclaim with fright, "Music Machine? Screaming Lord Sutch? Chocolate Watchband? Real Kids? etc. They're OLD!"

But even if you have no use for well-written, well-researched and entertaining tales of any rock 'n' roll past going further back than yourself (and it's really the same story being repeated in endless permutations when you come to think of it, isn't it?), there's a trend that's been seeping in to Ugly Things that I think is worthy of wide dissemination. Actually, change that "even if" to "especially if," because as Ugly Things has expanded its scope (initially with pieces on the likes of the Misfits and Crime, of which I'll plead guilty to the latter) that left certain of its readership cold (the opposition to complacency angle again, and a good one), it's coming closer and closer to providing the solution to the Anti-Life Equation! Seriously, what it's providing is a cohesive (and coherent, unlike this sentence) overview of a certain strain of beautiful ugliness (if this sentence doesn't start getting any better, I'm going to throw it out, or maybe give it to that Greil Marcus dipshit flyweight pedant).

Phil Milstein's brilliant (and rollickingly entertaining to boot) piece on rip-off record (not Rip Off Records) genius/huckster Ernie Tucker is a winning piece of scholarship that somehow makes perfect sense in the context of the above named, as does the appreciation of Western Swing genius Milton Brown by the much-maligned Johan Kugelberg. (Although I do have to say that ripping on Bob Wills, while certainly as much anyone's prerogative as it is to rip on anybody, is in this context as superfluous as the shitting on Fletcher Henderson that some doofus did in the booklet accompanying a set of early Louis Armstrong. There's room to recognize the greatness of Brown and Wills, and comparing a man from steak country such as Bob Wills to the culinary odiousness of a Big Mac is an especially low blow. But I'm in a forgiving mood.)

Suffice it to say that if you're missing out on Ugly Things, you're just plain missing out. (Ugly Things, 3707 Fifth Ave. #145, San Diego, CA 92103, uglythings@znet.com)

An Essay Putting Forth and Concerning the Foundations and Implications of the Theory of the Small-Penis Republican, and Including Divergent Remarks on Overlapping Theories and Ideas and the Limitations of the Theory Presented.

A Word About Penises: The phrase "small-penis Republican" is meant to denote a male person with feelings of sexual inadequacy that lead to his holding certain political views. This does not necessarily correlate with penis size. Rocco Sifredi could well be a small-penis Republican. Among the Kung tribespeople of both genders, a small penis was considered preferable. The funniest part of reading the book that documents the life of that tribe, Nisa, is reading insults like, "you are ugly and have enormous genitals." If the Kung had been stricken with Republicans, they would have been big-penis Republicans. Even in America, small-penis Republicanism need not be driven by endowment. Other issues, such as repressed homosexuality or simple fear of rejection, could be culprits, or it could be a combination. In America, however, men focus on their penis size as a measure of virility. Therefore, "small penis" is used as an amalgam of all male feelings of sexual inadequacy.

The Theory of the Small-Penis Republican: Perceived lack of sexual power is compensated for by abusing authority, sometimes vicariously, sometimes directly, through political policy.

The Origin of the Theory: Overall, "The Perfect Candidate," which documents the Senate campaign of Oliver North, is a very good film, but it has two great moments, one of which sparked the theory. One occurs when North's campaign manager confides that neither candidate has any serious proposals that would benefit the country in any way. Everybody already knows that, but it is startling to hear it from someone so close to a major campaign. The theory of the small-penis Republican occured to me while watching three North campaign officials watch a report on the Democratic candidate's affair with a Playboy model. The three doughy, unattractive, middle-aged men were, of course, pleased by the report because it improved North's chances. But more striking was the fact that they were very evidently titillated by the report and hostile towards the woman. They were simultaneously turned on and put off, excitedly calling the woman a bimbo perhaps six or seven times in about two minutes, as if though they received a charge of pleasure with each utterance. During this, they knew nothing more about the woman than has been mentioned here.

"Woo-wee, a beautiful, sexy woman. Grrrr, I've never had a beautiful, sexy woman. GRRRRRR!!!!! Except for that hooker who fell asleep with me humping away." In street parlance, I could see them working.

On The Unoriginality to the Theory: I am aware that bellicose male behavior has been attributed to things like inadequacy and sexually rooted self-hatred for a long time. But I am interested in the mental state that drives specific, contemporary Republicans and their policy.

Small-Penis Republicans at Work with Women: By definition, small-penis Republicans are dissatisfied and probably unhappy. Turning their woes on others is what makes them small-penis Republicans. One obvious target is women. After all, women are deeply (or not so deeply) involved in heterosexuality, the spring of this discontent. Sexual liberation, for example, presents a problem for the small-penis Republican because women who have had several lovers can distinguish between good and bad ones. Therefore, against all statistics, logic and every study, small-penis Republicans always oppose increased accessibility to birth control. A tangent issue is abortion. Few pro-lifers really think that a sperm united with an egg is a person, as has been demonstrated by people like Jean Ruth Schroedel and Zillah Eisenstien. If abortions were infanticides, American abortion alone would make the holocaust look like a pillow fight. So why don't most pro-lifers dedicate their lives to fighting abortions around the world? Around election time, most of them don't even want to talk about it, and they frequently waiver in their stances on the issue. For example, "innocent" victims of rape and incest are thought to be justified in having abortions. So, it's OK to murder a child who was conceived during a criminal act? Note the implication that women who conceive normally are "guilty." They might have even enjoyed it, which is the real crime, since the small-penis Republican is unsure of his ability to provide such enjoyment. Those who don't have abortions are just as bad, for the same reason. They are the sex-mad hordes of welfare mothers. So, small-penis Republicans don't want women to have birth control, abortion, or children. In other words, they don't want women to have unpunished sex.

Gays: The small-penis Republican doesn't care much for homosexuals either, which primarily means gay men. "Lesbian" is a convenient epithet for feminists, but real lesbians might be the only people that the small-penis Republican can truly be at ease with, since they don't care about his penis. Gay men, however, are evaluators of male sexuality, just as women are. They also scorn traditional male sexuality, which is the measure by which the small-penis Republican has defined himself. This adds up to homophobia, but there is more.

The small-penis Republican might well be a repressed homosexual himself. A study printed in Harper's magazine separated male subjects into groups of homophobes and non-homophobes based on their answers to a series of questions. Arousal was then measured as the subjects viewed straight and gay erotica. The non-homophobes were, on average, slightly aroused by the gay erotica and very aroused by the straight. The homophobes were slightly less aroused by the straight erotica and almost as aroused by the gay as they were by the straight. In such cases, it could be that hating one's own homosexual tendencies leads to hating gays in general.

Columns

This does not mean that homosexual proclivities go unfulfilled. Small-penis Republicans are invariably proponents of quasi-homosexual institutions. They have an absolutely insatiable zeal for prisons. Enough prisons cannot be built and almost any male should be sent to them for as long as possible: adolescent boys, minor drug offenders, repeat offenders (no matter how small the latest infraction), pretty much anybody who can be sent on any pretext belongs in the slammer. Proponents of prisoners' rights, mainly the right not to be "spanked" by guards or raped, are aptly accused of being soft on crime. If you want to avoid prison, the small-penis Republican advises a proper upbringing, including the boy scouts and the football locker room, er, team.

Small-penis Republicans have an equal love for the military, with its barracks and phallic arsenal, as long as no women or open gays (who ruin the game) are involved. Newt Ginghrich even wanted to institutionalize poor children in "orphanages," no doubt envisioning the famous homosexual romping grounds that are British boarding schools. If the small-penis Republican had his way, all men would be in quasi-homosexual institutions virtually from the cradle to the grave: boy scouts/orphanage—>football team/juvenile hall—>prison/military.

Force: Rather than come to terms with their own sexual frustrations, the small-penis Republican drags the entire world into his games of B&D and S&M. This works along with homoeroticism to explain the fixation on prisons in the face of all sociological and economic evidence that says they suck. The connection between male sexuality and state force is well-treaded territory. However, here is one more bit of evidence. There is an absolutely infallible rule for knowing whether a small-penis Republican favors a class of state employees. If the class wields a phallic symbol and is in a male-dominated field, the small-penis Republican will favor that class and work to exclude women from it as much as possible. Prison and security guards (with their batons), cops (with batons, ridiculously oversized flashlights and guns) and the military (too many to list) are examples. All other classes of federal employees are wasteful and subject to cutbacks, including bureaucrats, social workers or counselors and even those that exhibit traditionally male virtues such as rescue workers or professors.

The Theory is Itself Inadequate: Of course, many other political constituencies are driven by sexual quirks, for example, some anti-sex feminists. This theory does not explain the actions of all of those who adhere to the small-penis agenda. Oliver North, for example, does not seem to be a small-penis Republican (although it is hard to tell), but more just a regular piece of shit. Nonetheless, I have found that understanding small-penis Republicanism is quite valuable in understanding American politics. Some of the policies discussed above are just too insane otherwise. It is true that they usually benefit power. But where does the broad support come from? In part, from small-Penis Republicans.

Symptoms: Include a friendly demeanor that somehow communicates anger and hatred. Also, imperiousness, Christianity and a fixation on the issues discussed above. Obvious small-penis Republicans include poster child Pat Robertson, Bobby Knight, Newt the Grinch and those stoic, overly formal, moustached cops (you know the ones).

The Value of this Particular Theory: As noted earlier, this is a variation on older theories. This one, however, is quite specific, which I think separates it a bit. The best part is that explaining small-penis Republicanism to an SPR or simply calling him one is bound to irritate him, as his barely hidden profile is exposed. It will be similar to his getting an erection in a group shower. If the term were to somehow catch on, "small-penis" Republican could be an even more effective epithet than "bleeding-heart liberal."

More stories of the road from the Defacto Oppression tour earlier this summer…

When I last left off, Snags (our van) was broken down in Cornwall, Ontario, and we had decided to tackle the problem by going to a pub and getting tanked. Jake and I slept in his tent in the backyard of Jen's house — a girl we had met at the bar — while the rest of the crew slept in the van and awaited the early morning opening of Canadian Tire to get the van looked at.

June 8th Jake and I woke up late (surprise, surprise), said goodbye to our newfound friend and hoofed it back to the van. With impeccable timing, Snags was ready to roll and Mike was in the process of paying for the damages. Apparently, our problem had been a blown ignition coil and they took us for almost $200 (Cdn) to replace it. We quickly tightened down everything in the van, took a quick drive around to survey Mike's path of destruction from the night before and hit the road for the quick trek to Montreal. Adam threw the new USV album (amazing) in the tape deck and we rocked the whole way there.

Once getting to Montreal, we celebrated by instantly getting lost. I was the only person among us that knew even the slightest French (quite little, at that), so navigating myself through the city wasn't the easiest of tasks. I started driving in what I guessed to be the right direction, mumbled some French toward a pedestrian who confirmed that it was, and soon enough we were parked by L'X, where the show was that night. As it was early in the afternoon, no one was around yet, so we decided to go hunting for grub. Jake lost patience immediately and went to Subway. Here's a prime example of why I hate chain restaurants so much. Here we are in Montreal, culturally about as close to a polar opposite from the north woods of Wisconsin as you'll find in North America, and Jake gets a sandwich that I can get at the same crappy store in my hometown. He suffered greatly when the rest of us walked down a few blocks and got the most inexpensive and awesome Vietnamese food you could imagine. After lunch, Mike called Jannick, the girl who had set up our show that night, and she said she would meet us there in an hour and a half. We decided to kill time in various fashions. Mike opted to take a nap in Snags, Jake and Adam went looking for strip clubs (??) and Chris and I went to look for postcards and a sync cord for my newly defunct camera. I did actually find one and we spent the next hour wandering around the city, admiring the diverse people and architecture that Montreal had to offer. It soon began to rain, so we found a pub to duck into near L'X and enjoyed a couple of brews while we wrote out our postcards. We went back to wake up Mike and meet up with Jannick. She wasn't there yet but some other girl was there doing some work, so she let us in and showed us where to throw the equipment. Soon thereafter, Jannick showed up and we all had a joyous reunion. Jannick had come through our neck of the woods about a year ago with Remains Of The Day and there was much fun had by all, so she said that when we got to Montreal she would repay the favor. Little did we know that she would repay twenty fold!! She told us about the 'best pub in Montreal,' which turned out to be the same one Chris and I were at earlier. We spent the rest of the afternoon downing pitchers until hunger was upon us. Jannick then directed us to 'the best vegetarian restaurant in Montreal.' Considering how right she was about the pub, we decided to check it out. After missing the cross street a few times, we found Commensal (which I believe I just butchered the name of), a huge vegetarian buffet place. Basically, they had all of the best pastas, soups, pizzas, Mexican dishes and desserts that any vegetarian would drool over. You were supposed to fill up your tray and pay according to how much your tray weighed. I went overboard and put more food on my tray than I could ever possibly eat and totaled out at $21! It was well worth it, though, as I can honestly say that I've never had better food in my entire life.

We waddled back to the show and were surprised by how many punks were out and about. I set up my camera and realized that my new sync cord wasn't the right size, so I still didn't have a functioning camera (grrr). Jannick gave us some free drink tickets for the bar upstairs (just what we needed) and then we were treated to two awesome bands, Oppressed Conscience and Hellbound, Jannick's new band. L'X might be the best collectively run club in North America. The set-

up is great, the sound system is killer, and the fact that it's all ages but you can still drink if you're of age (18 up there) is awesome. Anyhow, DFO rocked the house and soon we were putting equipment back into Snags and getting geared up to go to some party down the block. The party was huge and many intoxicants were shared by all. At about 5 in the morning we decided to go listen to a recording from the show in the van. Soon thereafter, about twenty kids staggered out the door of the house and slithered down the street towards another place to party. We soon realized that there was no place to sleep, as the house we were just at was locked, so we decided that it was time to just head for the States. Our next show wasn't until the 10th in NYC, but I concocted a great plan to camp in Vermont that night, so we would just get there early. Mike fired Snags up, and we were soon kissing Montreal goodbye.

June 9th I stayed up with Mike while everyone else fought off the previous night's activities by sleeping in the back. After a quick jaunt, we soon found ourselves at the border on a small highway entering Vermont. Considering all of the troubles we've had at the border before, we couldn't help but think something would go wrong. Instead, the one fellow working (which was the key, I think), asked us all of three questions and sent us on our way. Mike continued until I made him stop in Burlington, a town that I almost moved to about five years ago without ever having been there. You see, I'm in love with Vermont. Burlington is its largest city, weighing in at a whopping 30,000 people. Vermont is filled with tiny little communities that are typically very self-sufficient, growing their own food and usually doing it organically. Vermont was also the last state to let Wal-Mart in, and even when it did, they made them take over an empty storefront in a downtown area instead of letting them build the huge sprawling stores they're accustomed to. The best aspect of Vermont, though, is the fact that it's the only state that has banned billboards. (Hell yeah!) You wouldn't believe how noticeably serene this makes Vermont's environment — it's simply beautiful.

We pulled into Burlington and I made Mike drive around for a while until we found a food co-op. He instantly crawled into the passenger seat and zonked while I went inside and stocked up on fresh, organic Vermont veggies (yum). I parked the van closer to downtown Burlington and walked around, making phone calls, buying postcards and seeing the sights, while everyone continued to sleep in the van. When I was done, I hopped back into Snags, fired her up, and started driving toward the Green Mountains, our camping destination. I immediately got on the wrong road, which would end up being the best mistake I would make all day. We drove through all of these tiny little villages getting into the mountains and when we did reach the Green Mountains, it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. I lived in the Rocky Mountains before, and though these mountains pale in comparison of size, they are so much more breathtaking to look at that I couldn't even believe it. We ended up staying at Emerald Lake State Park, right in the heart of the Green Mountains. We rented a 'lean-to' for the night (a three-walled contraption, built with the purpose of making you feel like you're outside but keeping you dry at the same time) and walked down to see the lake (about a thousand foot descent). A few of us drove a couple of miles down to the nearest town (pop. 50) and stocked up on a bit more food for the camping feast. In the meantime, Mike had chopped up all of our vegetables and we started up a fire to make the most elaborate hobo dinner I had ever eaten. We spent the rest of the night munching on goodies and sippin' brews. Later in the evening, we walked back down to the lake, well lit by the moon. Chris, Mike and Adam stole a few paddleboats and had a demolition derby on the lake, while Jake and I had contests to see who could throw rocks further. (Jake won, in case you were wondering.) We spent the rest of the night talking about anything we could think of around the campfire, before finally laying down for a peaceful night's sleep in our lean-to.

June 10th We got up fairly early, and I sped through the process of packing up my stuff so I could go down to the lake and rent a kayak before we left. I managed to pull it off and when I got to the middle of the lake, I had some sort of epiphany (except that I'm completely agnostic). In the middle of a crystal clear lake, surrounded by nothing but tree-covered mountains in every direction (and not a billboard in sight), I couldn't help but be overwhelmed by the sheer serenity of it all. I could definitely see myself living in Vermont at some point in my life. I maneuvered the kayak back to shore and within minutes we were on our way to New York City (talk about a change of pace).

After a four- to five-hour drive, we were just north of Manhattan. I called ABC No Rio to get directions and got a guy who was sketchy about giving directions because he had only driven a car in NYC once in the last five years. He kept saying things like, "I think that's the name of the road," and "Call back after you get lost," which had me a bit frightened. However, it turns out that his directions were right on the money, and we drove straight there and even found a parking spot right out front. Food Not Bombs were just on their way out, and we managed to get fed a large dinner of stir-fried veggies, sweet mashed potatoes, a green salad and iced tea. Awesome. We were very excited to be at ABC, since we had all read so much about it but had never been, and we were even more excited when we found out that Disassociate was going to be headlining the show that night. We'd seen them at the Old Barn Fest from our area and couldn't wait to see them play 'Ice Bong.' Joe, who had set up the show, came over with a box of zines for me. Before tour, I had left my mother money to mail a couple of boxes of zines to Joe in NYC because I didn't want the hassle of trying to get them across the Canadian border. Wouldn't you know it, she priority mailed only one box and not the bigger of the two because "it was so expensive." So now I had to leave Joe more money and figure out a place to have him mail it to when it got there later in the week. It was more of a pain in the butt than anything and considering that this was going to be the closest thing to work I was going to have to do all summer, I didn't let it get to me. Soon after loading in the equipment, Mike introduced me to Seth Price, a pen pal from the Rhode Island/ Boston area who I had never gotten a chance to meet before. He was in town for the International Tribunal for War Crimes committe against the Iraqis, something I wished I would've had the time to see. He could only stick around for about a half hour, but it was still great to get to put a face with the name and swap a few magazines with him. He split out and Mike went up to use a computer, while the rest of us wandered around the lower east side of Manhattan looking for stamps and root beer. I really thought I was going to score big on the root beer front while in NYC, but I could hardly find any at all, much less a kind I had never tried.

When we got back to ABC, things were getting under way. Septic Tumor and Hollowed Out were playing, both of which we would see a few different times over the course of the next couple of weeks. I can't even pretend to like their music, but they were friendly enough and that's all that matters. Defacto Oppression played an all-right set, then Disassociate did the same, all of us smiling ear to ear when they played 'Ice Bong.'

Post-show, we got some New York-style pizza and followed Joe to his house in Brooklyn. He directed Mike and I to the 'punk bar' and we were soon on our way there. The rest of the gang looked annoyed that they had to sit behind, but there was no way that we were going to miss out on the punk bar, since I didn't even know such a thing existed. We found Sweetwater Bar (and I had to laugh since that's the same name as the pseudo-fancy restaurant I had spent the last year working at) and it turned out that we knew the bartender from Minneapolis. He gave us a free pitcher and I played Christ On A Crutch on the jukebox. After an hour, the rest of the band showed up with Joe (apparently the Sweetwater Bar hasn't carded anyone since the '70s) and they instantly proceeded to get drunk. The bar started getting chaotic, so Mike and I went to some 'nicer' place closer to Joe's house. We ended up having a deep conversation about love and sexuality and, after our inebriation began to set in, we settled for guessing the first letter of stranger's names and then running up to ask them if we were right. (We didn't get a single one!) We then went back to the house, where Mike sat on the top of Snags while I sat on top of a huge dumpster on the other side of the street and we talked

for an hour or so before crashing in the van. Well, again not as much ground as I'd like to have covered but considering my current surroundings, I'm surprised I got anything typed at all. The first two weeks of this tour were definitely the longest, anyhow. I'll have my own computer to use by next month and hopefully be able to cover a lot more ground.

I got a letter from someone asking what I meant about how to make punk self-sufficient and how they can go about doing that, so I thought I would travel along those lines with some of my thoughts on self-sufficiency. Like most things, there are many different degrees to which we can talk about self-sufficiency. And I think that small steps toward a bigger picture is an important way to go about trying to do things. In my utopian world, self-sufficiency goes hand in hand with self-empowerment and the do-it-yourself ethics of the punk scene. Embracing the DIY lifestyle both in your punk life and beyond is one way to empower yourself. The more things that you can do yourself, the less you need to rely on others — including society and the government. The more you can do yourself, the more say you have in what and how you do things, thus giving you more autonomy, more control over your affairs and more self-empowerment. The rewards that come from doing things yourself can be huge. It builds your confidence and makes you realize that anything is possible. For all that we talk about DIY — I think it's important to take the DIY ideas beyond the punk scene, incorporate them into our lives as a whole and also continue to make the punk scene reflect these ideas and see that punk is about more than just music.

One of the best ways to make punk more self-sufficient is to support other punks in their projects - be it bands, zines, distros, labels, stores or any other services provided for punks by punks. You know, keep it in the family, so to speak. There are punks who screen-print shirts and patches, punks who make stickers, punks who make pins, punks with printing presses, punks with record labels, publishing companies, music, zine and book distributions, there are punk-run clubs, punk-run record stores, info shops and community spaces. Doesn't it make sense to help each other out and support each other in our endeavors? Support can come in many forms. It can be a matter of buying your records from the punk record store — even if they have odd hours and are further away from you than the corporate chain store. It can mean pitching in to help out booking shows at your local space or club. It can mean making flyers to promote shows. It can mean buying a t-shirt or tape from a touring band who really needs some gas money. It can mean paying $5 for the show of those touring, rather than trying to get in for free (because they could really use the gas money.) It can be a matter of where you spend your money. It can be a matter of physical means of help, and it can also be in an emotional, supportive manner. Working together is the only way that there is anything such as a punk scene or a punk community. That often means bridging gaps and overlooking small differences in order to work together for a bigger picture.

On an economic, consumer-based level, it's very important to realize the power of how you spend your money. I think the most important thing to do is minimize our consumption and consumerism. The world is over-wrought with advertising that promotes consumerism. But even in a subculture that strives to create an alternative , when it comes to consuming we are really not alternative to anything. I think the most effective way of working toward self-sufficiency is to minimize our participation in consumable society. That way we can take our focus off the all-mighty dollar and work toward doing things we enjoy, rather than trying to buy happiness and accumulate more stuff. And when I say minimizing consumption, I mean everything from fast food to over-packaged products to name-brand clothes and even, dare I say it, consumption of music and t-shirts. There is a big difference between support and consumption, and I think we all know the difference between buying a band's t-shirt to be cool vs. buying a t-shirt to support the band and what they have to say or are about. Just thinking about why you spend money and how you spend it is a step in the right direction. Be conscious of your wants vs. your needs. It's amazing how much stuff we accumulate that we say we need, but when it comes down to it our needs are really very simple. I'm not going to try to speak for everyone when I talk about needs, desires and consumerism, but I do think that it's important to think in terms of minimizing blind consumerism and practicing intentional supportive spending. When you spend your hard-earned money thoughtfully and intentionally as a token of support, you can say a lot. And remember that the more minimal your spending habits, the less money you need and, in turn, the less time you have to spend working to earn that money, which in the end should free you up to enjoy YOUR time even more.

I'm also talking about the difference between shopping at corporate chain stores vs. shopping in small, independently owned shops. This goes for buying records and books, as well as groceries, clothes and toothpaste. The trend of our society is to move toward corporate chain stores who buy out and push out small, independently owned stores. Travel across this country and you won't see much difference from town to town, state to state, in terms of corporate fast food, groceries and department stores. Homogenization is boring, and it gets worse by the day. The things these megalithic stores offer is convenience and savings, and these are important things to everyone . But sometimes they are not as important as preserving diversity and independence, which can only come from locally owned and operated shops. Even thinking on a punk level, if we only had two or three huge chains to deal with, or major labels to deal with, we wouldn't get very far. Hence, the whole idea of doing it ourselves evolved and continues to grown stronger by us putting out our own music, copying our own zines and networking our voices across the globe. Why would we want to further perpetuate the mass of society by creating these "big names" in our alternative community, when striving to fight that trend is exactly how punk evolved? Taking it farther in the self-sufficiency direction, we can start opening our own shops and providing services that we utilize, like printing, recording, mechanics, etc. The more that we support other people in their endeavors, hopefully the more we will be supported in ours. I think it's worth going to the other side of town to buy your soy milk from the local co-op, and it,s also worth paying the extra 50 cents for something in an independently owned store. And more than likely if it's a punk rock store, it will cost less than the chain anyway.

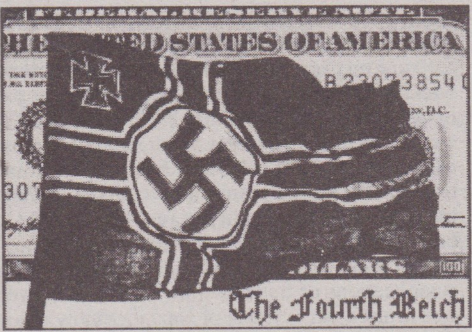
My point is to *think*. Don't give in to convenience blindly. Sure, sometimes we're in a hurry and are willing to pay an extra dollar for orange juice in the convenience store, but at least be aware of it. Be aware of the implications of how you spend your money. And beyond that, the implications of what you consume. We live in a throw-away society. We buy over-packaged food and appliances that are so cheap they are not intended to last. We throw everything away and hardly think anything of it. By refocusing our thinking toward a reuse and recycle line of thinking rather than a throw-away one, we might spend a little bit more money to get something that will last or something that was made by hand from someone in your own community, not in a sweatshop halfway across the world by someone paid mere pennies a day. And in the long run, when you start thinking in terms of minimization, you will actually save a lot of money. Buy food in bulk and you save resources on wasted packaging and you save money on the food your are buying, because a good percentage goes towards that wasteful packaging. Frequent thrift stores and yard sales and look for bargains. Think in terms of making things rather than buying things. Try eliminating

money, even a little bit from your routine, and barter and trade for things you need or want. Buy things second-hand if you have to buy them. Fix broken things. Reuse all that you can. Write on the backs of printed paper for letters and notes and reuse envelopes. Make your own clothes. Grow your own food. Record your own music. Build your own furniture out of scavenged supplies. Dumpster dive for bagels. Dumpster dive whatever. Walk through alleys and look for things people are throwing away that might be treasures to you. The possibilities are endless.

And as I started out saying, there are many extents to which you can incorporate these ideas into your life. I know of people who live completely outside of society, surviving entirely off food they grow and preserve themselves, electricity they generate from wind and solar power, and heat gotten from wood and the sun and water from a spring. Simply cutting down on consumption of over-packged items is a starting point. Supporting local businesses and independently owned shops is also a good start. Supporting your local punk scene's zines, bands and venues is a vital thing to do. Attempting to work together to actually build a community is a wonderful thing to do, too.

The ultimate form of self-sufficiency is to be able to provide for your own needs with little or no outside help. There are self-sufficient individuals, families and communities. People working together bring more skills and hands and enables more things to happen. When I think of self-sufficiency, I don't think of flying solo as superwoman. I think in terms of minimizing my dependence on society and the government and being able to provide for my needs through the collaborate help of family, friends and community. Sounds like the punk scene, doesn't it? When I think of a self-sufficient punk community, I think of not being able to separate your hobby from your work, of having your entertainment, fun, passion, livelihood, and dedication all wrapped up into one thing. To have diy ethics move beyond merely putting out your own band's record and into the more-than-music realm that incorporates ideas into all aspects of your life, be it health care, food and nutrition, house building, bike repair, car repair, clothes making, artistic expression and creativity. To have all parts of your life integrated into one whole and to have it all be enriching and empowering at the same time because we are doing it ourselves. That is self-sufficiency.

After my stress attack of last month, I'm trying to focus on doing things that I want to do, rather than "have to do," which so far is going OK and I'm sleeping a lot more. Even though I haven't been as good about letter writing and correspondence of late as I wish, I still live for mail, so if you've got some thoughts feel free to write directly: Christine c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632.



For The Record — ftr-185b, recorded in October, broadcast in December of 1999.

Dave Emory: Hello, my name's Dave Emory and it's my pleasure and privilege to present once again Kevin Coogan, the author of "Dreamer of the Day," subtitled "Francis Parker Yockey and the Post-War Fascist International," published in softcover by Autonomedia, copyright 1999. Kevin, welcome to our airwaves.

Kevin Coogan (by phone): Thanks for having me.

Dave: Just before the break, we were talking about Julius Evola, a name that's unknown to most people, and yet one who figures most prominently in your discussion of Francis Parker Yockey and of the Post-War Fascist International. Tell us about Evola and how you came to write about him in this book of Yaki and his fellows.

Kevin: Evola was an Italian who was born in 1899 and died in 1974. I came across him because he, like Yockey, had this idea of a united Europe, united against both the American threat and the Russian threat. In fact, Evola wrote a book called "Men Among the Ruins," which appeared in Italian in 1953, where he has a long discussion on "Emperium." "Emperium" was written by Yockey under a pseudonym, this pseudonym being Ulrich Verange, and Ebola in his book refers to Ulrich Verange. "Emperium" was also first published in London in 1948. It was only republished in America in 1962. So I stumbled upon Evola through this question of Yaki and the whole question of post-war fascism because, in certain ways, Yockey and Evola were arguing somewhere along the same lines. First, Evola was heavily influenced himself by Spengler and translated parts of "The Decline of the West" into Italian. They also both had this idea of a new kind of conspiritual or cultural racism, as opposed to Nazi-evoked blood ideology.

Dave: How would one distinguish between those? I think that the uninitiated would be inclined to confuse the two.

Kevin: The best way to think about it is to think about a united Europe under Fascism. In a united Europe under Fascism, who leads it? Do the Germans lead it because the Germans have the right blood type and are genetically superior to, say, the Italians of the French? It's what I call in the book, the difference between the people involved in the "Black SS," the people more rooted in blood ideology, and the "Wafen SS." I use the term "Wafen SS" to indicate the groups in different countries like France, Belgium, Italy and the Netherlands, people who supported fascism and actually joined the SS (in France, Belgium, and the Netherlands) to fight against the Russians during the war. They joined the SS because of this idea of kind of a pan-European global crusade against (sort of) the godless Bolsheviks. This non-German supremacist tendency always existed in the radical right. After the war and with Germany in ruins, both Yockey and Evola were interested in trying to reconstruct a more "Wafen SS" form of post-war fascism in which the Germans wouldn't be at the center point, based on this idea of blood superiority. So they crisscross each other in quite a few interesting ways.

Dave: In speaking of the difference between scientific, spiritual or race-based fascism, there are a number of aspects of the post-war Fascist International, of which Yockey was a part, that would be very difficult for an ideologue to deal with (or simply someone rooted in the cold war right left US versus Soviet paradigm). Why don't we start by taking a look at what you call "Red-War Fascism?" Or perhaps the third position of François Jeaneau would be an interesting way to approach that discussion.

Kevin: One of the things about Yockey that makes him so interesting is that he was an advocate by the 1940s of the idea that the main threat to Europe was not from Russia, but by America. So Yockey was very front and center in criticizing NATO and American imperialism. He used a great deal of rhetoric that almost has a leftist tinge. Also, throughout a great deal of his post-war career, Yockey was in Cairo in the early 1950s. He later went on to Cuba and was actually a supporter of Castro's Cuba using the same odd blend of anti-capitalist, fascist, and anti-imperialist rhetoric. So the idea that Yockey had actual connections or links back to the Soviet Union led (first of all) the State Department and the FBI to take an interest in him, to find out just who he was because his position was so strange. There always existed in Fascism a kind of "left Fascism," which in sort of classic German text is associated with what is called "Strausserism." Strausserism represented the northern wing of the German Nazi Party, which was much more overt in its anti-capitalist and even pro-alliance with Russia and other what we would call now Third World countries against the Versailles Treaty, the West and against anyone in France or America. Actually, the Strausser people criticized Hitler and the more Bavarian-based Nazi majority, saying that they had sold out to big business and the Von Poppins and that they had betrayed the revolution. After the war, you had this current, which also overlapped with geopolitics, because German geopolitics in particular was the school of geopolitics associated with this fellow General Haushoffer and it looked very strongly to Russia, China and Japan as allies against the West. When Haushoffer was at his peak in the 1920s, the main concern of the Germans was to essentially overturn the Versailles Treaty, which had restricted German autonomy and independence. As part of that policy, the German general staff actually sent units to train in Russia. The Black Rushvar was the hidden wing of the German military and they went to Russia to avoid the scrutiny of the allied powers. In fact, the Russians during the 1920s had a very active trade with the Germans and were even illegally sending the Germans weapons and ammunition. So there's this very odd relationship

between the Russian military and the German military and there were also trade negotiations as well which shocked the west. For one example, in 1920 there was something called the Rapollo Treaty, which was an alliance of sorts between the Russians and the Germans. So the idea of looking to the east to get leverage against the west was part of a current inside German geopolitical thinking, which for Yockey was definitely also the underlying issue of fascism (a kind of left-fascism) as being able to assume anti-capitalist forms, which Yockey promoted. So he was a very curious figure in the sense that he does not easily fit into the conventional definition of fascism that most people have. Although in the last fifteen years within academia there have been authors. For example, there's this guy named Zev Sturnheil, an Israeli historian, who has stressed some of the "left origins" of fascism. So, although it's a concept that's known more in academia than the general public, the idea of left-fascism is something that is very real.

Dave: We might want to briefly distinguish between what you call "left-fascism" and a standard ideological feature of some similar types of political outlooks, which lump Hitler, Stalin and the Soviet Union into one great leftist-collectivist entity. I think that one should distinguish between the two ideological trends. My understanding of Burke's literature (I'm not all that well versed in it) is that they tend to see the Rockefellers and the American capitalists as being somehow in cahoots with the Russians, in that the American capitalists are secretly making deals with the Russians when pretending to be anti-capitalists. So the Burch people, if I understand correctly, argue that the eastern establishment elite are somehow in league with the Russian Bear.

Dave: Yes, really what I'm addressing is the notion that Hitler was a socialist or leftist, which one hears a fair amount of in certain circles. That's not what you're talking about when you talk about Red Fascism.

Kevin: No. In fact their criticism of Hitler is really that he wasn't enough of a socialist, that he was sort of bought off by the old ruling elite and aristocracy. This is one reason why in Europe today there is a group called the New Right, which began in France in the late 1960s, which actually criticizes Hitler's "Fascism" from the left. They complain about what they call "Grandpa's Fascism." In other words, that the fascist movements of today are too influenced by Hitler ideology, which they see as conservative. So you've got this incredible situation where one of the leading post-war left-fascists, a guy named John Tieriar, who was based in Belgium and who worked during the war for Otto Scorzanie. He was a German collaborator during the war and spent time in jail after the war for being a German collaborator. By the middle of the 1960s, he had completely broken with the more "conservative forms of fascism" associated with Hitler. Tieriart had begun dealings with the Chinese and Russians. He died in 1992, but in the years before that he was regularly sending out books and pamphlets (he actually visited Moscow in '92) arguing that the Right should align with Russia against the Americans because he saw the Americans as the prime danger. Within the more radical currents of fascism in Europe today, there is a very strong anti-American wing that looks toward people like Tieriart and Yockey as exemplars of this new turn towards fascism or a return toward its radical roots.

Dave: In talking about this milieu, of which Francis Parker Yockey was a type, you write in a footnote on page 360, alluding back to the order of which you hypothesize that Julius Evola was part of helping to form with that Vienna Project. You write: "An order, however, is not structured along conventional political lines. Such an organization can dictate sharp turns and reversals in seemingly fixed political logic because the political, to be understood, is not the motivating force."

Kevin: Well, see, Evola is a good example of the complications of this new form of fascism. Evola was himself very critical of Nazi Germany and of Hitler in particular because Evola came out of an aristocratic background and saw in Nazi Germany a kind of popular dictatorship led by the Furher. As an aristocrat — he was a Baron — he looked with scorn upon these kind of developments. Instead, what he wanted was kind of an elite role, which Spengler had also talked about in the 1920s. The model that he saw and liked in Germany was actually the SS. He liked the idea of the SS as an order. The problem he had with the SS was precisely the fact that the SS under Himmler was so dominated by this racial blood ideology. The SS Intern, the more racist wing of the SS, actually attacked Evola and issued communiqués criticizing Evola, saying that he was a reactionary Roman aristocrat who failed to understand the nature of the German People's Revolution. This should also be understood from another angle as well. Evola was an Italian, and he looked for his model to the Roman Empire, which he considered the great triumph of the west, as his model. The Roman Empire was just that, it was an empire composed of groups of many different racial characteristics. So the thing that he was attracted to in the SS was this idea of elite wool behind the scenes and not the sort of volcist type influence that the SS is really known for through people like Himmler.

Dave: You mention, in terms of the cast of characters that surrounds Yockey, Verner Naumaund. Who was he and what was Yockey's connection to him?

Kevin: Verner Naumaund was a very fascinating and mysterious character. He had been a high official in the Propaganda Ministry of Nazi Germany and, in fact, after Goerbels committed suicide, Hitler appointed Naumaund as Propaganda Minister. He escaped in the same team with Martin Boermand from Hitler's bunker, running through Berlin in the flames. Then he disappeared from the map, only to resurface six or seven years later in this enormous scandal, which was caused when the British Government arrested him and some of his collaborators and accused them of plotting for a return to fascism. This was a great scandal inside of Germany. The British literally went to his business and took out a ton of documents that showed that Naumaund had these connections throughout Europe, Latin America, etc. He really was an important figure in this plot to sort of reintroduce this fascist party without flying the flag of the swastika. What he was charged with was attempting to subvert a group called the Free Democratic Party, one of the post-war parties in the Eisenhower coalition government during the 1950s. What's interesting for our purposes is that his group had very strong ties to the Yockey circle through people like Fred Vice and H. Keith Thompson. He also had extremely close ties to people like Yohann Von Liers and a lot of the Nazis who had gone to Egypt after WWII and were instrumental in helping the revolution in Egypt. In fact, Yockey actually spent some time in Egypt in 1953 working with the Propaganda Ministry (I guess).

Dave: Tell us about Hajamin Al Husseine. You were referring to the racial fascism and spiritual fascism. Hajamin Al Husseine is a person very well known to students of the history of WWII and fascism and yet not only unknown, but perhaps inconceivable to those not familiar with the realities of WWII history.

Kevin: Well, Hajamin Al Husseine is perhaps best known as the Grand Mufti, and he had been the leader of the Palestinian community during the 1930s in Jerusalem. During the war he supported the Germans and was involved in various attempted uprisings in the Middle East, including the failed revolt in Iraq. After the war, instead of being prosecuted as a war criminal, he managed to escape and set up camp in Egypt and survive there and set up a group called the World Muslim Congress in the 1950s. What makes him particularly fascinating is that after WWII he became involved very closely with a man named François Jeaneau, who was a Swiss citizen and a great Hitler supporter in the 1930s. Jeaneau made his money as a banker and during the 1950s he became essentially a banker to various Arab Nationalist Secular movements. Through people like Jeaneau and the Grand Mufti, there developed this anti-imperialist rhetoric using a lot of Arab nationalist type groups. You had this very funny juxtaposition, because by 1955 Nassar had basically thrown his hat in with the Russians, because the Russians were committed with supplying Egypt with weapons, which the west had cut off as Egypt was supporting these insurgency movements in Africa, such as Kenya and places like that. So the Russians came in to pick up the slack and develop their own influence in the Middle East. You had this odd coalition of Russian weapons and people like Jeaneau and Mufti training people on how to use those weapons.

Dave: We should bear in mind that there are a lot of influences on fascism and even Nazism that are not in accordance with the strict textbook analysis of same. Bearing in mind that Yohann Von Lears, The Grand Mufti, the Naumaund Network, Yockey was tied in to these people. Could you briefly tie Yockey in with each of these people or that milieu?

Kevin: Well, Yockey had been involved with the campaign against the war crimes trials, which the Naumaund Network was also fundamentally involved with. Yockey's main connection with that network was really through the Socialist Right Party supporters and through the circle in New York, mainly H. Keith Thompson and Fred Vice. One of the things the Naumaund Network did was that they were involved in some of the earliest examples of Holocaust denial propaganda, which Yockey also took part in. For example, in "Emperium," Yockey has a section basically saying that the Holocaust was faked. It's one of the first examples of Holocaust denial literature in English that I'm aware of (that's because "Emperium" came out in 1948). So you had this circle which included Yockey, Fred Vice and Keith Thompson with the Dervay Group and the Von Leirs. When Von Liers was in Argentina publishing Der Vege, which was this magazine of the Nazi

resistance, he regularly published articles by Yockey under the name Ulrich Ver Lange. For example, Yockey wrote an article supporting the Russian attack on the Czech Republic Communist Party in 1952; the article was called "The Prague Trials." "The Prague Trials" were basically aimed at a lot of the Jewish communists who Stalin decided to eliminate as part of a general turn that Stalin was doing against "the famous Jewish Doctor's Conspiracy" where there was this alleged plot on the part of Jewish doctors to poison him. So Stalin was taking this anti-Semitic turn and this delighted Yockey and his article was reprinted in Der Vege and circulated all around the fascist networks around Europe and South America. Then when Liers relocated to Egypt in the 1950s and became the leader of the Egyptian Ministries Propaganda Department, Thompson has stated that Yockey regularly did jobs for Liers. What I suspect is that Yockey was really quick with a pen and my guess is that Yockey was actually writing propaganda for the Liers Network that was then circulated in the United States and Latin America.

Dave: Back to Julius Evola and that element of fascism that he represents… There are very strong connections between fascism, Nazism, and the occult. You talk about Yockey and his links with the occult elements in fascism. I wonder if you could also illuminate what sadomasochism apparently held for Francis Parker Yockey.

Kevin: Well I think the idea in this context is that again with Evola being a fascist, in a pure sense, he wasn't. He was never a member of the fascist party. He was in some ways was very disappointed with the fascists, especially when the fascist party developed this concordat with the Vatican in the 1920s. Evola believed that Catholicism was actually a curse on the west. He looked toward much more of a military-type order which he saw as being led by Rome and by Sol, the solar cult of the Sun God of Rome as a way for Europe to regain its masculinity. Because of this, his relationship with Fascism both in Italy and also even more in Germany is complicated. He's a very important figure in the radical right, but in a certain sense he's more interesting than a fascist. His occultism really stems from this idea which relates back to Sengler as well, that you need a new kind of ruling ideology to prevent the otherwise inevitable decline of the west. Evola was very influenced by this whole Hindu idea of different castes and ranks in society. In Hindu society the major caste was always the Brahmans who are the "priestly caste." The caste beneath the Brahmans is called the cashatria or the warrior caste. Evola argued that the warrior caste was really the superior caste and that the problem with Europe was that the priest caste that was represented by the Vatican had hegemony where the warrior caste was made secondary. What he saw in things like the SS was the embodiment of a military caste functioning as an order that would basically be the ruler of society. What he didn't like about the SS was again this vulcist problem. You mentioned the whole question of sadomasochism… Yockey always indulged in sadomasochistic practices, primarily the whipping of women. But the more important point about this is that both Evola and Yockey had this very strong idea that the warrior caste was formed from the Moderbundt, which is basically the internal model of what an order would be, essentially an all-male military-like society. So Yockey, Evola and Spengler thought that in terms of polarity they had this strong idea of the polarity of the sexes. So that there was a war between male and female principles and this included what Evola called a war between the North and the South between the matriarchal cults of the Mediterranean and Africa versus the Nordic Sun Cult of the North. This whole issue of sadomasochism is wrapped up in a sort of general idea of recreating this masculine ruling order. Evola and Yockey separate that from the Nazis because the Nazis are seen much more as a Dionysian mass movement frenzy where everyone is cheering the Furher, where the Furher is the new Christ-figure with the masses who are enraptured by the guy. This Evola and Yockey did not like. They wanted a much colder and more disciplined ruling elite to control the world. They didn't trust the popular mass-based support of Hitlerism.

Dave: And for more of the same inclinations, the book, Hitler's Priestess by Nicholas Goodrich Clark who wrote the introduction to your book was recently discussed on these airwaves. Kevin, we're almost out of time and there is so much more to discuss in your book, we'll do some more interviews in the future… The book is "Dreamer of the Day," subtitled 'Francis Parker Yockey and the Post War Fascist International.' This gets the Dave Emory five-star rating and it is a formidable tome if ever there was one, published in soft-cover by Autonomedia, copyright 1999. You can write to them at the following: www.autonomedia.org/. Phone and fax number: 1-718-963-2603, Autonomedia, PO Box 568, Williamsburg Station, Brooklyn NY, 11211-0568. Kevin, thank you so much for meeting with us and thank you for writing this very important book. We've been visiting with Kevin Coogan, author of "Dreamer of the Day," subtitled 'Francis Parker Yockey and the Post War Fascist International,' published in soft-cover by Autonomedia.

For Kevin Coogan, this is Dave Emory saying, thanks for listening..

Destroy the Underground

Fuck Yes! The mighty TEMPLARS have a great CD available for you on TKO Records. This product is called "Biaus Seignors Freres" and it contains early TEMPLARS material recorded in 1994-1995 with the original TEMPLARS line-up that appeared on the Sonic Aggression EP "Poor Knights of Acre from 1993. The CD also contains material from TEMPLARS side projects THE EAST SIDE BOYS, IVANO & TEMPLARS and the SONS OF ACRE. Excellent!

Flat Records, in collaboration with TKO Records, has an excellent various artists Japanese/American "Punk Unity" 10" available for you. This demented hardcore fest starts off hard and fast with SLANG from Sapporo Japan doing a NEGATIVE APPROACH cover "Ready to Fight." Tough! Then SLANG pounds on your brain with "Move Ahead." A regular fucking hardcore manifesto! Up second is the DROPKICK MURPHYS, doing a cover of "Halloween" written by Lodi, New Jersey's MISFITS. The DROPKICK MURPHYS then do an original: "Soundtrack to a Killing Spree." Fucking full-volume, balls-out Boston hardcore! Flip this ten inch record over and you have Tokyo, Japan's marvelous TOM & BOOTBOYS punking their fucking face off with "We Are Punx!" TOM & BOOTBOYS provide one more original with "Free Tax" before tackling "Leave Home" by THE EDGE. The fourth band on this streetpunk/hardcore compilation is A POOR EXCUSE, Boston punk veteran Mike McCarthy's newest band. This shit is fucking fast and shouted punk with a capital P. A POOR EXCUSE cover the MINOR THREAT punk classic "I Don't Wanna Hear It" for their second and final song. Quite powerful! Order this shit from TKO Records 4104 24th Street, #103, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Charged Records from New Jersey has two new items for you to punk out to. The first punk slab is the V/A LP/CD "Punx Unite - International Chaos." This fucker is packed with over-the-top punk and Oi! by the likes of Amsterdam punks ANTIDOTE, Shiga, Japan's DICK SPIKIE, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania's VIRUS, the great CHARGE 69 from France and many more. Some of these bands are already familiar to you, others will be fresh meat for your punk record library. One of the bands that gets your immediate attention on side two is the skinhead outfit from Herentals, Belgium, UNITE AGAINST SOCIETY, with their song "Bring Back the Spirit of Sixty Nine." DIPSOMANIE pulls out all the stops on their feisty punk song "Rein Ne Va Plus," which is sung in French. Next up you hear a great band, PESTPOKEN from Huttenberg, Germany, tear it up with their chug-punk killer "So Nicht." Side two also includes good material from MASS MURDERERS, a smash-it-up hardcore group from France. On this LP you also receive MAIN STREET MAYHEM, out of Washington, New Jersey and more. This is a good compilation!

The second item from Charged Records is the 7" EP by UFC. This four-song record starts off with "Second State" and then slams into "Fuck the World." Fast and furious punk rock for you chaos kids! Side two is more snotty punk with "Punk Rock Stars" and a pleasant little closing number, "I Fucking Hate You." This is raw and unbridled nastiness for you punkers!

Herr Novack's Building 13 Records, formerly known as Chapter 11 Records, presents the new full-length CD by the skinhead band THE RIGHTEOUS from Sweden. The album is entitled "And the Saga Begins." This CD is filled with gruff singing, melodic rock-influenced oi and busy guitarwork. "Thinking of You" has good hooks and keeps the street-rock momentum alive throughout. THE RIGHTEOUS express some of the same thoughts as COMBAT 84 in "Rapist." "Good Bye" is a good tune, which runs right into "Cop Killer Crew," with lyrics about beating up the boys in blue! Of course, these skinheads sing a song about alcohol and its called "Healing Booze." A good song for you to listen to is "We May Be." The lyrics go like this: "We may be the ones you hate, the ones you despise/ We may be the hooligans you spit in our face/ We may be the street kids, the factory gals and lads/ We may be the lager thugs you've been warned about by yer dads/ But we are here whatever you may say, we play our music for our people anyway/ We're at the front along with all our mates, it's up to us, to us to keep the faith/ We may be the people that would never have a chance

in your world of power and money, but we're proud of our stance/ We may be the workers and you might be the boss, but you can't beat our pride, this world belongs to us." THE RIGHTEOUS sing in English and they have a tough guy attitude that must be reckoned with. THE RIGHTEOUS close the CD with "Lack of Fun," a song about no money and no beer. "And the Saga Begins" was produced by Carl Fritscher of THE TEMPLARS, and the sound production is very good, with a special emphasis on the lead guitar work. Get your Building Thirteen product through TKO Records, 4104 24th Street #103, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Knockout Records has three great selections for you skins and punks! The first LP is the BOLLOCKS from Japan, with their over-the-top charged punk LP "Here's a Gift for You." This shit rocks really hard with good songs like "I Know You're Stupid," "Rise in Revolt," "Disbollocks" and "Fuckin Bastard." This continues the punk onslaught the BOLLOCKS started two years ago with their debut, "Total Fuckin' Bollocks" 10" on Knockout. Back then, the BOLLOCKS were a three piece and have since added a fourth member. Fans of the DISCOCKS must listen to the BOLLOCKS!

The second Knockout item is the LP by EVIL CONDUCT, entitled "Sorry, No." This is a tastefully done, melodic, three-piece skinhead album from Holland. The playing is quite refined, with passionate singing in the forefront and highly competent back-up vocals. The song called "The Way You Wanna Live" is good music with poignant lyrics. "A Way Life" captures the essence of skinhead brotherhood. EVIL CONDUCT started in 1985 after the demise of the punk band STRESS. In 1988 they folded the first incarnation of EVIL CONDUCT. Ten years later they have reformed.

Number three Knockout release is the LOIKAEMIE "Ihr Fur Uns Wir Fur Euch" LP. This fine album was recorded back in 1996, but the German government's censorship officials stopped distribution in October 1999. The two songs in question referred to "abnormal sexual practices" and were deleted for this new release. LOIKAEMIE are a good Oi! band.

Real Skinhead Net Records has a first-rate CD compilation for you called "Unity is Dead...So Pass the Beer." Right from the start, this shit kicks ass with Belgium's FIST OF STEEL doing "Rip It Up." Great! FIST OF STEEL do two more melodic numbers before yielding to the BLURTERS, from Australia, with their "Pusfuck" number kicking your ever-loving ass! The BLURTERS continue to bludgeon you with "Teenage Fuck Machine" and "When Love Turns to Hate." Fucking excellent! Next up you have RETALIATIOR dropping the hammer on you with Oi! punk/metal bombs, "Crusade," "Strength Through Oi!" and "Pure Impact." Great! The REFORMED are the next band on the compilation, with three songs that have punk snarl with lots of guitar power. The fifth band on this rough and tumble CD is CRUSADE, doing some damn palatable punk rock with melodic underpinnings. JBS is next on your listening assignment, with their punk song "Amputee Sex" and two more equally charming ditties. This is fast punk with the desired politically incorrect lyrics. The final band on this RSN Records assault is SEMTEX, fronted by Aleysha on vocals and Yvonne on guitar. This is singalong punk rock with some fast parts and other slow melodic bits. Get in touch with www.realskinheads.net for information on these bands , this compilation, and the skinhead scene in general.

Insurgence Records from Toronto, Ontario, Canada has two new selections for you this month. First from Insurgence is the veteran Oi! band KLASSE KRIMINALE with their new CD "Electric Caravans." This new material was recorded during six twelve-hour days in Surrey, England, in December 1998, with Jimmy Pursey of SHAM 69 as the producer. The songs are slower melodic punk/Oi! with good singalong choruses. The guitar is mixed prominently in the front. As always, Marco Balestrino provides first-class vocals. A good example of vintage KLASSE KRIMINALE's sound is offered in "Si Puo Fare." Some of the songs are boring slow ska/dub items, but when KLASSE KRIMINALE play punk rock, they do it well. Give a listen to "Vivi La Tua Vita." The second CD available for you punks and skins from Insurgence Records this month is the compilation "Class Pride Worldwide." This fucker is packed with good street punk and Oi! songs! Insurgence Records has allied themselves with the anti-fascist PRISONER WELFARE FUND from Toronto to help with the legal fees needed to defend imprisoned anti-fascists. Mad Butcher Records from Zierenberg, Germany, and the Red and Anarchist Skinheads from New York, New York, have also contributed to the output. Some of the bands worth listening to are: THE STREET TROOPERS from Montreal Quebec, Canada, doing "Don't Let Them Win," THE STAGE BOTTLES from Zierenberg, Germany, doing "Dead But Not Forgiven," REAZIONE from Rimini, Italy, doing "Forse Un Giorno Vincera" and REMENCES doing their song "Sota Control." Those wily, old Oi! veterans and one of the original SHARP skinhead bands, THE OPPRESSED from Wales, does a clever version of THE WHO's "Substitute" with the lyrics rearranged. Read this anti-fascist rendition of "Substitute:" "You were born with a yellow streak down your back/ And it's only innocents that you attack/ You're a prostitute for a Nazi man/ You're being used in his master plan/ And when he's taken all you've got/ You'll be up against the wall and shot/ Substitute - that's a fact/ See right through your union jack/ See right through the hate you cry/ Substitute - that's no lie/ You think you look pretty good together/ But your politics ain't all that clever/ You're a prostitute for a Nazi whore/ A mercenary in a fascist war/ And if they ever do succeed/ You're the first ones that they'll breed/ ". Very Good! You then receive a rousing song called "Aunty Pauline" by H-BLOCK 101 from Prahran, Australia. This is good bar room punk for you drunken sods. Next, you have KLASSE KRIMINALE with their tune "I Ragazzi Sono Innocenti" from the aforementioned "Electric Caravans" CD on Insurgence. The next cut is supplied by SCRAPY, courtesy of Mad Butcher Records from Zierenberg, Germany. This is followed by the guitar heavy, fast, high-spirited, and melodic BLASTCAPS from Toronto. THE PINKERTON THUGS from Wells, Maine, do "Propaganda" by THE DEED, followed by OPCIO K-95 from Valles (Barcelona), Spain, and their good Oi! song "Skinhead Only Red." LOS FASTIDIOS are up next with "S.H.A.R.P." This Verona, Italy-based band puts out consistently good punk rock. LES PARTISANS, BLAGGERS ITS and YA BASTA round out this interesting and eclectic CD. Write to Insurgence Records at 2 Bloor St., W., Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario M4W3E2, Canada. www.insurgence.net.

Pure Impact Records has three good skinhead releases for you this month. The first record for you is THE HOOLIES of Jutland, Denmark. These are finely-honed skinhead anthems with gruff vocals, good harmonies and very interesting guitar work. These guys definitely know how to play quality Oi! music with hooks! THE HOOLIES sing about their favorite pastime — drinking — on two of the songs on this EP. "Stop Drinking" describes how a Sunday hangover brings up thoughts of stopping the consumption, but Monday night he's down the pub again. "Toxic Beverage" unfolds with the protagonist getting drunk, coming on to a local woman, getting rejected and ultimately getting thrown out of the bar. The third selection for you on Pure Impact is CRUSADE, with their "Sounding the Death Knell of Britain" CD. This is slower, more melodic British Oi! with the occasional acoustic guitar and caustic lyrics. Listen to the words to the song "Broken Promises:" "Looking through the pages of our history/ The politician's pledge lands us in misery/ Working harder for these crooks for little reward/ People ask them to deliver, what for?/ Broken promises/ All through history/ Broken promises/ Making a fool of me/ There was a time that we were fooled/ Worked our fingers to the bone while the rich man ruled/ Times will never be like that we said/ 'Cos we learnt our lesson last time/ And we won't be fooled again." CRUSADE questions how much influence working men and women have on the government in "Freedom of Speech." Read on: "Freedom of speech but not for me/ It's for liberals and democracy/ Not for those who question why/ Who think the law's not beyond reply/ What freedom of speech?/ The working class has got no say/ Who would listen anyway?/The ruling class think we're less than men/ What is good for us ain't good for them/ Criticize, do you dare?/ Stand up for what you believe in/ But is it worth the risk?/ Point out the simple facts/ You are called a liar and a cheat/ Is there still such a thing as a reason?/ Does anyone care?/ While some lie, defraud and deceive/ You are paying off fines or in prison/ You ain't allowed a say/ Goodbye to your life." Contact Pure Impact Records for these releases at: Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, Belgium. pure_Impact @usa.com.

The LOWER CLASS BRATS have a great new CD out on Punkcore Records called "The Plot Sickens". This fucker is filled to the brim with street punk anthems and shows you once again why Ausin, Texas Streetpunk/Oi! veterans the LOWER CLASS BRATS are well respected by anybody that knows dick about punk rock. Bones and his crew have all the proper punk rock accouterments, and if you have ever seen Bones perform in full punk regalia you know

that he is a master showman. Go see the LOWER CLASS BRATS when they come to your town. Order the new CD from Punkcore, PO box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953.

Fucking LIME CELL from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is back with a brutal CD on Headache Records called "Destroy the Underground." This raw fucker starts out with "Drunk Again" and carries on with "Flip Flops and Champagne" and "Said It Before," about getting drunk and throwing up- "One of those nights where you wished you never walked out the door." Next, LIMECELL unleashes the heavy artillery on you punks. "U3" and "No Action" are back-to-back rock 'n' roll terrors. After those two you get a song about "Crazy Dave" and then a real good number called "Kiss Ass" that goes like this: "Never had the guts/ To be your own man/ Rollin' over backwards/ Mister yes man/ Along for the ride/ Not an ounce of pride/ Objection doesn't fit in your plan/ Boot lickin', dick swinging/ Good-gobbin, foot-rubbin/Errand-running, boss-loving kiss ass/ No boss around/ Ya try to act like us/ Your presence is/ The meaning of disgust/ Actions say it all/ And you're heading for a fall/ I can't believe you sleep a wink at all" Hell Yes!! LIME CELL hammers through "Just Plain Broke," "Hey Loser," "Roadkill" and "Bloodthirsty Stalker.". Then you get a special treat - Kevin and the guys fuck your shit up with "Love Me Like A Reptile" by MOTORHEAD. Fucking great! Order this CD right now from Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

THE BLOODY SODS out of Georgia have a stompin' good CD out now on Mad Skull Records from Amsterdam, Holland. This new chunk of raw punk rock 'n' roll is called "Don't Give Up The Fight," and the whole album is tough and hard! THE BLOODY SODS even cover one of Southern Califonia's best punk/ metal bands- SUICIDAL TENDENCIES- with their song "War Inside My Head" Great shit!!! Contact the BLOODY SODS at: 3150 E. Hwy 34 #246, Newnan, GA 30263. Order from Mad Skull at PO Box 57159 1040BB, Amsterdam, Holland. Email:oebmadskull@hotmail.com

THE BLURTERS and A.V.O. have an ass-kicking split EP called "Hated and Proud" available on Snapshot Records out of Australia. This fucker kicks your hardcore butt into next week! The BLURTERS bombard you with "20 Pages" and "Hit Squad" Great! A.V.O. attack with "False Hopes" and "Erskineville Fight Night". This is a great record! Order your copy from: Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW, Australia.

Hostage Records from Huntington Beach, California, has a new super snotty punk rock EP for you STITCHES fans. THE NUMBERS have the bad boy attitude and lots of help from Mike Lohrman producing. This shit rocks hard as fuck with a great 1977 feel to it. "Spit in Your Coffee" is a really good punk rock song! Turn this record over and you get more excellent punk with "Remote Control" and "Yer Rock N' Roll." Both songs rock! Write to: Hostage Records, 8861 Bolin Circle, Huntington Beach, CA 92646. www.musicsucks.com/hostage.

Murder and Mayhem Records from Garner, North Carolina, has a fine little four-band compilation 7" EP for you punks called "Drunks Not Dead." We start off the festivities with Raleigh, North California's finest THE LOUTS, with an up-tempo punk ditty called "Everyday Drinking." Side two starts off with THE BOOT MILITIA from Abescon, New Jersey, doing their punk-as-fuck song "Menace to Sobriety." Yeah! This shit just cries out for substance abuse! The punk come screaming out on "Menace to Sobriety." Quite a catchy song title, too! This is good-spirited, fun punk with snotty vocals and lots of attitude. Next up is DIE STROH SACKE from Berlin, with a good singalong pub-punk number called "Alkohol." This provides lots of entertainment for the punks. The BAD PREACHERS from Belgium wrap up this drunken debauchery with "Tequila Tornado," which has a LAZY COWGIRLS or HUMPERS sound. Write to Murder and Mayhem Records, 1500 Miriam Avenue, Garner, North Carolina 27529.

THE CANDY SNATCHERS, one of the most dramatic live punk bands in these United States, has released a half studio, half live record for you cretins! The live material has average to above average sound with Larry and Matt performing hits like "No Time to Waste," "Treda Douche," "I'm a Bastard," "Burn It to the Ground," "Hard Up," "Drunken Blur" and "Pain in the Ass." Yes! Side two was recorded by Andy Slob at Centsless Productions in Cincinnati, Ohio, and features CANDY SNATCHERS classics like "Dead and Alive," "Sounds Like Shit" and "We Never Learn." Write to: Black Lung Records, PO Box 3692, Morgantown, West Virginia 26503 USA.

TEEN CRUD COMBO has a rocking 7" EP on Black Lung Records called "Suck It." This is full-bore rock from the get-go with a possible influence by Larry May. Rock 'n' roll guitar abounds! This young band has lots of energy , and they write some good songs too. Keep your eye on TEEN CRUD COMBO.

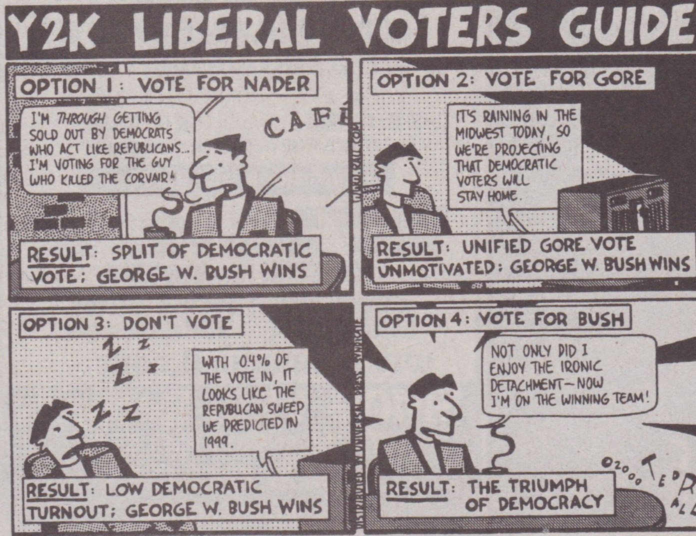
THE TEMPLARS, the Number One Skinhead band in the world, came to play San Francisco recently. The music was brilliant, with great TEMPLARS songs like " The Templars," "War on the Streets," " These Four Walls," "I Believe In Myself," "Skinhead Punk," " Victim," "Police Informer" and a good version of "Career Opportunities" by THE CLASH.

TERMINUS CITY provided excellent support both nights with their West Coast debut. The crowd sang along enthusiastically to "My Castle," "Work for a Living" and a great version of Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison." Frank and TERMINUS CITY made new fans and enthralled the existing ones with their power. THE REDUCERS SF, THE BODIES, SOLDIER 76, SONS OF LIBERTY and THE SLAGS all gave 100 percent . Thanks to TKO Records and First Round Promotions for all their work.

The excitement of the first night's music was dampened by some immature cowardice on the part of one crowd member who stabbed two fans (one of them in the back) during THE TEMPLARS set. The show was cut short and the police came. Do these idiots who attack other punks or skinheads realize that they are ruining the scene for everyone? These same small-minded skins will be lamenting that, "There's no place for skinhead bands to play" when the club owners say they've had enough. If you fucking insecure thugs come only to fight, get the fuck out of the scene!

Till next month...

See you at the bar..



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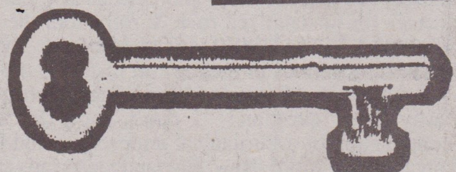

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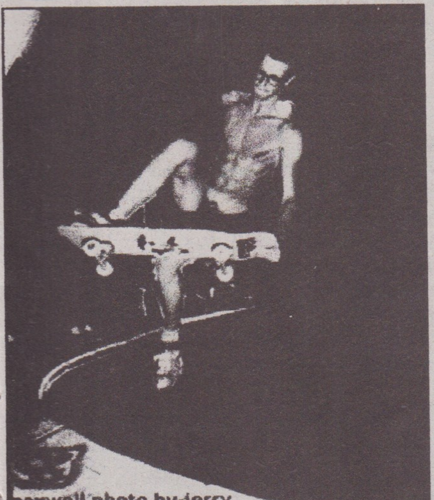

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A HISTORY OF A SCENE...

NEWENGLAND

By Jay Litch & Bruce Cantley

What is it about the Boston/New England area that has spawned so much great rock & roll? On the surface, New England doesn't appear to be the most likely spot for any kind of rock & roll, much less punk rock. Ask the average outsider (and many an inhabitant for that matter) to name one word that describes New England, and some of the most likely responses you'll get will be "Puritan," "quaint," and "foliage." But indeed the area has long and consistently been one of the world's best locales for un-sanitized rock & roll, from the Barbarians to La Peste to Unnatural Axe to DMZ/Lyres and beyond. Even during one of the most depressing periods in rock & roll history – the early 70s – New England had the Modern Lovers to keep things interesting. So the answer to the "why here" question? I don't know for sure, but maybe it's the combination of a Puritanical atmosphere and lots of overeducated teens (another one-word New England descriptive: "college") who wanna destroy it. Whatever the reason, let's get down to the story:

The Garage Era

This is an article on New England punk rock, but as much as you punk rock purists out there may disapprove, you have to go back to the 60s to get the full picture. Even at the height of the 70s punk rock era, many of the bands hereabouts were more firmly rooted in the 60s than most. Some of Boston's best even had long hair (witness the covers photos on the DMZ and Real Kids albums). But if you think the long hair was a tribute to hippies, think again. If it was a tribute at all, more likely the objects of tribute were the pre-hippie mop top garage bands of the mid-60s. Hundreds of New England garage bands were active during the '64-'67 period, many of them mediocre. But the best bands were truly great. New England legends the Remains, the Barbarians, and the Lost constitute the "big 3" important garage bands of the era (by the way garage legends the Standells, who sang about Boston in "Dirty Water" were NOT from Boston, they were from Los Angeles). True to garage legend form, all three bands created enough local buzz to get signed to major labels at the time. But the Barbarians' three minor hits (and the Remains REALLY minor hit) notwithstanding, all of these bands quickly slid into oblivion and either packed it in or went on to some horrible late 60s incarnations we won't embarrass the band members with by mentioning. Before the inevitable self-destruction and resurrection in the worshipful world of garage compilations and Rhino/Sundazed reissues, though, these bands set the groundwork for what was to come.

Undoubtedly the most influential of the "big 3" were the Remains, who formed in Boston in 1965 and quickly became the most popular regional garage band. Fronted by Barry Tashian (guitar, vocals), and including Chip Damiani (drums), Vern Miller (bass), William Briggs (keyboards), the Remains were clearly influenced by the Beatles on their first couple of good, but fairly lightweight singles ("I'm Talking About You/Say You're Sorry" and "But I Ain't Got You/I Can't Get Away From You," both from 1965). But by the time Epic released their self-titled debut album in 1967 – too late to capitalize of the Beatles tour – they had developed a much more "American" sounding tough garage sound. The album is easily one of the best American garage albums from the era, and includes such fuzz-punk classics as "Heart," "You Got a Hard Time Coming," "Time of Day," and an incredible cover of "Diddy Wah Diddy" (which was their only minor hit). You can expect to pay a small fortune if you want an original copy of the album, but luckily the album has recently been reissued a couple of times, first by Spoonfed records in the 70s (now very tough to find), and recently by Sundazed, this time complete with the cool original mod/psychedelic cover art and extra cuts.

Nationally more famous at the time were the Barbarians, who were from Provincetown, Massachusetts (on Cape Cod), and featured Victor "Moulty" Moulton (drums, vocals), Jerry Causi (bass), Jeff Morris (guitar), and Bruce Benson (also guitar). The Barbarians are probably remembered as a novelty act, and there is some truth to that, if only because the band had a great sense of humor, were self-referential (hence dated now), and featured the added novelty of the world's first one-armed drummer. But there is no denying that they were a great band anyway. "Moulty," the hilarious and possibly sincere autobiographical saga of "frontman" Moulty's life is a cheese punk classic, and "Are You a Boy or Are You a Girl" (later covered by Detroit/L.A. KILLED BY DEATH favorites the Dogs) and "What the New Breed Say" are also great. Despite an over-reliance on cover versions, their self-titled debut from 1965 is worth checking out. It's not as rare as the Remains' debut, but it'd still set you back about $100, so look for the 1970s reissue on Rhino, or if you must, you can settle for the evil scourge of CD.

The Lost are legendary more for the fact that the band included Boston icon Willie "Loco" Alexander (electric piano, vocals) than for the band's recordings from the time. Originally formed in Vermont, the band relocated to Boston and also included Kyle Garrahan (lead guitar, vocals), Ted Myers (guitar, vocals), Walter Powers (bass, organ, vocals), and Lee Mason (drums). They released only three 45s at the time ("Maybe More Than You/Back Door Blues" from 1965 and "Violet Gown/Mean Motorcycle," and "Violet Gown/No Reason Why," both from 1966), all of which are good examples of American garage with a Stones/British invasion influence. But the legendary status really begins with Willie "Loco" Alexander's stint with a post Lou Reed version of the Velvet Underground and one of the first records to define the Boston punk rock scene, "Kerouac/Mass Ave," released on Garage records in 1975.

One more New England garage band, The Squires, deserves mention here, even if they only released two singles and can't exactly be called "influential." From Connecticut, the band started out as the Rogues (releasing a great single "It's the Same All Over the World/Oh No," in 1966) and consisted of Mike Bouyea (drums, vocals), Tom Flanigan (lead guitar), Kurt Robinson (keyboards), John Folcik (bass), and Jim Lynch (guitar). Changing their name to the Squires that same year, the band recorded one of the classic garage 45s of the 60s "Going All the Way/Go Ahead" for Atco records. While the b-side is typical of the often moody New England garage sound and might be a little too pop for punk fans, "Going All the Way" is a fuzz classic, easily one of the 10 best American garage recordings by lesser-known bands. Check out early volumes of Pebbles to hear both sides of the single, but if you can find it you'd be better off digging up a copy of GOING ALL THE WAY WITH THE SQUIRES, a retrospective from 1986 on Crypt, which includes all of their single sides as well as some great unreleased tracks from the same time period.

The Dark Ages

New England did have a down period for a few years after about 1967, when the garage bands broke up and what become known as the "Bosstown sound" reared its ugly head. This marketing ploy was an attempt by the music industry to "elevate" Boston to the level of San Francisco in terms of hippie/flower power status. Luckily all of those bands failed miserably, the record industry lost a lot of money, and a bunch of coke sniffing losers probably got fired. This is not to say much came in to fill the void, but this period deserves some mention if only because the roots of New England punk continue here.

As with everywhere, the Velvet Underground were a huge influence on the whole punk "aesthetic." Not only did the band play in Boston on a regular basis, providing an alternative to the "Bosstown sound" in the late '60s, but along with the mid-60s garage bands, they had a huge influence on early Boston punk sound. The Velvets can be traced through the Modern Lovers (whose debut album on Beserkley was produced by the Velvets' John Cale), Boston's earliest "punk" label

Varavulen records (formed by Velvets worshipper and musician, Joseph "The Count" Viglione, and featuring several Velvets-style singles, including one by an ex-Velvet Undergrounder herself, drummer Mo Tucker), Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band (as mentioned previously, Willie played with the Velvet Underground for a brief period, from about 1970-1971), and even the punkier early bands like the Nervous Eaters, DMZ, and the Real Kids.

Mentioned previously and also hugely influential were Boston's Modern Lovers, who for most of the early 70s were the only new and exciting New England rock & roll band in existence. Featuring Jonathan Richman (vocals, guitar), David Robinson (drums – later unfortunately of the Cars), Ernie Brooks (bass), and Jerry Harrison (keyboards – later unfortunately of Talking Heads), the band never got any of its material released during their heyday. Their self-titled debut LP from 1976 was actually recorded in 1972. By the time the punk era began, the Modern Lovers had been broken up for three years and Jonathan Richman was well into his cutesy phase, churning out songs like "Hey There Little Insect" and "I'm a Little Aeroplane." But the debut Modern Lovers album is a necessity, including such proto-punk classics as "Roadrunner" and "Pablo Picasso." It should also be mentioned that John Felice of the Real Kids was an original member of the Modern Lovers, although he left (or was kicked out of) the band by 1971. But let's not dwell on influences too much longer. Now to the punk era...

The Early Boston Punk Scene

Other New England punk will be dealt with later in this article, because there really wasn't anything until the Boston scene took off. As a starting point, two local compilations which pretty well encapsulate the era are worth mentioning. Both comps are spotty and include some truly horrible bar-rock bands from the time, but just about all of the first-generation punk bands are features on one or the other compilation. Released at the end of 1976, the double album LIVE AT THE RAT (on Rat records) is still considered a classic defining moment in the local scene, even if an album's worth of material could and should have been flushed down the toilet. but mixed in with the likes of long-forgotten bands Third Rail, Thundertrain, and others are 4 of Boston's earliest punk bands: DMZ, Real Kids, Willie "Loco" Alexander and the Boom Boom Band, and Infliktors. BOSTON BOOTLEG (Varavulen, 1979) mixes some true crap such as Third Rail (again!), Fox Pass, and Boston Rockers; some interesting but ultimately trapped-in-the-era Varavulen label artists such as Phobia and Lord Manual; and finally some great cuts by Unnatural Axe, Classic Ruins, Rentals, and Count Viglione. One wishes these two comps could've been combined somehow and also included the other two classic early Boston bands Nervous Eaters and La Peste, but at least Boston did a better job at immortalizing its own scene via compilation albums than New York (MAX'S KANSAS CITY is pretty haphazard and LIVE AT CBGB'S is pathetic). On to the bands themselves...

Willie "Loco" Alexander and the Boom Boom Band are, in hindsight, a bit of a stretch as a punk band, being basically a bar band with both the garage and Velvet Underground credentials, but to give credit where credit is due, they released the pre-Ramones Boston equivalent to New York's "Piss Factory" or "Little Johnny Jewel" in 1975 ("Kerouac/Mass Ave" on their own Garage records label) and also contributed the scene-defining cut to LIVE AT THE RAT ("At the Rat"). "At the Rat" is basically a sloppy/Stonesy rewrite of "At the Hop" with localized lyrics that would be lost on most out-of-towners, and "Mass Ave" hits similar localized territory, but as anthems to a burgeoning rock & roll scene, they stand as classics today. The band later got signed to MCA and put out a couple of albums, the first self-titled album including their ode to Massachusetts-born beat poetry icon "Kerouac," but collectors would be best off sticking with that first single.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town (well, probably down the block – this is a small city), Joseph "The Count" Viglione was also defining the local scene via his ultra-tiny label, Varavulen records, which was mainly a vehicle for his own recordings as The Count. "The Count" EP and "The Count/Auguste Phenomenon" are, like Willie Alexander's recordings, a stretch in terms of what would later be known as punk rock, but the Count deserves credit for putting out two great Velvets-inspired 7-inchers, the scene-setting BOSTON BOOTLEG, and one of the absolute best Boston punk records ever, the Unnatural Axe EP. The Count later put out two albums: the very Velvets-inspired "I'm a Star" (on the French Flamingo label, 1979), and the new-wavy "Love and Flame" (on another French label that has proved to be a receptive outlet to Boston rock & roll, New Rose).

Speaking of Unnatural Axe, this band is responsible for one of Boston's most worshipped collector's items, the "They Saved Hitler's Brain" EP (Varavulen, 1978). Although they looked like a bunch of new wave nerds on the sleeve, this fact has not, nor will it ever, dissuade KILLED BY DEATH fans from shelling out the big bucks for a copy of the original EP, featuring three absolute classics in the title cut (featuring screaming backing vocals by the sadly deceased Rita Ratt and based on the unbelievably bad grade Z movie of the same name), "The Creeper" (also based on a great grade Z cheapie movie "The Twisted Brain," a.k.a. "Horror High"), and "The Plug" (which has yet to make a compilation appearance). The band, Richie Parsons (vocals, guitar), Tom White (guitar, vocals), Frank Dehler (bass), and Dom Deyoung (drums), still gig in Boston periodically and have been immortalized on KILLED BY DEATH, as well as on a recent retrospective CD/LP called "Unnatural Axe Is Gonna Kick Your Ass."

Recording for an even tinier label than Varavulen, Nervous Eaters put out two essential singles on Rat records, the namesake label for Boston's seminal punk rock venue. As far as I know, Rat records only ever released the LIVE AT THE RAT compilation and the two Nervous Eaters singles, "Loretta/Rock with Me" (1976) and KILLED BY DEATH snot punk favorite "Just Head/Get Stuffed" (1979). While their second 7-inch will be familiar to most of you, don't dismiss the first one. While only marginally "punk," "Loretta" is a great speedy "I'm Waiting for the Man"-style slab of Velvets/Dolls/Heartbreakers punk & roll, and "Rock with Me" is a very cool, slower b-side. Band members Steve Cataldo (vocals, guitar), Rob Skeen (bass), Alan Hebditch (guitar), and Jeff Wilkinson (drums), got signed to Elektra, the result being a horrible self-titled album that attempted to reach the mainstream by adding horns and piano! This album is a must-avoid, but the band did redeem themselves somewhat by later putting out a mediocre album of mostly late 70s-era material, entitled HOT STEEL AND ACID (Ace of Hearts, 1986).

Boston's most famous punk bands (at least prior to the KILLED BY DEATH comps unleashing some of the less-prolific bands upon the world) were DMZ and the Real Kids, DMZ being the better-known of the two. Consisting of Jeff "Mono Mann" Conolly (vocals, organ), Peter Greenberg (guitar), JJ Rassler (guitar), Rick Corraccio (bass), and Paul Murphy (drums), DMZ were in the position where they either had to put out their debut themselves or go to one of the very few adventurous labels willing to take a risk on a 60s garage meets Stooges band in a time when major labels wouldn't touch anything but the safest of the safe. Luckily, Bomp! records was around at the time and put out DMZ's debut "Lift Up Your Hood" EP in 1977. DMZ would later get some flack for releasing an overproduced (by the Turtles' Flo and Eddie) debut LP on Sire in 1978, but the Bomp! EP stands as one of the breakthrough Boston punk records of the era. Not a punk record in the sometimes narrow KILLED BY DEATH definition of the word, the EP is nonetheless one of the most vital records of the period, with 3 excellent garage/Stooge punk originals ("Lift Up Your Hood," "Busy Man," and "When I Get Off") and an almost better-than-the-original cover of Texas psych/punk loons the 13th Floor Elevators' "You're Gonna Miss Me." The Sire LP was indeed overproduced, but probably unjustly maligned. It's still very much worth tracking down and includes brutal originals "Mighty Idy," "Bad Attitude," and "Destroyer" as well as excellent covers of punk precursors the Sonics' "Cinderella" and the Troggs' "From Home." Bomp! later issued perhaps the ultimate DMZ album, RELICS, which includes the entirety of the EP as well as five previously unreleased cuts from the same recording sessions, all much rawer than the LP recordings. And of course DMZ later became Boston's most famous band, the Lyres.

Boston's other best known punk era band was the Real Kids, featuring ex-Modern Lover John Felice (vocals, guitar), Billy Cole (guitar), Alan "Alpo" Paulino (bass), and Howie Ferguson (drums). Like DMZ, the Real Kids were short of label options despite their huge local popularity and their presence on the LIVE AT THE RAT compilation. The Real Kids opted to release their debut single on the French Sponge

label ("All Kindsa Girls/Common at Noon," 1977 – again the French connection) and their debut self-titled album on the Red Star label (also 1977, making their album Boston's first punk album), hitherto the home only of New York's great – and much hated – anarcho synth punk duo Suicide. Both the album and single (the b-side was non-LP) are classic early Boston punk. Again, the term "punk" isn't in the KILLED BY DEATH sense. The album is more like sped-up 60s garage punk combined with New York Dolls than punk in the Ramones/Sex Pistols style, and the single is downright powerpoppy (in the least possible wimpy sense of the term). But both are bona-fide Boston punk classics.

One the other end of the spectrum, two of Boston's least recognized punk bands were the Infliktors and Classic Ruins, both of whom appeared on the aforementioned scene compilations early on but didn't get around to recording their vinyl legacies until later. Classic Ruins had more of an excuse than the Infliktors – reason being, they were an offshoot of the Real Kids and didn't form until 1979. Featuring (in addition to vocalist/guitarist Frank Rowe and bassist Richard Randall) ex-Real Kids Billy Cole/Borgioli (guitar) and Kevin Glasheen (drums – not on the Real Kids' LP lineup), Classic Ruins released their debut three-songer on Boston's most prominent indie label, Ace of Hearts, in 1980. Like much of Boston's punk output, the single isn't traditional punk as we've come to know it, but it's an equally potent slab of garage/Heartbreakers rock & roll and features some great tunes in "1+1=2" and "Nyquil Stinger." Under-recorded like most Boston bands, Classic Ruins finally got around to putting out an album in 1986: LASSIE EATS CHICKENS (Throbbing Lobster).

The Infliktors, meanwhile, first appeared on vinyl in 1976 on LIVE AT THE RAT, but didn't get around to recording their own single ("Where'd You Get That Cigarette?/Everybody Wants to Survive") until 1979. This was the first release on Ace of Hearts, Boston's most consistent and long-lasting punk label, and the band members included Lee Ritter (guitar, vocals), J.D. Sky (guitar), Paul Carter (bass, vocals), and Gary Cook (drums). The record was probably a too-safe choice for Ace of Hearts' first release, but it's a good, if minor, Stonesy record. They wee never heard of on vinyl again, but the a-side is pretty damn good.

La Peste featured Peter Dayton (guitar, vocals), Mark Karl (bass, vocals), and Roger Tripp (drums, vocals), and their one-off single "Better Off Dead/Black" (Black records, 1978) is a well-known KILLED BY DEATH Boston punk classic for obvious reasons. The b-side is a little slow and ponderous, but the a-side is one of the best American snot punk ravers ever. La Peste contributed one cut to the A WICKED GOOD TIME compilation in 1981 (well after they had broken up and with a different vocalist), and released a really hard to find live bootleg in the mid'80s (also with the new vocalist). In 1996, Matador put out a good self-titled retrospective LP, including both sides of the 45.

The Rentals, featuring husband and wife team Jeff and Jane Hudson, probably didn't intend to be punk rock stars, but nevertheless they put out a bona-fide psycho punk/electro classic in "Gertrude Stein/Low Rent" (Rental records, 1979), along with their equally nonsensical "Elephants" on the BOSTON BOOTLEG. They later recorded another good 7-inch ("I Gotta Crush on You/New York"), which was picked up for UK release by Beggar's Banquet, moved to New York, and faded into oblivion after changing their name a bunch of time. A retrospective CD exists.

Meanwhile, Elsewhere in New England

As the Boston punk scene gained momentum, punk rock started popping up in even less likely places...

New Hampshire

Slightly north of Massachusetts, but culturally years behind, lies New Hampshire. A bastion of rock and roll history it is not. Sure, a dysfunctional backwoods family clanged away two infamous LPs as the Shaggs in the late-1960s, and a handful of nice garage one-offs popped up here and there, but the small-town atmosphere simply can't foster the sheer volume of bands, clubs and fanzines that major metropolises can. However, though many of the artists were not captured on vinyl, the few that did press up records pressed up pretty damn good ones.

Extensively covered in fanzines, newspapers and psychiatric journals, Manchester's Kevin Michael Allin, a.k.a., GG Allin, is New Hampshire's most notorious social blemish. Whatever you may think of GG's later years, his early 45s stand as energetic blasts of Dolls-channeled-through-the-Ramones punk trash. After GG and Merle, his older brother, cut their teeth in the straight rock and roll outfit Malpractice (GG played drums, with Merle on bass), GG's obvious Iggy/Stiv frontman personality took over and resulted in the GG Allin & The Jabbers "Bored To Death" EP in 1979. Recorded live in the studio, this killer 45 contained "Bored To Death," "Beat Beat Beat," and "One Man Army." (GG's brother Merle appeared on this release, although he soon moved to Boston to join then-popular pop/rock band the Thrills.) Approximately 500 copies were pressed on his own Blood Records label, and GG cut, folded and pasted each sleeve on pink photocopy paper. At this point in time, the wildest GG stage antics included the bare-chested 23-year-old kid smothering himself in Crisco or peanut butter stage-diving into the audience. The Jabbers' next recording effort saw a trip to Destiny Studios in Massachusetts. This studio would offer cheap recording and record pressing packages, resulting in an erratic Destiny discography of great punk, terrible pop, and bizarre psych-folk. GG's "1980s Rock And Roll/Cheri Love Affair" (1980) is, in fact, his strangest record – almost bubblegum in its execution. And, check out the photo on the back cover: GG styling in his button-down shirt and sports coat!

Over the years, GG somehow hooked up with John Lennon pal and sixties radical throwback David Peel, who released on the New York City-based Orange Records label what became the last four GG Allin records before his descent into head-case history. "Always Was, Is, And Always Shall Be" (1980), though GG's first full-length, unfortunately contained only five new tunes; the other five comprised the first two singles. However, the LP did contain well-produced snot classics "Automatic" and "Don't Talk To Me," as well as a now-laughable black-and-white "teen idol" GG photo. Next up came "Gimme Some Head/Dead Or Alive" (1981), featuring the "MC2" - the machine-gun drumming of Dennis Thompson and spastic guitar noodling of Wayne Kramer. Somewhere along the line, GG again took the drum stool and pounded away for local femme Emily XYZ's artpunk band Stripsearch. A 45 was issued in 1981 on Vinyl Repellant, "Jesus Over New York/Galileo," some of which came with a collage picture sleeve. The "You Hate Me And I Hate You" 45 (1981) inexplicably backed a newly recorded anthem with two cuts off of the LP, while the "No Rules" EP rounded out GG's Orange years on a high note: three hot originals and a cover of the Ohio Express's "Up Against The Wall."

With live shows increasingly pushing the audience-baiting/violent envelope, club bannings proved inevitable, and the Jabbers eventually called it quits. The subsequent GG legacy is well documented elsewhere.

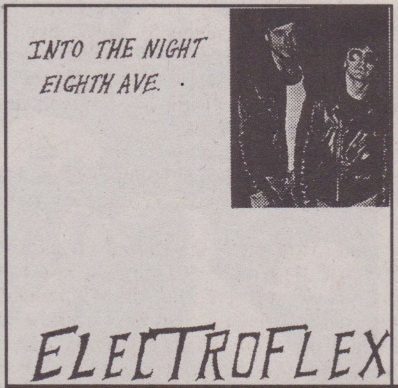
Jabbers' Manchester counterparts the Nubs started off as a new wave band in 1978. Formed by singer BJ Branch and guitarist Ron Jones, the Nubs ventured to North Country Sounds (NCS) studio – where GG's LP was recorded the following year – to lay down two tracks which would drive Killed By Death collectors to trade ungodly items to secure a copy of the 45. "I Don't Need You (Cause I Got Me)/Dogs," issued without a picture sleeve in 1979, embodies the accidental greatness of the Killed By Death aesthetic. Over-the-top fuzz guitar, quirky vocal stylings, and a dash of je ne sais quoi completes this forgotton classic A-side. Interestingly enough, the minimalist Casio organ-fueled flipside, "Dogs," became the plug side, as Doctor Demento featured it on his radio show. The Nubs gigged extensively throughout New Hampshire, Massachusetts and occasionally Rhode Island, and logged in quite a few gigs at the Rat. The band failed to make a dent in the music industry with two more vinyl appearances, this time on NCS Records' "Home Grown In New Hampshire" volumes 1 and 2 albums (1982 and 1983, respectively), and the Nubs broke up in 1983. BJ Branch and NCS studios compiled and released an 11-song compact disc of vintage Nubs recordings in 1996, after hearing of collector interest in the band.

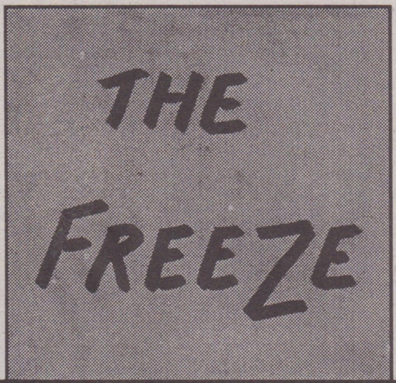
Turn to the thanks list on GG Allin's "1980s Rock And Roll" 45 and you'll find the name Joe King. Now an adolescent pop punk punk's household name, Joe King in 1980 was just another neighborhood cretin looking to play some stupid, fast punk rock in his seaside Portsmouth town. Luckily he met up with some fellow brain-deficient locals and formed the Queers in the early 1980s. With little cash in hand and even more incomplete song ideas, the band recorded six wacked-out Angry Samoans-inspired punk bashers. "We'd Have A Riot Doing Heroin" plus five more tunes were pressed up in an edition of only 200 copies on their own Doheny Records label in 1982. No picture sleeves were printed, though the band inscribed the plain white paper sleeves with band personnel info and other snide inside jokes and phrases. Unlike on their second, more infamous, gem, Joe King took lead vocals on this debut offering, with the exception of

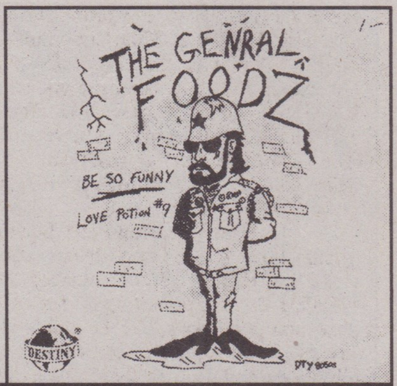
"Love Me," in which the local drunk William H. "Pappy" MacLaren, Sr. volunteered his services to read obscene phrases off a band member's T-shirt. Only in New Hampshire.

A more polished – relatively speaking – Queers record was released in 1984, sounding without a clue that hardcore or straight edge ever existed. King and company crammed seven tight low-budget declarations of retardation onto the "Kicked Out Of The Webelos" EP, again pressed in a limited run of 200 and again without a proper sleeve. But this monster featured the amazing faux-British growl of one Wimpy (drummer on the first EP), as King moved to guitar only. Tulu (a.k.a. Scott Gildersleeve, ex-Objects, see Vermont section) starred on bass and Keith Hayes on drums. The off-the-cuff studio weirdness ("Love Me," "Trash This Place") and abrupt lo-fi workouts ("Fagtown," "I Want It Now") of the first EP were replaced by more traditional Black Flag and Samoans speedy 4/4 stomp. Three of these tracks appeared on Killed By Death #3, triggering immediate interest in the then-mystery combo. Impeccable bootlegs of the 1984 EP, circulated by a shady Northeast collector and later by bandmember Tulu, made the rounds during this "discovery" period before many collectors had the original record to compare them to in the first place. Matrix numbers are the same, so check that dead wax for the "EG" etching on the originals, kids.

Vermont







Prior to Queers infamy, Tulu, or Scott Gildersleeve, hashed it out in clubs in Vermont with his garage outfit the Objects. Decidedly less abrasive musically, but just as juvenile lyrically, the Objects cut one self-released 12-inch EP in 1980. The six songs, recorded live at the Greatwood Cafe in 1978, sound like a bootleg gig captured on a Walkman in the back of a club in front of a handful of the band's friends. The disc marks a true example of song titles taking precedence over music – "You've Been Having Sex With Dead People (Again)," "Ant Brain," "I Hate This Place" – though the inept three-chord pre-punk succeeds in archiving an interesting piece of New England backwoods history. Modern Method in Boston distributed the release, which no doubt went forgotton until Queers-mania swept through the collector circuit.

The cold Vermont winters must have froze the brain of one Bill Toff, who recorded a mind-boggling novelty 45 under the Billy Wizard moniker in 1978. "Nazi Love/Steppin' Stone" surfaced in one of Vermont's college towns where Billy and friends hung out and performed brain-twisting psych-folk. A full-length LP exists as well, though not under the Billy Wizard name. Apparently two versions of the "Nazi Love" 45 exist, one on black vinyl and one on clear vinyl. Further, one states a Vermont mailing address, while the other lists contact information in a nonexistant faraway land. Gravel-voiced Billy, joined by the K-Mart Studio Orchestra, belts out a heartfelt (by SS trooper standards) ode to a Nazi love interest, backed by church organ sounds and electro-acoustic strums. "Steppin' Stone" adds psychotic violin interludes to the mix in this percussion-less effort. In this era of barrel scraping, the Billy Wizard 45 has garnered far more notoriety and value attached to it than deserved among the punk crowd. Noteworthy for its obscurity and apparent interest to New England collectors or U.S. completists only, the record ultimately won't spend much time on your turntable.

Maine

As physically large as Maine is, its vintage punk output is the smallest of any New England state (well, except for, ahem, Rhode Island, which still has yet to notch even one under its belt). Fronted by expatriate Brit George Ripley, the Portland-based Stains cranked the amps on their sole 45 self-released on the Gutterworst label in 1980. Two originals, "Feel Guilty" and "Give Ireland Back To The Snakes," and two covers "Sick Of Being Sick" [Damned] and "Submission" [Sex Pistols] adorn the black and clear swirl wax. While the EP lacks that exhilarating punk energy burst, "Feel Guilty" crunches along with sharp artpunk intensity. The band played consistently in Boston, and logged in more than 300 gigs between 1979 and 1983. One track, "Craters," appeared on the Modern Method compilation "A Wicked Good Time Vol. 2." A posthumous LP was released in the late 1980s, culling unissued studio tracks. These cuts, while nicely packaged in individually spraypainted white LP jackets, veer well into the art realm, leaving the raw guitar sound of the EP to stand on its own.

Connecticut

Even a state of well-to-do suburbanites can blast out some tasty punk rock, as Connecticut proves. Hell, two of the most elusive 45s to leave collectors drooling like cranky newborns for a bottle – Tapeworm and Peer Pressure – hail from this state. And two other monster New York 45s, the Reactors and the Nothing, trace band members to the southern Connecticut area, even if they weren't billed as Connecticut bands per se. But more on those later.

Before the obvious 1983 hardcore explosion (Violent Children, Reflex From Pain, CIA, Vatican Commandos, White Pigs, etc.) that put Connecticut on the map, and spawned popular acts like Youth Of Today and 76% Uncertain, Connecticut had pockets of rock and roll activity. Most notable is the New Haven scene, centered around a little club called Ron's Place. Here, as in cities across America at the time, the "new wave" of energetic, original music blared from the stage to locals who just couldn't bear the sight of a white polyester disco suit. The scene started to develop during the blizzard conditions of the winter of 1977-78, surviving until the club's final night on Halloween 1981. The scene's most popular commodity, the Poodle Boys, gained notoriety for being spotlighted in a Life magazine article on punk rock. Looking like a bad typical new wave band on the sleeve of their only 45, the Poodle Boys crank out pure powerpop on the A-side ("What Can I Do") and speed things up for the poppunk combo B-side ("Asphalt World/On The Fritz"). Their record marked the first release on Gustav Records (Gustav 001, 1980). Gustav, headed up by C.W. Bell of New Haven's Saucers and graduate of Rocket From The Tombs (pre-Dead Boys/Pere Ubu), went on to capture some of the more pop sounds of the scene. The Saucers self-released one EP in 1979 before Gustav released the second, more polished effort. Verging on punk energy but not quite crossing the line, the first EP contains the quirky "What We Do," garage-punk blast "I Didn't Get It" and an old Rocket From The Tombs stomper, "Muckraker." For the follow-up (Gustav 002, 1980), the band waxed a moody, introspective ballad "A Certain Kind Of Shy" backed with a 60s garage rocker, "She's Alright," complete with organ and fuzz guitar. With Gustav's next release came the Bats (Gustav 003, 1980). Featuring New Haven studio man Bill Murphy on keyboards, the Bats played straight pop; the guitar isn't prominent enough to put "power" in front of the word. But "Popgun," from the 45, turns out nice, hummable bubblegum pop. Later full-length efforts by the Bats and hardcore notables Chronic Disorder complete the Gustav library.

Some bands left out of the Gustav legacy left their vinyl reminder on the "It Happened But Nobody Noticed" LP (AIM, 1982). Collecting single tracks from Ron's Place fixtures, the LP ultimately proves spotty. Highlights include the Poodle Boys' speedy opening track "Pop Party," and the sole vinyl appearances of the Subdueds and the pre-Lost Generation outfit No Music. Unfortunately, acts with previous vinyl output – the Saucers, Bats, October Days, International Q – provided either overlap or inferior tracks, and the more obscure combos ended up

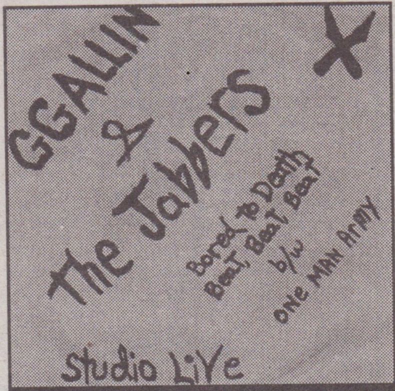
simply not being all that memorable. A cassette of a supposedly planned "Live At Ron's" LP exists in circulation, though a copy has yet to fall into this writer's hands.

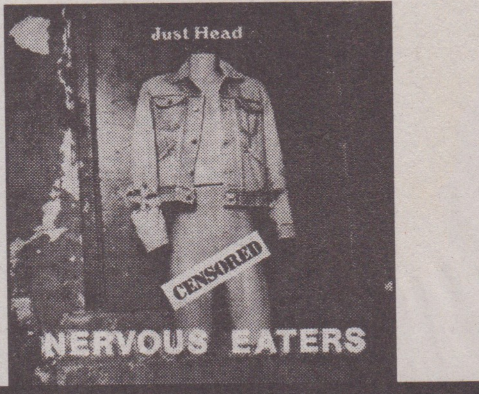
A little further south, in Bridgeport, the longstanding Lost Generation declared their slovenly beliefs in their 1982 debut effort on Incas records (Incas 714). "Never Work" gells as a powerful, melodic buzzsaw punk tune, quite a departure from the three roll-and-tumble hardcore blurts on the flipside that the band would become known for. The band went on to record a few full lengths well into the late 1980s.

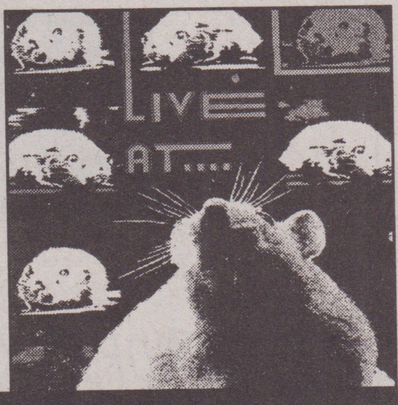
Near Hartford, in Est Windsor, the Regular Joes pressed up their inexplicable "Flying Butterfly/She Don't Drink" 45 on their own Prospect Hill Productions label. For a 1983 release, these tunes are mind-boggingly timewarped back three or four years. Neglected by or possibly unknown to collectors, the 'Joes 45 bashes out great stupid, ultra-basic punk rock. Most of the press was issued sleeveless, though some portion did contain them (and a band member reportedly ran off some fresh photocopies when contacted a while back by one collector).

Nearby in Hartford a few years earlier, Electroflex waxed their Dollsy glam-punk effort, "8th Avenue/Into The Night" (Wolfschannze Records, 1979). One can just picture the leather jacketed city boy swagger as "8th Avenue" spins on the turntable. Particularly grueling for collectors is the limited number of oversized envelope sleeves printed up, as most copies were issued sleeveless. Rumor has it only about 100 of these exist. Electroflex can also be thanked for providing the world with two members of collector wet dream/nightmare the Nothing. Though the some lads called Peer Pressure put their collective art damaged minds to use and triumphantly announced sole ownership of the "Sound Of The 80s" (Resistance Records, 1980). Apparently their four-song EP didn't sway many locals, as all traces of the band and the record turn up dead ends and blank stares. In retrospect, how could any self-respecting high schooler at the time turn a deaf ear to a classic line like "No future? I ain't got a present!" (from "Underachiever")? Maybe the Nutty Professor-sounding vocalist and lead-off track extolling the virtues of maternity ("That's Why They Call 'Em Moms") proved a bit too out-of-touch with the average punk consumer of the time.

The founding fathers of Tapeworm surely had no idea their low-budget EP would be the object of four-figure ransom notes twenty years later. Three Stamford high school students recorded and released one of the most sought-after, and greatest musically, punk 45s: "Break My Face/I Wanna Die/Blues For An Insurance Salesman" (Hermaphrodite Records, 1978). Wild teenage vocals, lo-fi power-chording, and an incomprehensible mixing job by nutcase Ray Sunshine mark this as an ultimate punk artifact. Merely an addendum in the second edition of "Volume" (incorrectly noted as a 1982 release), the band and the record went virtually unnoticed until some sharp detective work uncovered all the harsh details in the mid-1990s: A pressing size of 200. Less than 20 copies currently accounted for. No picture sleeve. No distribution. Copies given to classmates and given away at a record store release party. A handful of gigs, including a talent show performance. Soon, college-bound dreams sealed the fate of Tapeworm to near-obscurity. Connecticut







Nothing hailed from New York City, Electroflex's guitarist and drummer at one point shared in both bands, making the trek to the Big Apple for gigs and practice. With the inevitable breakup of Electroflex, the defectors devoted full time to the Nothing and performed on the elusive "Scream And Cry/Uniformz" 45 (Wideawake Music, 1979).

The Reactors, another New York City band infamous for an absurdly rare 45, "The Seduction Center/I Want Sex" (Meltdown Music, 1979), formed at the University of Bridgeport in 1978. The Reactors quickly became weeknight regulars at the aforementioned Ron's place, according to guitarist/singer Shepherd Ginzburg in the liner notes for the band's retrospective LP "Half Life." However, their popularity led to jealousy among the New Haven bands, and since a member of the Saucers controlled the booking, Ginzburg said they couldn't secure weekend slots. Drummer Jason Leavitt, a childhood friend of Ginzburg's living in New York City, got tired of commuting to New Haven, so the band then concentrated on playing New York. About this time, the Reactors hooked up with a New Jersey connection which led to the release of the Reactors/Derislandz split 45. The Reactors contributed live, though extremely poorly mixed versions of "I Want Sex" and "I'm A Reactor." Disappointed at the sound quality, the band members decided to rectify the situation – recording and releasing their own 45. Now, unlike "the void" that claims countless copies of 500-press records without a trace, the reason behind the rarity of the Reactors disc is simple: a 100-copy press. Ouch! And to boot, a flood destroyed about 20 of those copies. Quite a grim outlook indeed... Besides Killed By Death infamy, the Reactors notched one bona fide brush with fame during their three-year existence. Frank Zappa had come to New York's WPIX radio station for a guest DJ spot, when a friend of Ginzburg's burst into the dorm room and told him to turn on the radio. Zappa was spinning the Reactors/Derislandz split 45! The band wasted no time in running down to the station, introducing themselves to Mr. Zappa, and proudly handing him a crisp copy of their brand-new "Seduction Center/I Want Sex" single. Ta da! Zappa played both sides every day he was on for the next two weeks. Perhaps Dweezil still has the 45 at home.

On the New York border, in the rich little town of Greenwich, ... who woulda thunk it?!

Western Massachusetts

Western Massachusetts, while a couple hours removed from the city, contains college towns Northhampton and Amherst, and cities such as Lowell and Springfield, in which bands vetured to. A crew of intelligent college kids set their theorems to a Devo-meets-Rezillos beat and invented the Scientific Americans "Beyond Rational Thought" EP. A fun take on the Jetsons theme "Eep Opp Ork" sets the tone before busting into the EP's highlight, "G-Stalt," an amazing loud Devoid punker. The band sadly strayed well into the arty side of new wave on subsequent releases.

Nearby in Springfield, Dennis Most & The Instigators waxed the quirky "Excuse My Spunk/Destructive Love" 45 (Most Records, 1979). Sloppy guitar-and-organ shuffles fill the odd A-side, while the slower, nastier big-riff B-side steals the show. A not-so-memorable followup effort was released in 1982, "Baby, Come Back/Tough Break" (Plastic Vinyl Records), though the distinctive vocals of Dennis Most don't allow too much of a departure musically.

Some Boston obscurities

Just enough on the punk side of "pre-punk" to pull out a winner, the Tracks "Brakes On You/Bombs Away" (Blue Door, 1977) cull equal parts Dolls, Stooges and Ramones. Fronted by sassy lass Lorry Doll, the Tracks tear up some catchy punk 'n roll on the A-side, while laying down a solid midtempo Ramones groove on the flip. These ears are begging to hear more, but alas, this one little platter is all we're left with.

Long before the rise of the Internet, "cyberpunk" encompassed film/video and performance art wth harsh manipulated sounds. Boston's Ground Zero lays claim to the only important "cyber" band title. The first EP tempers the slower electro-grind tunes "Ground Zero" and "Marlena Berlin" with quick, aggressive punk classics "Ditch" and "Nothing." Most copies came in a color-photocopied pasted sleeve sealed with an orange biohazard sticker. An ultra-rare surreal black-and-white paper PS featuring melting clocks and kids in gas masks has managed to escape the

hands of most collectors.

The Molls, though pre-bad new wave band Someone And The Somebodies, managed a raw artpunk attack on the A-side of their sole 45, "White Stains/Is Chesty Dead?" (Skids Records, 1979). The release featured future Mission Of Burma drummer Peter Prescott and editor of important local fanzine "Boston Rock," Tristam Lozaw.

Destiny Studios captured the Genral Foodz on a good day, as this obscure combo had the studio press up "You Didn't Have To Be So Funny/Love Potion #9" sometime in 1980. The resultant Unnatural Axe-meets-GG Allin recording stands the only remnant of their flash-in-the-pan greatness.

Flamboyant gay scenester Lou Miami, along with backing band the Kozmetix, delivered a low-budget punk 'n roll classic with "Facist Lover/To Sir With Love" (Final Vinyl, 1982). This slab could have easily been overlooked, as it came packaged in a white plastic "cosmetics" makeup bag complete with pink lipstick lettering. One would mistakenly believe that synth-pop awaited. Miami released a 12-inch on Modern Method and a later full-length LP, yet "Facist Lover," and the flipside's homoerotic take on Lulu's "To Sir With Love," easily mark the now-deceased performer's proudest moment.

Before going on to bigger and better things in the world of hardcore, Cape Cod's rebel sons the Freeze told vacationers just where they can stick that bottle of suntan lotion on their debut slab, "I Hate Tourists/Don't Forget Me Tommy" (Rebel Records, 1980). Catchy, snotty and funny, the mid-tempo punker catches the band before they become too tight and too serious. Just competent enough and driven to hold it together, the Freeze's 45 is a classic punk moment. However, it is still baffling to imagine the lads, sweaty and revved up after finishing their tourist rant, break into the pop ballad "Don't Forget Me Tommy." Time to grab a girl and dance, I guess ... Red and yellow oversized sleeve variations, in addition to the sleeveless copies, continue to haunt completists.

The Diaspora

As the dreaded 80s dawned, the once tiny and seemingly cohesive Boston/New England punk scene inevitably began to split into more self-defined factions: the art crowd, the 60s revivalists, the power poppers, the new wavers, the hardcore punks, etc. While punk rock was always a diverse musical movement, and the New England scene encompassed as much diversity as any scene, the days of tiny clubs populated with a couple hundred fans/band members who all knew each other were over. Still, for a few more years anyway, the scene still thrived, albeit in a more splintered way. New wave, being the sanitized crap it was, will not be discussed here, and the New England hardcore scene would be better covered by someone with more knowledge, but the art, 60's garage revival, and powerpop scenes are worth investigating further. These scenes were mostly centered in Boston.

Boston being a major metropolitan area with a lot of colleges and art students, the art/rock scene thrived during the early 80s. The most prominent art band was without a doubt Mission of Burma, and to this date they remain one of New England's all-time most revered groups, along with the Remains, Modern Lovers, and DMZ/Lyres. Taking a cue from Pere Ubu and the best of the UK Rough Trade label bands, Peter Prescott (ex-Molls, on drums), Clint Conley (bass, vocals), Roger Miller (guitar, vocals), and later Martin Swope (tape loops/manipulations) were anything but a pretentious, self-indulgent art band. Mixing equal parts intellectual lyrics, musical experimentalism, and a true love of the Stooges and punk rock, the band first appeared on vinyl in 1980 with the essential "Academy Flight Song/Max Ernst" single (Ace of Hearts). While not everyone will relate to a single with a rant against prep school oppression on one side and an ode to dadaist artist Max Ernst on the other, this is nonetheless probably THE best example of postpunk/art-punk ever released, anywhere. "Max Ernst" is incredibly loud and brutal, while "Academy Flight Song" is just the opposite – a great pop/art anthem. All of Mission of Burma's releases are vital (1981's "Signals, Calls, and Marches" EP, and 1982's "Trem Two/Okay-No Way" single and "Vs" album – all on Ace of Hearts), but even if arty music isn't your thing, you should still own that classic first single.

The Girls have achieved legendary art/punk status as a result of one great, twisted single ("Jeffrey I Hear U/The Elephant Man," 1979), one posthumous album, and the fact that their single was one of the few non-Pere Ubu releases on that band's Hearthan label. Consisting of Mark Dagley, David Hild, Robin Amos, and someone with the last name of Condo (sorry), the band wasn't around for long, but the single is one of Boston's classics. Robin Amos currently plays keyboards/electronics with the Can-inspired Cul-de-Sac.

Not really a Boston band, the Five (originally from Pittsburgh, relocated to Boston) are worth mentioning here because their posthumous album was released after the relocation to Boston and because the first of their two Pittsburgh singles is so amazing. The second 7" (the "Act of Contrition" EP) is pretty dour stuff, but the first, "Napalm Beach/Excite Me" (1981 – on their own label), is an incredible psychopathic sex/art rant much deserving of a KILLED BY DEATH appearance.

The 60s garage revival scene included a number of good bands, but when all is said and done, the Lyres stand way above the rest. Still sort of together and having featured many members over the years, the band originally consisted of basically the DMZ lineup: Jeff "Mono Mann" Conolly (organ, vocals), Rick Coraccio (bass), Paul Murphy (drums) – and newcomer Rick Carmel (guitar). All of the Lyres catalog is worth checking out, the first 7" ("How Do You Know/Don't Give It Up Now" on Sounds Interesting records, 1979) being arguably the best of many great moments. Never the most prolific band, they didn't get around to putting out another record until their 4-song debut 12" in 1981 (a self-titled EP on the always reliable Ace of Hearts label), didn't record another single until 1983 ("I Really Want You Right Now/Help You Ann" on Ace of Hearts again), and didn't put out an album until 1984's "On Fyre" (Ace of Hearts yet again).

As with the 60s garage revival, the Boston powerpop scene included many good bands, but the standouts by far were the Neighborhoods - David Minehan (vocals, guitar), Mike Quaglia (drums), and John Hartcorn (bass, vocals), whose 1980 single "Prettiest Girl/No Place Like Home" (Ace of Hearts, of course) is a bon-fide pop/punk classic. The band also put out a 12" EP in 1982 on Ace of Hearts, followed by a major label stint and subsequent periodic reunion gigs. Though the band's vinyl output, save for the debut 45, does little to elevate their place in New England punk rock history, many scenesters from the era rank the Neighborhoods as their favorite band at the time. The reason? Simple: "If you could have seen them live..." The band's self-described "hard pop" sounds generated electric, energetic shows loaded with catchy, loud, inspirational rock and roll. Perhaps in the future the unreleased live shows and demo recordings from this pre-major label period will see the light of day, and the Neighborhoods will earn their rightful place as among Boston's best.

Whether it be high-energy garage rock, straight-up punk, powerpop, or art-scene rants, New England offers up many classics to whet the selective music connoisseur's appetite. Some of these originals fetch ungodly dollars; many have been thankfully reissued on legit or bootleg compilations and reissues. And though ample ground was covered here, odds are there's still uncovered rock and roll gems out there, buried in the attics throughout the quaint, scenic landscape of New England.

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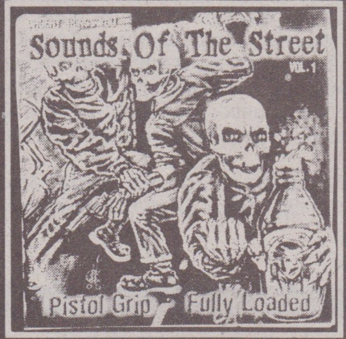

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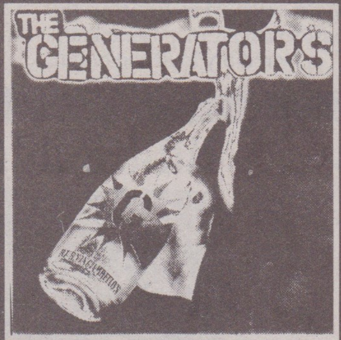

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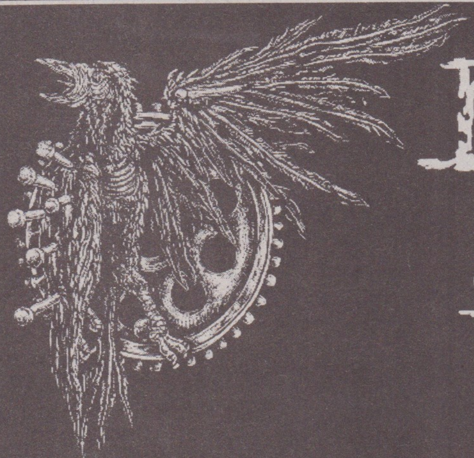

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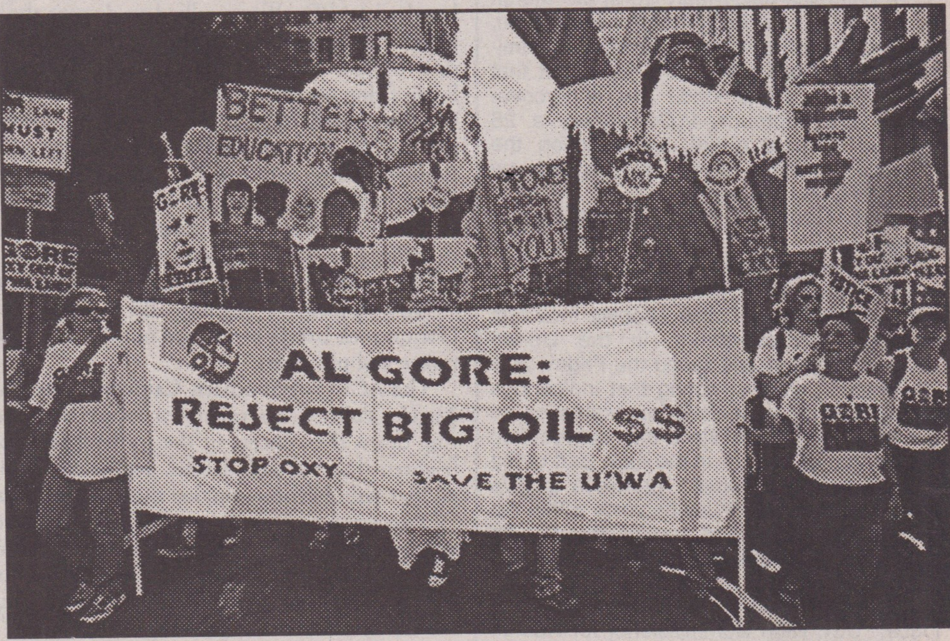
DNC PROTESTS: HOT TIME IN THE BIG CITY



Maximumrocknroll *trusts our readers have been aware of the large-scale protests in both Philadelphia for the Republican National Convention and Los Angeles for the Democratic National Convention. There are reams of first-hand accounts that can be read at your leisure at the Independent Media Center (http://www.indymedia.org), a series of websites across the globe dedicated to independent and progressive media to which you, dear reader, can always add your own reports. The Los Angeles branch, at http://la.indymedia.org, is overflowing with articles, accounts, analyses and photographs. What follows is then a summary of events and selected "highlights" from the protests and its coverage. For complete information on all D2KLA events, go to www.d2kla.org, and for the RNC, go to www.r2kphilly.org.*

On Monday, August 14, members of Colombia's indigenous U'wa tribe led the march to the Democratic National Convention. The U'wa have been fighting L.A.-based Occidental Petroleum's environmentally destructive plans to drill in their sacred homeland, and they vow to commit mass suicide if it goes through. Occidental's partner in the project, Royal Dutch/Shell, has pulled out, citing human rights and public relations concerns.

Al Gore, whose father was a vice president and board member of Occidental, owns at least $500,000 in the company's stock. Environmentalists have lobbied Gore to divest or to pressure Occidental to abandon the project. Instead, as the Nation reports, the Clinton administration "has been quietly helping the company - a generous donor to the Democrats in recent years - to win support in Colombia for its drilling plans."

The U'wa-led march through downtown L.A. kicked off four days of alternative convention activities [mirroring the protest events in Philadelphia]. Every day had an "action theme," beginning with "Human Need Not Corporate Greed" and ending with "Global Economic Justice." Participants chose between permitted marches and civil disobedience actions at corporate offices or other targets coordinated with the daily theme. Events included a mock Million Billionaire March; a Shadow Convention focusing on campaign finance reform, the widening wage gap, and the war on drugs; a "No More Ramparts!" march against police brutality; and a rally by the antiracist, pro-mass transit Bus Riders Union. (Excerpted and slightly edited from http://www.sfbg.com/News/34/45/45nfdnc.html, The Bay Guardian, "Crashing the party (Or: Y2GO2D2KLA)" by Daniel Zoll, August 9, 2000. MRR would like to note that not only did Bonnie Raitt perform at the U'wa rally, but actor Cary Elwes stood and voiced his support. We remember Elwes fondly for his role as Wesley, a.k.a. The Dread Pirate Roberts, in The Princess Bride.)

With scores of reporters following protesters' moves through the streets, organizers said they achieved their goal of calling attention to a variety of issues that all spring from a well of outrage over what they say is the dominance of corporations in American politics.

Protesters also caused slight disruption to the GOP convention, which continued in a hall nearly four miles south after most of the demonstrations had concluded. The Pennsylvania delegation and others were trapped inside a Center City hotel a few hours before the convention.

"The Republicans and Democrats don't represent working people," said Mario Rodriguez, 22, a union organizer from New York City, who was blockading the entrance ramp to Interstate 676, one of the routes from Center City to the First Union Center, the convention hall in south Philadelphia. "I felt if we blocked off the highways, it will call enough attention and maybe they'll listen."

Standing with arms linked near Rodriguez in the human chain was Jeff Ebbesen, an adjunct professor of English from Philadelphia, who said he was there because he wanted to show that someone like him--"a white man, 38 years old, married, firmly entrenched in the middle class"--is angry enough at economic inequality in the country to get himself arrested.

In a packed schedule of protests for the week, each day has a theme, and today was devoted to the death penalty, prison-building, death row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal and other facets of the justice system.

George W. Bush, as governor of Texas, has "put to death more people than any other person alive in our country today," charged Robert Meeropol, the son of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were executed as spies in 1953.

At the same news conference where Meeropol spoke, Jesse L. Jackson said that "Texas has taken on serial killer proportions," with 139 executions during Bush's term.

Earlier, Jackson attended the "Shadow Convention," an alternative forum for debate being held nearby, where the sentiments of the street activists against the criminal justice system were echoed by the more mainstream protesters.

Jackson railed against the country's "ugly, shameful, jail-industrial complex," and complained about inequities in the system. "If you're young, poor and brown or black and don't have a lawyer, youthful indiscretions are not forgivable sins," he said, alluding to Bush's comment about his own youthful behavior. (*By David Montgomery and Cathy Newman, excerpted.*)

On Monday, August 14, the Los Angeles Police Department informed the Independent Media Center, Shadow Convention, and other occupants of the Patriotic Building in downtown LA of an alleged bomb threat. The police have cordoned off the building's parking lot, which is preventing the IMC from broadcasting the satellite transmission of its daily live TV show, Crashing the Party. LAPD have also mentioned a possible evacuation of the building.

The LAPD received the tip, a description of a vehicle that police said matched the IMC's VW van, from an unknown source at their command post. A member of the National Lawyer's Guild reported that police told her they received the tip this morning, but did not arrive at the Patriotic Building until late afternoon, moments before the live broadcast of the IMC's Crashing the Party. Their presence blocked Indy Media from accessing its satellite transmission equipment, necessary to relay the program to television networks.

The county police, responding to orders from the LAPD, cordoned off the parking lot and detained 3 activists involved with radio operations of the Independent Media Center. According to Ben Rosenfeld of the National Lawyer's Guild, who witnessed police activities, the county police searched the van without waiting for the bomb squad to arrive. He said the police found no evidence and announced that they would release the detained activists.

Soon after, they reneged on that statement, saying that the activists would be detained until the bomb squad arrived. For a time, the bomb squad refused to

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

>>>NEWS SHORTS

>Struggle In Puerto Rico Continues

Four Puerto Rican independence activists, including two legislators and a Presbyterian minister, were jailed August 5 for refusing to pay fines for trespassing on a U.S. Navy bombing range on the island of Vieques.

>Police Officer Not Charged In Shooting Death

A grand jury declined to indict an undercover narcotics officer July 28 in the March slaying of an unarmed African American man, clearing Detective Anthony Vasquez of criminal wrongdoing for firing the fatal shot that killed Patrick Dorismond. The undercover officer had approached Dorismond, a 26 year-old security guard, believing–on the basis of his race, many have argued—he might be a drug dealer.

>United Nations Creates Indigenous Forum

U.N. member states have decided to create a permanent U.N. forum on indigenous rights that will give native peoples their first high-level representation in the United Nations. U.N. officials called the Friday, July 28, decision historic, noting that indigenous people have been seeking representation on the international level since they approached the League of Nations in the early part of the 20th century. The forum ``promises to give indigenous peoples a unique voice within the United Nations system, commensurate with the unique problems which many indigenous people still face, but also with the unique contribution they make to the human rights dialogue,'' U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights Mary Robinson said.

The forum, a standing 16-person committee, will be a subsidiary body of the U.N. Economic and Social Council. The Economic and Social Council is one of the main organs of the United Nations after the Security Council and General Assembly.

Half the representatives to the forum will be nominated by governments. The other half will be appointed by the president of the Economic and Social Council after consulting with a broad range of indigenous groups. Indigenous leaders have been campaigning for a U.N. Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People to affirm that indigenous peoples have a right to self-determination and to return to their lands. They say their campaign has run into strong opposition from the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

>U.S. Gov't Looks Over Proposal For Sovereignty For Native Hawaiians

Acknowledging "less than honorable" actions by the United States against native Hawaiians more than a century ago, the federal government recommended yesterday that indigenous islanders be given the same sovereign status as most American Indians. The proposal, a product of hearings held throughout the state in December by Interior and Justice Department officials, is similar to legislation drafted by Senator Daniel Akaka, D-Hawaii, and is intended to give indigenous Hawaiians greater control over their lands and cultural resources and to protect more than 180 U.S. government-financed programs–including housing and health care—primarily benefiting the native population.

DNC CONTINUED

come to the scene, citing insufficient evidence. It is unknown what finally convinced them to come. Once initiated, county police claim that the bomb squad could not be turned back because of issues of "hierarchy."

Another member of the National Lawyer's Guild expressed concern that protesters' First Amendment rights were being roundly violated by the police occupation.

Also on Monday, in spite of an injunction obtained by the ACLU against the police, and in spite of a permit for the public event, the LAPD made good on the threat that Zack de la Rocha of Rage Against the Machine relayed to the crowd near the beginning of their free concert outside the Staples Center. During East Los Angeles Latin funk-rock ensemble Ozomatli's set, four hundred LAPD officers rallied to disrupt the alleged "illegal action" in the protest zone on the pretext that people were standing next to the security fence. Television stations reported that one or two bonfires among the 15,000 member audience prompted the police to sweep the area and begin firing projectiles at the crowd; their reporters on the ground, however, have noted that the fires began only after the police began to disperse the crowd. The LAPD on horseback, motorcycles and in armored formation drove the protesters up Olympic to the 101 underpass just as President Clinton finished his speech delegates began to file out of the Staples Center. So-called "bean bags," soft bags filled with hard pellets, were fired at protesters. In addition, "stingers," or projectiles fired at the pavement that unleash a number of BB-style pellets at ankle level in order to inflict pain and temporarily cripple subjects, were also fired. Flash bangs and perhaps tear gas, rubber bullets and tasers were also used against the mostly young and heavily Latino protesters.

Rage Against the Machine did include a cover of MC5's "Kick Out The Jams," recalling the Detroit rock band's own stand outside the 1968 DNC in Chicago, also featuring clashes between police and protesters.

The ACLU of Southern California intends to file suit in federal court today against the Los Angeles Police Department for its attacks Monday night on members of the media. After shutting down the concert in the protest zone across from the Staples Center, police attacked the frightened crowd with batons, pepper spray, and nonlethal bullets. Members of the media reported that police officers singled them out for attack.

"This was a critical test to see whether a discredited police department could discharge its duties without violating individuals' civil rights," said Michael Small, Chief Counsel for the ACLU of Southern California. "The department failed in that charge, and then turned on those who were documenting that failure. They pulled the plug on the rally, then tried to turn the lights out on the cameras that were recording their actions."

"A free press guards against tyranny and abuse of power," said Ramona Ripston, Executive Director of the ACLU of Southern California, "and those who abuse power inevitably seek to control the images we see and the stories we hear. The LAPD on Monday evening illustrated these axioms starkly by targeting members of the press as they were covering the LAPD's massive, sweeping violations of individuals' civil liberties."

"We ordinarily receive calls after protests," said Ripston, "but never in my memory have we received so many calls from members of the media who were attacked."

In the last 24 hours, the ACLU has received numerous calls from members of the media describing police attacks on journalists.

Al Crespo, a freelance photojournalist, was standing on the corner of Olympic and Figueroa, one block from the demonstration area near the Staples Center. As part of a project documenting political protests, Crespo took several photographs of the LAPD firing on protesters. There was nobody between the officer and Crespo. The nearest protestors were at least twenty feet away from Crespo, heading away from him on Figueroa. Crespo had two 35 mm cameras, one draped around his neck, the other around his shoulder. He was wearing a white t-shirt and several bright, laminated media passes.

Crespo was then shot three times with rubber bullets. He believes that the shots came from the gun of the officer that was pointed at him. One of the bullets hit him in his left temple, near his ear. Another bullet him in the right shoulder. The third bullet hit him in the right ankle. Crespo immediately felt pain from his wounds. He walked towards the Figueroa Hotel. A bystander told him that he was bleeding from his head. Crespo was taken by ambulance to a local hospital where he received treatment for his wounds.

"Al Crespo was targeted because the recording eye of his camera threatened to capture the LAPD's violent and lawless behavior," said Ripston. "The bullets that struck him were not simply aimed at him. Their ultimate aim was to dislodge the eyes and ears of the public, to control our understanding of the events that unfolded Monday night, and to shut down the truth-telling role that media, at their best, can play." (ACLU press release, August 16, 2000)

Paul Lee, of Korean Immigrant Worker Advocates, says his group is going to call Democrats' attention to the country's largest sweatshop zone - located just under the nose of convention attendees. "Given that the DNC is going to be held basically a few blocks from this massive sweatshop industry we have here, we want to bring this issue as much as possible to the eyes of the Democratic Party leadership," he said.

As the watchdog group Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting observed in its July 25 report on convention coverage, "What emerges from this coverage is an image of activists as a paramilitary mob preparing to take to the streets to frustrate and discredit the police."

Del Monte Banana Workers Still Not Back to Work

As of August 1, local negotiations to implement a general agreement signed by the International Union of Foodworkers and Del Monte Fresh Produce had not succeeded in getting illegally fired SITRABI union workers back to work. The SITRABI union has again asked for international support.

The general agreement, signed in March 2000, was in response to illegal firings followed by violent intimidation of the SITARBI union banana workers in Morales, Guatemala in September and October 1999. After the firings, Del Monte leased the plantations to Guatemalan national producers who then hired non-union workers for less pay and greatly reduced benefits.

Since the signing of the agreement, an international campaign was put on hold as the SITRABI union, the local Del Monte subsidiary and the national producers who now operate the Morales banana plantations have been in negotiations in an effort to implement the provisions of the agreement. These include:

(1) All fired union workers who wished could return to work.
(2) A single collective bargaining agreement would cover all three plantations.
(3) SITRABI would continue to negotiate for the workers.
(4) Del Monte would not allow any individuals who participated in the violent intimidation of October to operate any of its plantations.

While there have been some advances in implementing the agreement, including the removal from Del Monte operations of the alleged leader of the October intimidation, the national producers and SITRABI have not been able to negotiate a new collective bargaining agreement and workers have not yet returned to the Bobos plantations in the Puerto Barrios district from which they were fired. National producers are complaining that Del Monte is not willing to pay them enough for fruit and are being pressured to accept contracts with clauses limiting the amount of fruit bought by Del Monte. The national producers claim that this strain is making it hard to negotiate an acceptable agreement with SITRABI.

Meanwhile, there has been only nominal progress in prosecuting those who beat and held at gunpoint SITRABI leaders, forcing them to leave their homes in fear for their lives last fall. The SITRABI leaders and their families are still living in a government "safe house" near Guatemala City and cannot return home.

On June 6, 2000, a court judge in Puerto Barrios refused to charge the perpetrators with kidnapping and dropped all charges against 5 of the 30 defendants. Only 25 of the original total of 44 people accused by SITRABI now face criminal charges, and the court cases could drag on for months. The most serious charge, illegal detention, provides for a prison term of 2-4 years. Since sentences of 5 years or less are commutable, a final sentencing of less than 5 years means that the offenders could instead pay a fine and no one would serve prison time for these violent and illegal acts.

This long-standing conflict was precipitated by Fresh Del Monte's firing of 900 banana workers last September on three unionized plantations in Guatemala. In October 1999, leaders of the banana union SITRABI were forced by local thugs to flee for their lives after the union announced an effort to engage in legal work stoppages to protest the illegal firings. The union leaders and their families are still in safe homes in Guatemala City.

The illegal firings and violent retaliation prompted a strong international reaction. The U.N. agency overseeing the peace process in Guatemala, MINUGUA, called the incident one of the most serious violations of human rights in post-war Guatemala and urged the government to investigate and arrest those responsible.

In late December 1999, The U.S./Labor Education in the Americas Project reported a link between Fresh Del Monte Produce and the violent intimidation of its workers in Guatemala. According to sworn testimony provided to the Guatemalan national police, the chief of security for Del Monte's Guatemalan subsidiary, Bandegua, was one of the 200 armed men who forced the resignation of Del Monte union leaders at gunpoint in October.

Louisiana Prison Inmate Denied Right to Abortion

The Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) filed a lawsuit in federal court today on behalf of a Louisiana woman who was forced to carry a pregnancy to term as a result of a prison policy that makes it difficult, if not impossible, for incarcerated women to obtain abortions. Victoria W., a pseudonym for her real name, was unable to fulfill the prison's requirement that she obtain a court order to be released for an abortion.

"Prison officials are thwarting prisoners' access to abortion despite clear legal authority that requires them to provide access to all necessary health services," said Linda Rosenthal, CRLP Staff Attorney who represents the plaintiff. "Women do not give up their constitutional right to have an abortion just because they are incarcerated. We have asked the court to declare the prison policy unconstitutional, so that women like our client are no longer forced to carry an unwanted pregnancy to term."

When Victoria W. first entered the Terrebone Parish Criminal Justice Complex (TPCJC) on July 28, 1999, she learned she was pregnant and immediately notified prison personnel that she wished to terminate the pregnancy. She was told that she could not be released for an abortion unless she hired an attorney and received a court order authorizing the procedure. Though she attempted to take the steps indicated necessary by the prison, she was unable to obtain the court order and was released from prison on October 13, 1999, 25 weeks pregnant and no longer able to have an abortion in Louisiana.

Representing Victoria W. are Linda Rosenthal and Julie Rikelman of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, and William Rittenberg, an attorney with the firm of Rittenberg and Samuel in New Orleans.

(*Reproductive Freedom News, Summer 2000, from the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy*)

Mumia March at L.A. DNC

Several thousand people gathered at Pershing Square in downtown, L.A. Sunday before marching to the Staples Center, the site of the Democratic National Convention, to draw attention to the pending execution of Mumia Abu Jamal. With temperatures well into the nineties, spirits were high and responses to the speakers and particularly the music, stayed enthusiastic throughout. The atmosphere was relaxed and the police presence, while ample, was relatively subdued. The march was orchestrated and led, with consummate skill, by the Los Angeles Coalition To Stop The Execution Of Mumia Abu Jamal with the support of several organizations. The crowd was strikingly diverse with people of all ages and ethnic backgrounds attending, many from as far away as Northern California and Oregon down only for this day's event and intent upon drawing wider public support and awareness of one man's struggle that seemed to speak to them all.

An acclaimed radio journalist and political activist, Abu Jamal was convicted of the killing of a Philadelphia police officer in June of 1982. The most basic details of the incident, in which Abu Jamal was also wounded, have been hotly contested. He had intervened in a street encounter between his brother and the slain officer, Daniel Faulkner, and a possible third party that some witnesses said had fled the scene. No one else was indicted. Abu Jamal had no previous criminal record. The trial was marked by clear judicial bias, inadequate representation, insufficient evidence, tainted prosecution witnesses, and by the suspicion of political motivation. The circumstances and conduct of the trial have drawn widespread international condemnation from groups and prominent individuals as diverse as Desmond Tutu, Amnesty International, the National Black Police Association, Elie Wiesel, and the European Parliament. Mumia Abu Jamal had been a long-time thorn in the side of the Philadelphia political establishment and had garnered the personal animosity of the police department and then mayor Frank Rizzo with his persistent and pointed reportage of corruption, racism, and police brutality.

Undeniably charismatic and eloquent, Abu Jamal has continued to speak out on a variety of issues and published extensively from his cell on Death Row. Attempts to quash his voice have continued as well. National Public Radio and Pacifica Radio have both cancelled programs featuring him at the last moment due to pressure brought to bear largely by the Fraternal Order of Police, then senator Bob Dole, and the New York Times. An attempt to ban Abu Jamal's book, Live From Death Row was made in 1995, also by the FOP. In Mumia Abu Jamal's words, "They don't just want my death, they want my silence."

The case has come to symbolize for many a wide host of issues from racist bias in the U.S. judicial system, censorship and First Amendment issues, the rise of the 'prison industrial complex', and the morality of the application of the death penalty in this country. Behind the symbol, however, is the single galvanizing fact that a man's life is at stake for a crime he may well have not committed and who received a trial of dubious fairness at best.

The legal process of Mumia Abu Jamal has entered a crucial and perhaps final phase. The U.S. Supreme court declined to hear his case in October of 1999. His legal team immediately filed for a writ of Habeas Corpus on the grounds of numerous violations of Abu Jamal's constitutional rights in the lower state courts.

For more information call (323) 653-4510 e-mail: www.mumia2000.org

(*Written by Michael Fernandez for LA-Independent Media Center, Monday, August 14, '00*)

Missouri Prisoners Labor Union Calls For Boycott On Colgate/Pamolive, Endorses Boycott Against Marriott Group

The Missouri Prisoners Labor Union (MPLU) called a boycott of Colgate/Palmolive last month, in response to the continued harassment of Jerome White-Bey, MPLU president. White-Bey has served several moths in the hole for refusing to cease organization and the promotion of the MPLU, and as of a few weeks ago, prison guards at the Missouri Department of Corrections continue to physically harass and threaten him.

The MPLU's demands are as follows: 1) The establishment of a minimum wage for prisoners comparable to workers on the outside of the wall, 2) abolition of forced labor and abuse by the authorities of the Missouri Department of Corrections (DOC), and 3) support of a Bill of Moratorium on all executions in the state of Missouri. The MPLU argues that the chilling effect of the death penalty is the worst of the many forms of coercion used to scare prisoners from standing up as workers.

The MPLU is a legally chartered union by the state of Missouri, but has not thus far been recognized by Colgate (who contacts labor to the Missouri DOC) nor the DOC. The IWW General Assembly will also consider resolutions in support of the MPLU and the boycott over Labor Day weekend. The Seattle IWW endorsed the MPLUs struggle for recognition in October of 1999.

The Missouri Prisoners Labor Union also announced on August 14th that it was formally endorsing an international boycott initiated by Prison Moratorium Project against all products-services produced either directly or indirectly by Sodexho Marriott Services (SMS).

On March 28, 1998, the French multinational Sodexho Alliance (SA) took over the North American operations of Marriott Management Services from the Marriott Group. The merger made the new corporation, Sodexho Marriott Services (SMS), the largest institutional provider of food services in North America, with $4.5 billion in annual revenues. As of the most recent Securities and Exchange Commission filings, Sodexho currently holds investments totaling 11% in Prison Realty Trust/Corrections Corporation of America the leading investor in the world's biggest for-profit prison company. Corrections Corporation of America has a well documented history of abusing prisoners. At a CCA facility in Tennessee, prison officials delayed taking a pregnant woman to a hospital, allowing her to suffer for 12 hours until she died from an undiagnosed complication.

The Colorado ACLU filed suit against CCA's private prisoner transport company on behalf of a woman who claimed that members of the all-male transport crew sexually assaulted her repeatedly during her five-day trip from Texas to Colorado.

Missouri Prisoners Labor Union-National Communications Officer (and fellow worker) Michael Lee stated, " The entire history of private prisons is rife with abuse. Staff tends to be poorly trained, morale low due to substandard wages, [and] minimum standards of service provision mandated by the constitution are often ignored."

"This situation directly causes Prisoner abuse to rampage within every private facility." He went on to state, "It is the use of prisoner labor at slave wages which is very disturbing, for it attacks the standard of living which organized labor has fought so hard to attain."

Student activists at Evergreen State College in Olympia, WA, successfully pressured the administration into dropping a contract with Marriott, after revealing Marriott's substantial holdings and profiteering in the prison industry. This is a victory in the continuing resistance and public campaign against the proliferation of the prison system in the US, both private and public. It is also a victory for prison workers, in that the bottom line of a corporation that profits from the prison industry is now being effected.

To write in support of MPLU members directly, contact: Jerome White Bey #37479 (MPLU President); Potosi Correctional Institution; Rt. 2 Box 2222 (3a-46); Mineral Point, MO 63660; Bruce Cummings #36911 (National Representative) Jefferson City Correctional Center; P.O. Box 900; Jefferson City, MO 65102; Sheik Mark Moor-El #990115 (National Coordinator);Jefferson City Correctional Center; P.O. Box 900; Jefferson City, MO 65102. Letters must be addressed exactly as printed here, or they may be rejected by the DOC. To contact the MPLU office on the outside, write: Michael Lee, National Communications Officer, National Communications Office, Missouri Prisoners Labor Union, www.angelfire.com/sc2/mplu convict78@hotmail.com, 2435 E. North St. PMB 255; Greenville, SC 29615.

(The Industrial Union Bulletin, of the Seattle Industrial District Council-I.W.W., August 15, 2000, Vol. 4, No. 2, Special Prison Issue. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect that of the local membership as a whole or the elected officers. Letters and/or donations may be sent to the Seattle Industrial District Council/IWW, 5215 Ballard Ave NW, Seattle, WA 98107, or call 206-706-6250, e-mail bp172@scn.org. Submissions and press releases may also be sent to the above address(es).)

The following is an excerpt from "Prison: The New Slavery?" by Lorenzo Komboa Ervin, to give some background on the issue of prison labor.

The idea of creating a private corporation to run the prison system began in 1980 with a Nashville-based company called Corrections Corporation of America. After taking over the Hamilton County (TN.) workhouse for its first contract in 1981, CCA has now spread to 32 states, and several foreign countries. It is traded on the New York and American stock exchanges, and has made its investors billions of dollars in profits. The way it works is that it takes over a prison or series of prisons, promising local government and state officials that it can save substantial amounts of money by running the prison as a morfe efficient "business". This has yet to be proven, even though it slashes the wages of prison guards, and cuts back on prisoner expenses for food, medicine and other supplies. What we do know is that the conditions for the people inside worsens drastically, when a private company takes over. In fact, ten persons have died at the Silverdale workhouse outside Chattanooga since CCA has taken over, and similar atrocities have befallen CCA facilities all over the country, whether the beating or deaths of prisoners, escapes, riots, or strikes.

Another building block of the prison-industrial complex is prison industrial corporations such as the UNICOR, run by the Federal Prison Industries. UNICOR, based in almost all the federal prisons, makes everything from guided missile parts to clothing and furniture for the military and federal agencies, in fact they make over 500 items. It may surprise some to hear that they have almost $100-500 million dollars in sales, and $30-$50 million in profits each year. By contrast, the prisoners make about $1.00-$2.00 per hour. For years, federal law forbade them from competing with free labor, but this has now been changed, and the low waged prison labor is being used to not only undermine free labor, but drive companies out of business in the private sector. The state prisons have now formed similar companies to run their own prison businesses.

Finally, so called "factories behind fences," where a company is allowed to hire or rent a prisoner sales force or customer service team, is becoming more and more common. Some of the largest companies in America: Microsoft, TWA, Sears Roebuck and others are using prisoners as customer service agents, seamstresses, airline reservation agents, assemblers, and other workers. This even includes the creation of unique brands of clothing and other products such as "Prison Blues" denim jeans, which are made exclusively in prison workshops. This slave labor has not yet been vehemently objected to by either organized labor, civil rights groups or prisoners rights organizations, though a number of exposes have been done by the radical press. But an effective coalition must be built before it will stop.

Prague Protests Already Begun–With a Soccer Match

In Prague, anti-globalization activists staged a symbolic protest Wednesday, August 2, against the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank scheduled in Prague next month. A football match on the Old Town Square in the heart of the Czech capital pitted three "global" players--dressed up as McDonalds, Shell and Phillip Morris--against a worker, a farmer and a woman. With the help of a referee representing the IMF and World Bank, the three global giants easily won. The protest was the first in a series planned by the Initiative Against Economomic Globalization (INPEG) in the run-up to the September 21-29 meetings in the Czech capitals.

Some 15-20,000 demonstrators are expected to descend on the Czech capital for the IMF/World Bank meetings. 11,000 police equipped with riot gear are to be deployed in September to protect the thousands of ministers, bank chiefs and top officials from dozens of countries attending the Prague meeting.

The campaign, entitled "Fifty-five years of oppression by the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank is enough," will organize protests every 10 days or so, said spokeswoman Alice Dvorska.

Palestinian Refugee Return March set for September

On September 16, 2000, at 11 AM, thousands of Palestinian refugees and their supporters will take part in the Palestine Refugee Return March in Washington, DC. This important, historical and timely march to the White House will demand that ongoing Israeli ethnic cleansing of Palestinians be stopped, and that Palestinian refugees expelled from their towns and villages in 1948 and afterwards be allowed to go home.

The march from the Capitol along Pennsylvania Avenue will be followed by a rally in Lafayette Park in front of the White House. Invited speakers include Nelson Mandela, Heider Abdel Shafi, a speaker from Shatila refugee camp in Lebanon, Imam Siraj Wahaj, Gaza human rights activist Dr. Eyad Sarraj*, Edward Said and Ali Abunimah*. Invited also are poets June Jordan and Suheir Hammad* and musician Marcel Khalife.

The Palestine Refugee Return March, on September 16, 2000, will coincide with the anniversary of the 1982 massacre of over two thousand innocent Palestinians and Lebanese in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps during Israel's occupation of Beirut as well as the September deadline for the end of negotiation between Israel and the Palestinians where the fate of the refugees is to be determined. The rally in front of the White House will include a commemoration led by survivors of the camp massacres and will send a strong message to American, Palestinian, and Israeli negotiators that no return equals no peace.

The Palestine refugee problem is the oldest and largest refugee problem. It has been on the agenda of the United Nations since its inception. For five decades the Palestine refugees have endured great injustice and hardships after having been uprooted from their homes and forced to live in Diaspora, deprived of minimum human and national rights. Their plight is considered to be one of the most difficult and complex issues. Clearly, a just solution to the question of Palestine cannot be achieved without a just solution to the issue of the Palestinian refugees.

The question of Palestine refugees involves a number of complex interrelated elements of great importance, including historical, political, moral, emotional and socioeconomic elements, which cannot be ignored and must be addressed.

Following the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, approximately 750,000 Palestinians (almost half of the Palestinian population) were forced to leave their homes. Among the main reasons for this huge exodus of Palestinians from their homes, lands, properties and livelihood were the outbreak of war, the forced eviction of Palestinians and the violent campaign of terror and fear waged by Zionist terrorist groups. The value of refugee movable property plus land owned by Arabs taken over by the Israeli government was estimated at approximately 120 million 1947 pounds sterling, or about 18.5 billion 1990 US dollars.

Aboriginal Tent Embassy Declared "Peace Camp"

Aboriginal leader Isabel Coe declared the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in Sydney's Victoria Park a "Peace Camp" and invited peacekeepers from around Australia and around the World to join the camp in an attempt to stop the Australian government's "war against the Aboriginal people." She also announced the Embassy's intention to hold a public tribunal on the government's treatment of Aborigines.

She invited supporters from Australia and the international community to join the Tent Embassy in Victoria Park in support of the pursuit of peace, specifically as it relates to indigenous Australians. "We are volunteer peacekeepers. Because we can't get any other peacekeepers [from the U.N. or other countries] to come here, we'll do it ourselves. The time has come to stop the genocide."

She also announced the Embassy's intentions to hold a forum at which it will judge the conduct of the Australian government. "We're calling for a public tribunal for aboriginal people to come here and tell their stories about genocide."

Coe and her supporters established the Embassy last month as a means of communicating their messages about Aboriginal sovereignty and governmental mistreatment to Australia and the World as Sydney prepares to host the Olympics Games. On July 24th of this year, members and supporters of the Aboriginal community led by Coe, marched into Victoria Park in the Chippendale neighborhood of Sydney, lit a ceremonial fire, and erected a "Tent Embassy" camp in the spirit of the Aboriginal Tent Embassy established in Canberra in 1972. A battle with the South Sydney Council has ensued, surrounding the issues of land rights, the representation of Aboriginal peoples, and the conflicting applications of Australian and traditional law.

A few weeks after the Embassy's establishment, the Council issued to the Embassy a list of requirements for the continuation of the camp, including a request to contain the ceremonial fire in a barrel and a limit of four Embassy members that could stay overnight at the site. The Embassy categorically rejected the conditions.

On the morning of August 14, a representative of the South Sydney Council delivered to Coe a notice that the Council would seek an injunction for removal of the Tent Embassy if the camp did not disperse within 24 hours. The notice cited grounds related to public health, safety, and general disturbance. Coe refused to accept the documents.

Coe refused to accept the injunction on the grounds that the Council had addressed it to her personally and not to the Tent Embassy. "I am not the Tent Embassy. The Aborignial Tent Embassy represents over 500 nations across Australia. I will not be victimized."

Coe made clear the Embassy's intentions in response to the attempted eviction. "We'll be staying here right throughout the Olympics. We are going to take our message to the world." (By Andrew Connor)

CALLS TO ACTION/EVENTS

Call For Presenters, Papers & Workshops
Critical Resistance: Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex
Northeast Regional Conference
9-11 March 2001
New York City

We are calling on people to examine the prison industrial complex and mobilize for its destruction. In 1998, over 3,000 prisoners, activists, scholars, policymakers, advocates, cultural workers, revolutionaries and former prisoners came together to address the crisis of the prison industrial complex in the U.S. and internationally. From that conference, *Critical Resistance: Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex*, many new networks were started. Because prison building continues to be one of the fastest growing industries, the United States now has more people in prisons and a higher percentage of its population in prison than any other nation in the world. With the help of national Critical Resistance, we in the Northeast have decided to join our energies in organizing and strategizing to resist the prison industrial complex.

Our mission is to analyze the problem and then develop strategies of resistance that will not only inform people of the facts but will make more effective action possible. This conference will include skills training workshops, informational and inspirational plenaries, panel discussions, and video and audio presentation, including phone call-ins from prisoners. The goal of the conference is to establish a broad network of individuals and organizations committed to critical policy transformations.

For more information on the conference, see our website: http://www.criticalresistance.org or write:
Critical Resistance/Northeast Regional Organizing Committee
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All proposals must be postmarked by October 1st. Please write or see the website for submission guidelines.

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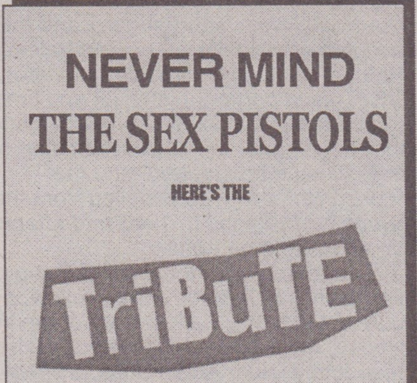

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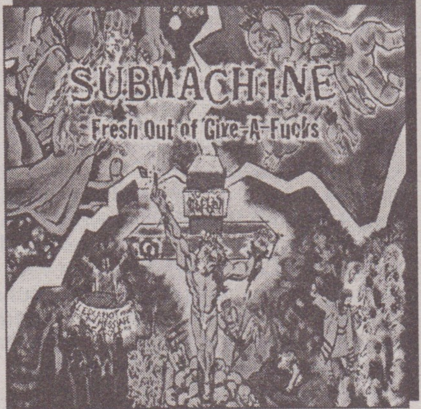

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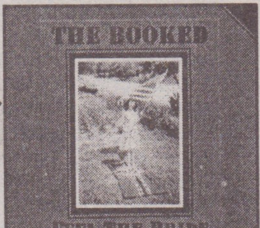

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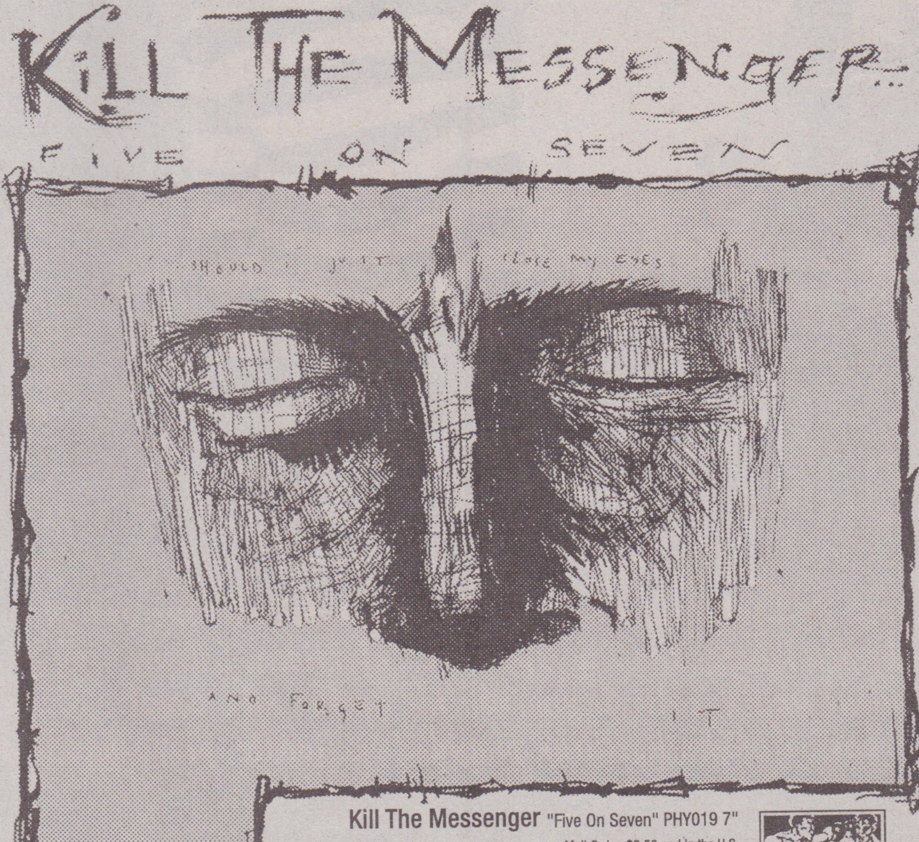

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Talkin' Trash With Loose Lips

LOOSE LIPS are a San Francisco rock and roll band. The members have been in one or more of San Francisco's '90s luminary punk rock bands; The Rip Offs, The Infections, Seizure Boy and The Spastics. Justin Schenberg- guitar and vocals, Shane White- guitar and vocals, Wesley Gravolet- drums and Greg Fenwick- bass. Danyka Kosturak provided the locale, pizza and wine

Interview and photos by Carolyn Keddy.

MRR: How did you guys meet? Why are you playing together?
Shane: Ok.
(Silence)
Danyka: You stumped them already. (laughs)
MRR: I thought that would be the easy one.
Shane: Alright, well, me and Wes and Justin were in The Infections. Where is Greg going?
MRR: Tell him to get back here.
Greg: (leaving the room) I'm gonna take a shit.
Shane: You got to take a shit already?
Greg: (laughing) I'm only kidding.
Shane: Anyway so we, uh.
MRR: I was thinking more of how you originally met. Did you know each other before being in a band together?
Shane: I knew Justin from when I first moved up to San Francisco. That was about early 1992. I knew him through Elka, and then he started seeing Elka's best friend Lisa, who is now his wife. He was one of the first people I met up here. I moved up here because I had a lot of friends up here, but he was the first person I met up here, and Lisa too. Then Wesley, I met from being the second drummer of the Rip Offs. He was Jason's replacement. Greg Lowery knew him before I did. He just brought Wes up. Greg told me Wes was a real arty-farty dude, but we had no choice because we needed a drummer. For weeks I was kind of scoping Wes out kind of weird because I thought he was some kind of art-fag dude, but then Wes was like, "Hey man, put that Motley Crue tape in" and I was like, oh man, this dude isn't no arty-farty guy.
Justin: Before I was in the Infections, I was in The Spastics. We used to play with the Infections. We played together a lot.
Shane: That's true. What ended up happening in the Infections, our old rhythm guitarist player was kind of hard to deal with. He was a good guy, but he was hard to deal with in a band. Lowery had his eye on Justin, 'cos he thought Justin looked good.
(everyone laughs)
Shane: I know Greg's dodging the interview already. When we met Greg, me and Wes used to see him walking down the street. Greg was just this longhaired dude who always looked dirty. He looked like his clothes were all dirty and he'd just be walking by himself down the street. He never seemed like he had a friend. Wes was like, "Man, that looks like he'd be perfect for a band. I wonder if he plays anything?" We used to see him getting drunk in the back of the Purple Onion and then we told him "hey listen we're thinking about getting rid of our bass player. Would you want to do the job? 'Cos we heard you play the bass." He went, "Right on."
MRR: So you got rid of your bass player? What's the truth about the demise of The Infections?
Justin: No, the Infections just broke up. I don't think there was any plan to keep on going without Greg Lowery or anything. We were in New Orleans and Shane said let's start another band. I said I know that guy Greg. Shane said, "Do you think he'd want to play bass" and I said "yeah."
Shane: I guess more or less. The thing is in the beginning, it was literally another band. We weren't gonna say "alright let's boot out Lowery and keep the name Infections."
Justin: That wasn't the intention.
Shane: No. We didn't think that way. We just thought fuck it. We want a fresh start. Clean slate. Change the name. New songs. The thing is, sometimes I get confused 'cos we did carry quite a few Infections songs over, like "Dollface", "Please Girl". There's a couple of tunes that we carried over that we still do.
Justin: But they are songs that we wrote and being in the Infections was like being in Greg Lowery's band. That's kind of how I felt when I joined that band. It was already somebody else's deal.
Shane: Yeah, what Justin is saying is true. If we just would have gone on as the Infections, it would have been a boot out, but what we did was just reform in another way. It was drastic, because when we first started playing, we had all these Infections people coming to the early shows. They thought they were going to get the "Son Of The Infections" or something or "New, Improved Infections" and low and behold the got the new, unimproved Infections. We literally lost half of our audience. A lot of people said fuck this shit. They weren't into it. It was a completely different ballgame, a completely different band. It was definitely not the Infections.
Justin: It didn't seem like anybody was really into the Infections either.
Danyka: Even you guys weren't into the Infections. Come on.
Shane: You know why? Because the Infections were just a shadow of the Rip Offs.
Justin: The Infections was really a shadow of the Rip Offs.
Shane: It was trying to go on the Rip Offs' old notoriety.
MRR: The Infections took a long time to catch on. It seems like that happened to the Loose Lips too. Everyone was at your first show. It stopped for a while. Now it seems like a lot of people go to see you.
Shane: At our last show I was pretty surprised.
MRR: This is a question for Greg. Does anyone ever give you a hard time since your name is Greg and the Infections bass player was Greg too?
Greg: Fuck no. Not to my face. Maybe behind my back.
MRR: How do you guys want your band to be perceived? What's the image you're putting out there?
Justin: That's the thing, there is no image we're trying to put out.
Shane: We're riding on Greg's image. We're figuring to put him in the foreground. He's like our mascot.
Justin: That's the thing, today everyone needs a gimmick or their little thing. We're doing this. We're this kind of band. We're like this version of this band. What I like about this band is that we're just ourselves.
Shane: There's not the tension in it like being in other bands. Like where you gotta have a certain formula. The cool thing is you just say hey what do you think of this. Let's try it this way. Let's slow it this way. Let's speed it this way. The last couple of bands, The Rip Offs and The Infections, were formula bands. Every song was wrapped around a certain formula. It's fun for a little while, but after a while if that's all you do, it gets boring to even play.
MRR: What about the whole power pop revival? Everyone always puts you guys in that category.
Justin: I did even know there was one.
MRR: Should power pop be considered punk?
Shane: I always thought it was punk.
Justin: I just think we all play music that we like. Power pop, rock and roll, punk, all those things are an influence. We never set out to say we're going to do a power pop band or anything like that.
Shane: 'Cos those categories are always just fancy names for rock and roll. They called the Who power pop, but the Who were just a rock and roll band. They were just a little fresher. Like Justin said power pop and all that crap, it's all shit we listen to. (to Justin) You even listen to power pop don't you?
Justin: mmm
Shane: I remember one time, I hadn't seen Justin in a long time and I saw him at the record swap and he had this Radio Stars single in his hand. I said alright that's a good single. Even Wes likes power pop.
Justin: I like all kinds of different stuff. It's not just one thing.
Greg: It's like we're all four into our own thing. Listen to our own style of music anyway, but we all sort of have the same influences. We all sort of have our different favorites and shit.
Shane: Wesley's influences are really nutty. He likes Kid Rock and Marilyn Manson and all that stuff, but at the same time, he likes a lot of good shit too, so I don't know.
MRR: Which one of your moms is on the cover of the album?
Justin: Shane's mom.
MRR: I figured that.
Shane: That one night she came home and she was in a really good mood. We got the camera out. She was kind of drunk. She was kind of nuts. We took some pictures of her. Wes said that's cool 'cos next time he'll put his mom on the cover. We're going to do a series. The mother series.
MRR: That's nice. My mom would be happy to have her face on the cover of an album. Jizzum Jim? Is he a real person? (Greg laughs really loud) Do you guys really know this guy? Does he refer to himself as Jizzum Jim?
Shane: No, no. Jizzum Jim was a name out of this movie Hardcore. George C. Scott's daughter runs away from home and gets into porno. He tries to hunt her down by going undercover. He figures to do this, he'll act like he's a porno director and start interviewing dudes. They come in and they go, "You wanna see my stuff?" 'cos they're going in to audition so you got to show your tools, right? So these guys would like pull their pants down. This one guy hanks his pants down and he goes, "My name is Jizzum Jim. I can come ten times in one day and keep it up and keep it coming."
Justin: I got that on video.
Shane: You got that? That's a good movie man.
MRR: You're the one that sings "a good friend known as Jizzum Jim" and you never wondered about that?
Justin: They're just lyrics. Shane wrote the lyrics. The lyrics are great.

MRR: Someone mentioned maybe a connection with Donny Denim. You know J.J.-D.D.

(everyone laughs)

Shane: Actually, those lyrics are pretty old. They go way back to the heyday of the Infections. That was a song that me and Wes were trying to do, not with Justin's music, Justin wrote the music, but Wes and I had different music and we were trying to get it in the Infections in early days and Greg just fucking said no way. No fucking way are we going to sing a song like this. It's a fictional character.

MRR: What about some of the other songs on the album? You sing a lot about girls and heartbreak.

Shane: There's a lot of true songs on there too.

MRR: But you've all got monogamous relationships going.

Shane: Yeah, actually the people in the band do.

Justin: What songs are talking about in particular?

MRR: "Two Time Loser", "Young Girl Tease", "Not Enough", "Lipstick Heart"

Justin: Those are all just life experiences and stuff. I don't just write about the present time. What else are we going to write about? I think writing about fucking is a good thing.

Shane: Plus we all still dig girls.

MRR: They're all catchy and people can relate to it.

Shane: Everybody's thinking about fucking girls all the time and other stuff like that. Realistically, people nine times out of ten are after one chick, just getting out of some kind of relationship, kind of wanting to screw some chick. That's why there are so many songs about it. You listen to songs going way back to everything, rhythm and blues, they're all about trying to get in some chick's pants or something. Pretty boy bands like the Beach Boys and all that crap, they still write about girls. I don't know, it's kind of like if you need a subject matter, it's always the first thing that comes to your mind. Nine times out of ten, it's going to be something about a girl or something fucked up that just happened to you. It takes a special kind to go out and write those good day sunshine songs. And there's nobody in the band that does. If Justin or I or anybody comes up with a song, it's always going to be on some kind of a downer note.

Justin: None of us are political.

Shane: Yeah, we don't really care two shits about the politics of things so it's just sing what you are like.

Justin: A lot of bands I like write those kind of songs so maybe that just comes naturally.

Shane: You don't mind songs about girls, do you Greg?

Greg: Hell no.

Shane: See Greg likes girls. Even though he shies away from them, he still digs them.

Greg: I'm usually too drunk.

Justin: Yeah, his first love.

Greg: No, no, no.

Shane: Greg and I actually have something in common with some beautiful girl.

Greg: No, no.

Shane: Psycho women hunt us down.

Greg: We have good stalkers, put it that way.

Shane: Yeah, weird ones.

MRR: Your girlfriends, your wife, don't mind the songs you write?

Shane: No.

Justin: My wife writes songs about guys and I don't care.

Shane: Like I said you can't deny it, even if you are hitched, you're gonna see some girl walk down the street and you're gonna go "woof."

Justin: A lot of it is about lust and wanting girls.

Shane: Yeah, you're going to go home and write a song about that.

Justin: Just 'cos you're married doesn't mean you stop looking at other chicks or something. I'm totally happy with my wife, but...

(everyone laughs)

MRR: For the record.

Shane: You're gonna see some chick, see some booty, and you're gonna go wooo, I'm gonna write a song about that booty.

Justin: However that ass makes you feel.

Shane: It's inspiration. You need those inspirations. Greg's getting fidgety. Trying to dodge the interview again.

MRR: Greg you have to answer some questions here.

Greg: No, that's alright.

Shane: Throw a question in his direction.

Greg: No, no, no.

MRR: So Greg, you're the ladies man in the band right?

Justin: Pretty much.

Shane: Pretty much he is, but he denies it.

MRR: So I take it you probably get all the groupies on tour?

Greg: Oh, those groupies are sending me letters everyday.

MRR: Tell us about a few of them.

Shane: Chicks dig Greg.

MRR: Oh, Greg, you're blushing.

Shane: They dig him. He's just picky.

MRR: Why Loose Lips?

Greg: We couldn't agree on a name. Three people in the band would like a name that someone would bring up, but one would say no. Finally, Loose Lips. Wesley brought that up, sort of jokingly. He said it and we all just sat there, no one wanted to say anything and then I think we were like, that's alright.

Justin: Yeah, it was like a joke and Shane went to take a piss at practice and when he came back, he said yeah I'm cool with that name. That's alright. I was like yeah, fuck it, at this point. Now I like it.

Shane: It was ridiculous. This was the longest time I ever took finding a band name.

MRR: Do you remember any of the others?

Shane: The Rollerdudes.

(everyone laughs)

Shane: The Rollerdudes was one of them.

Greg: It was?

Justin: That was something you came up with.

Shane: What happened was we all had an assignment. We were supposed to go home and everybody make a list of names and bring it in to rehearsal.

Danyka: You have that list floating around somewhere?

Shane: Yeah, well you even put shit on that list.

Danyka: I even put names on the list.

Shane: So I brought my list in and they were all like were like you asshole, 'cos they were all names like, I went to work and I walked around and I asked everybody, hey come up with some band names and that's all the shit I took down. So a lot of them were like Grady, "How about The Rollerdudes?"

(everyone laughs)

Shane: I said yeah, ok, Rollerdudes. So I brought it in to these guys and they're like "What? No way."

Justin: He had weird names too, though. Biff, Bang and The Buttfucks or something. Whatever, just stupid.

Shane: Yeah, I know. Some of them had Wesley's name in it or something. How about the Loose Lips? Then afterwards, when we were all gung-ho on it, he was going oh man, I was just throwing a name out. He was all bummed about it, but now he digs it.

MRR: You have a record on TKO. Are things going well?

Shane: It seems like it. I don't have any complaints.

MRR: Have you sold a lot of albums?

Shane: It seems like it is.

Justin: I don't even know.

Greg: I don't know either.

Shane: Mark from TKO gave us a $1000 check before the album even came out. That was kind of weird, you know?

Justin: No. That was cool.

Shane: Yeah, exactly. It's just kind of weird. When the hell have I ever been in a band, ever, where some dude just gives me a check? The record's not even out. We were at the recording studio. We were doing mix down when he came and brought that check. He hands us a check for a $1000. I was just like, Justin, check this out. I was tripping out, man.

Justin: He's been super nice.

Greg: He set up that tour with The Real Kids. That was fucking cool.

MRR: How was touring with the Real Kids?

Greg: It was cool.

Justin: That was fun.

Greg: Yeah, totally fun. They're good guys.

Shane: It was crazy.

Justin: They were kind of a trip at first 'cos they were all like "Bawsten, yawh." You know?

MRR: Yeah, that's my hometown.

Justin: They're just like normal people.

MRR: They have a bad reputation. Were you nervous about

going on tour with them?

Shane: Yeah, I was. We heard so much shit about them through the grapevine and everything. TKO warned us that they were kind of hard to deal with and shit and the first day we had to deal with them was fucked. Alpo was having a freak out about some bullshit, a room mix up, so we got off to a weird start, but Billy turned out to be a really cool dude. He was really down to earth and he was the first guy who immediately warmed up to us. He came down and had breakfast with us. He was the first one who came down and started small talking. He apologized about Alpo just being a fucking nut. He was cool and he pretty much remained one of the coolest guys the whole time.

Greg: Yeah. By the end of the two weeks? How long was it? 12 Days or whatever it was.

Shane: I don't remember.

Greg: However many days it was, I don't remember at all. They ended being really, really cool. We ended up getting along with them real well.

Shane: Yeah, what happened was our tour manager quit.

Greg: Right in the middle of the west coast tour.

Shane: What ended up happening was, he quit 'cos he just couldn't deal with it. There were just so many weird little problems. He ended up quitting so us and The Real Kids had to finish the tour on our own. He just handed us over the van. It wasn't even in our name, so he just gave it to these two bands of fucking losers. Old losers and a younger generation of losers, in one van and everybody's just all confused and argumentative and shit.

Justin: I thought things went really well after, actually.

Greg: It was weird 'cos, no offense to the person who left, but after he was gone, it made it sort of more like, ok, at least we are going to have to get our shit together a little bit, instead of getting fucked up every night and just being treated like little fucking babies.

Shane: Yeah, that's what was hard 'cos first of all I started getting the flu and then I was handed over all the stuff to deal with, a whole folder, money, to handle the rooms, this, that and the other and I was like all of a sudden now this means I got to stop having fun. It immediately made me confused and frustrated 'cos I hate dealing with that kind of shit. Like what Greg said, all of a sudden we had to start being more responsible, but it didn't stop him though, even, that last show it was like, "Where's Greg? Get him in the fucking van." He's all out in the parking lot. Chicks buzzing around him and shit. He's all "Uhh."Get him in the van. I got pictures.

Danyka: They are very classy.

Justin: We all had a party the last night.

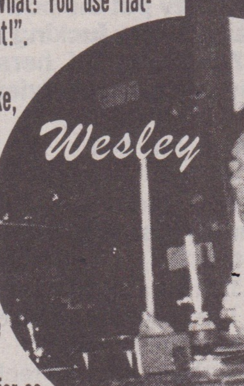
Shane: Check it out. We all brought cameras and like usual guys, they'll have a camera and they won't take one fucking picture. So the whole trip, I didn't even snap off one whole roll, but every fucking shot I have is Greg passed out or asleep in a chair in the hotel with his boots and his jacket on.

Greg: You're not going to put this in the article.

Shane: It was a fun tour. I learned a lot from those dudes. They basically were real stuck in their ways. Real hard-headed guys and they were like, "What! You use flat-wound strings on your bass? Fuck that!".

(everyone laughs)

Shane: They had these attitudes like, "What, no man, that fucking amp. Oh man, Listen to that tone." They'd pick everything apart. They had a whole different outlook on everything and they kind of stuck to their guns on it.



Wesley

Justin: I thought they turned out to be pretty cool.

Shane: I learned a lot from that. As far as like sound, the sound that they were getting. Every night when they played, even when they were playing at shitty places, they managed to get a good sound on stage. And we were always up there fucking around with our amps. One night Justin and I tried to ape their sound. We were sharing equipment. We just left their amps the way they were set, but it just didn't fit with our sound. We were all confused up there. What the fuck? It just didn't work with us and, like Wesley said, well, they're a different band. They play differently. They get a really clear sound with their guitars. You kind of learn from bands that have been doing it that long and know what they are going after.

MRR: Learn anything else from them? Staying ability?

Justin: They never really stopped playing. They have their own side bands.

Greg: Yeah, they've been playing in Boston.

MRR: They seem to have a good attitude that they are just going to keep playing.

Greg: I remember John Felice was telling me, I shouldn't be speaking for him, that he just wanted to keep playing what he originally started playing. Just play rock and roll. He's not trying to go out there and do anything different, just because it's twenty years later.

Greg

Shane: Yeah, but it was cool. The last night, we a little bit of a party. We were all completely sauced by then. We were so tired, not getting any sleep. I had a terrible cold and we were just so exhausted from all the shit. We were just hanging out with them at the hotel. It was pretty fun.

Danyka: They sent all you guys Christmas cards.

MRR: Did they really?

Shane: Yeah, they sent us Christmas cards.

Danyka: Homemade, collage cards.

Greg: When I came back from that my whole living situation was fucked. I had to move out of my house while I was gone. We got kicked out by our landlord.

Shane: We jumped on that tour. We wanted to get out of town. We were so itchy just to get the fuck out and do something. When TKO called us and said do you want to go on tour with the Real Kids? Uh, yeah.

(phone rings)

Shane: That's Wes.

MRR: Do you guys get along with the other TKO bands?

Greg: We don't really know that many of them.

Shane: Just the Reducers.

Justin: Reducers are cool. We know them.

Greg: Glen's really cool.

Shane: I know Ian from the Randumbs. He works at TKO. We not really booked with the other bands. We're like a whole separate department of TKO.

MRR: But they treat you the same.

Shane: They do. It's the first time, I've ever worked with any, well no that's not true. Rat City was a good label and honest. Mark's been cool all the way down the line. He's delivered everything he said he was going to deliver.

MRR: That's very rare.

Shane: That's fucking amazing. He's got a reputation for that now. Mark has got the reputation of being the good guy. Everybody knows that.

MRR: What are your plans for the future?

Shane: Well, Greg's gonna go to AA. I'm just kidding.

Greg: (laughing) Great. We're playing the Las Vegas Shakedown.

Shane: And someone called me up about Colorado. So I'm going to try to set up something to go to Colorado.

Justin: There doesn't seem like there's a whole lot going on though.

Shane: As far as local shows, you know the story Carolyn. Right now, seeing that the album's new, we've got to play these songs to death. We're already like, oh man, let's get some new tunes. We've been playing these tunes for a long time. Especially the ones left over from the Infections.

Greg: How long have we been a band? About a year?

Shane: More than a year.

Greg: Year and a half?

Justin: Couple of years.

(I crack up laughing)

Greg: I don't know. (laughs)

MRR: Shane are you going to start playing naked again?

Shane: When I get my body in a presentable state. I'm working out at the gym. Then I can walk out there like a Roman. Just to see if I can still attract a few chicks, at least. Greg said he would do it too.

(Greg smirks)

Shane: He goes, "Dude, if you do it, I'll do it." We're gonna be like the Red Hot Chili Peppers pretty soon. All into it and all sweaty.

Loose Lips Discography:
"Two Time Loser" 7" (TKO)
"Talkin' Trash" LP (TKO)

Godstomper are the leaders of the two-man power violence bands.

These guys rock so fucking hard they put the power in power violence. All I've got to say is they fucking rule, and I want Paul's amp. It's big. Fuck emo. OK, here are the almighty powerful crazy Godstomper. Interview by Eric SkateOrama.

MRR: So who are you and what do you do?
P (Paul): I'm Paul, I play bass and yell.
D (Danny): I'm Danny, I play drums and throw stuff.

MRR: OK, first off you play insanely fast, and without a pick. When did you start doing that?
P: We started playing fast stuff in 1991, and I'm able to play fast without a pick because I developed callouses on my fingers after all the blisters hardened.
D: Paul has a callous in his brain, that's why he feels no pain when he plays fast. Go, baby, go!
P: Danny smokes too much crack and he becomes this insane whirl of arms.

MRR: How's Godstomper and what's up with that?
P: G.S. is playing shows around thc Bay Area and doing split records with underground bands like Green Beret from Alabama, Daybreak from Maryland, the Ridgemonts from South Florida, Wuzor from Fremont, Lana Degales from Berkeley. Just keeping it DIY and underground.

MRR: Any new releases?
P: Our latest releases are the Green Beret split 7" on three collaborating labels: 15 Inch, Cesspool and Pink Pentagram records . Also coming out is the G.S. live radio station session at 90.5 FM KSJS (San Jose State University) titled "Emo Attitude Sucks" EP on the Displacer Beast label from the East Coast, and also the DayBreak split LP/CD on the East Coast label At A Loss Records, and a tribute compilation dedicated to a infamous North Carolina punk who ran False Sense records titled "Fuck Anthony" which is being released by Fishfur records out of Georgia. He fucked over a lot of bands and people.

MRR: Who are some of your favorite bands to play with?
D: Our favorite bands to play with are Lana Degales and Wuzor, both from the East Bay. Outside of the state, bands like Molehill from Alabama and Slow Death from San Diego.
D: We had a good experience playing with old-school Bay Area bands like Cathy Ames, The Misanthropists, Slobber, R.W.S., Noothgrush, Jenny Piccolo, etc.
P: We support our friends' bands because that's the way it should be in the DIY scene. None of this bullshit rockstar attitude where you just play with bands just to get big and popular. It should be about friends playing shows, kicking back and not dealing with drama.

MRR: What's the Bay Area scene like? Lots of tough guys?
P: The scene in the Bay Area is probably even more diverse than it was before. You will have your crusty punk metal scene in one part of thc East Bay, while you will have your poppy punk emo scene in the South or North Bay. I tend to like bands that don't really fall in any sort of category. I think since the Bay Area scene is smaller now, the audience has gotten more picky about what bands they'll pay money to see. Outside of the Bay Area there is a new scene popping out of Modesto's downtown area which is very young, so they aren't jaded yet with the problems associated with the City.

MRR: Think you can beat the shit out of Chris Dodge?
P: I don't think I can or would want to. He's a kung fu master. Maybe we can have a new Olympic sport were we can bash our heads open with our basses.

MRR: What are some of the bands that you like?
P: I like English, Japanese, European and American crust and thrash and rock stuff like Doom, Napalm Death, etc., plus sludge and power violence and noise stuff. I think fastcore is a retarded sounding category, I would assume anything "core" would be extreme anyway.
D: I listen to techno, Atari Teenage Riot, Pink Floyd, Napalm Death, anything that rocks.

MRR: Where was your favorite place to play on the '99 US tour?
P: We liked touring the south, like Alabama and Florida, the kids came out and we all had a fun time, plus the East Coast was fun touring with Pigdestroyer, Daybreak and Id.
D: Chicago was too hot, Texas was fun. We played in an open field near downtown Houston. Seeing a bunch a crusties and oi punks battling it out is pretty new to us. I guess they were pissed Oi Polloi didn't show up.

MRR: Boxers or briefs?
P: Boxers.
D: Boxers.

MRR: I heard Paul got massively drunk with Daybreak in a Maryland bar.
P: No, that's not true. I drank a sip of beer and couldn't finish the rest.

MRR: Tell me about the Barfos. I heard The Donnas hated you.
D: The Barfos played a show *5* years ago at the Cupertino library with Slobber and the Donnas, who were still known as Raggedy Anne. They thought we sucked from the look on their faces.
P: Well, a lot of people thought we sucked, except for the Redwood City hardcore kids, they understood what this noise stuff was about.

MRR: Do you get a lot of shit for having the name Godstomper?
P: Yes, we gets lots of shit for being called Godstomper.
D: One mom in Ohio broke her kid's Godstomper records because she thought it was inappropriate and one father in North Carolina burned his son's Godstomper shirt and records and threatened that if he ever met us, he'd kick our ass. (laughter)

MRR: So what do you think about the whole emo scene and all that crap?
P: Emo attitude sucks. Some of the music is good, but I think the whole attitude associated with it sucks. It's very superficial, just like the grindcore, hardcore, sXe, crust and metal scenes. It's based on clothes, drama, cliques, etc. I would also assume emo kids would look at the grindcore scene and say all these grindcore kids are just as pretentious, snobby, and a rude buncha losers. Which is true, a few of them are. But you have kids that like the music, go to the shows, buy the records and are just cool, down-to-earth types.

MRR: Ever gonna put out a CD or just vinyl?
P: We should have out a CD discography with the five EPs, the *Heavy Metal Vomit Party* LP and the demo out soon, and we still plan to put out most of our music on vinyl.

MRR: Aren't you guys straight edge?
P: No I'm not straight edge, even though I don't smoke. use recreational drugs or drink. I don't think I need any symbol to identify who I am. Fuck all that. I can see why

neo-nazis are so proud of their fucking swastikas. It gives them this false sense of identity.

D: Paul is sobercore. I'm not straight edge either. I'm more angle edge.

MRR: What are most of your songs about? And who writes 'em all?

P: I write most of the songs, and the lyrics tend to be about social and personal ills that everyone has to go through in this life. I'm inspired by the darker side of human life like death, genocide, hatred and bad friendships, though I still write some silly songs like "Fozzy Bear" or "ATM" or "Popcorn," which retain some kind of socially aware message but nevertheless are just fun songs to play.

MRR: Do you feel any sort of competition with the other big name grind hardcore bands in your area, i.e. Spazz, Capitalist Causalties, Noothgrush, Deadbodieseverywhere, Benumb, What Happens Next?

P: No, not at all. I'm a big fan of all those bands, and I don't feel that we play in order to become like the greatest grind band in the Bay Area and prove everyone that we are better.

D: We like grindcore and we'll support bands that keep it real.

P: A lot of that is a very metal attitude in regards to competition.

MRR: Why the limited press of each record?

P: We feel that limited pressings would make the music more of a challenge to die hard listeners of grindcore noise stuff to go and look for it instead of releasing a thousand press.

D: The scarcer the records are, the more in demand they are.

MRR: So you guys try to please the record collecters?

P: No, we just release what we can. If people really want a record they'll look for it.

MRR: Do you believe in God?

P: Yes. I think there's something out there that we cannot explain, a divine presence in the universe which has no ties to Roman Catholic fundamentalist beliefs.

D: Ya.

MRR: Then why do you call your band Godstomper?

P: Because it's a name that makes people open their eyes and realize what kind of world we live in with all of its problems, and some kids actually had the nerve to make a band's name that disses the Maker in order to get a reaction.

MRR: Then what's with the satanic imagery, upside-down crosses, pentagrams...

P: Shock value.

What's your biggest pet peeve?

D: Being called a metal band.

P: Being asked why we don't have a guitarist.

Godstomper
985 Bidwell Ave.
Sunnyvale, CA 94086

GODSTOMPER

Peace of Mind: punk rock, hardcore, emo-core, rock? After about ten years, it still is nearly impossible to categorize this band—which has never fit 100% into any pre-given musical style, and has always been "under construction." It is said that they sound like some old DC bands (which they do not deny) with some influences from the whole musical pallette of punk and hard rock, metal, and '70s and '80s disco music.

Being around this band from the beginning, I still can't definitely say what kind of music they play. They went through a lot of development on all levels. More important than the style of music is continuous political and personal as well as intellectual development. I witnessed loads of changes, struggles within the band, and also in the personalities, dreams and aims of the individuals in this band. These developments are rooted in the band's strong commitment for not just accepting the status quo, in mainstream society or within the punk community. Communication and networking are seen as important vehicles for both political and social change as well as individual development. Strong emphasis on collaboration and communication within the d.i.y. scene is expressed through the band's record releasing politics: most of their stuff is put out on split releases or compilations. Being also involved in political work in their "hometown" Goettingen (which is a small student town in the middle of Germany with a relatively strong radical left scene), Peace of Mind is a band which may be seen as a connecting piece of social/political change and cultural expression.

Currently the band consists of Berti (drums), Judith (bass), Jobst (guitar and vocals) and Aga (vocals).

In September of 1999, Aga and Jobst dicussed their understanding of playing in a band, their meaning of punk/hardcore and the d.i.y. scene, and identity politics and the question of male dominance within the scene with Thorsten from Trust magazine. As we stepped into the new millenium with new questions (and new releases) coming up, I decided to add some questions to the interview. By Urte/world upsidedown.

Thorsten: *All Set to Boogie and no Place to Go*—Wow, cool album title, dude! And I thought Germany was a country with an excellent d.i.y. youth center scene. Places were you can boogie your ass off if you feel like it. Places where you can express anything non-oppressive you want without fear of the very same.

live free or die.

peace of mind:
berti - schlagzeug
aga - gesang
jobst - gitarre & gesang
judith - bass

Aga: I wonder where you get this optimistic impression from. No doubt thatbeing able to set up punk rock shows, creating an autonomous space to meet people, exchange similarities and differences is a common standard we are used to. Speaking in terms of quantity there are a hell lot of places I could consider as spaces to dance and party my ass off in. But are we talking about a commercialized plastic party, spoon-fed recreation in youth centers, or the quality of a self-governed, organized, performing space independent of any supportive money from the government? Big difference, I guess.

Jobst: Maybe we should explain the situation to readers who don't know anything about typical concert organizing in Germany. The German government (or better said, nearly every town) offers spaces where "the youth" can meet. The most obvious reason is to keep kids of the street; some might say the most important reason is to have better control over kids. These "youth centers" are everywhere. Most of them suck for the simple reason that there are so-called "Sozialarbeiter" ("social workers")—people who get paid by the town to control what's going on in the youth center and to offer the kids educational programs. Some of them can be nice, but most are fucked up assholes. But either way, they are working for and are getting paid by "the system." Nevertheless, it is sometimes possible for kids to organize gigs in these youth centers.

But there are also youth centers that are self-governed, run by all the people who use them. A lot of these centers used to be squats and were part of the big squat movement in Germany in the late '70s and early '80s. Some of these squats were legalized and turned into self governed youth centers. These centers are usually also meeting places for a lot of political groups, which cannot be said about the youth centers run by "social workers." So the d.i.y. aspect that you mentioned in your question is pretty high in the self governed youth centers, even though they are usually still owned and paid for by the town or government. Unfortunately places like these do not exist everywhere in Germany, and where they exist they are always in danger of getting shut down by the government. Either way, it's hard to talk about d.i.y. when it is all owned by the government anyway...If I really want to boogie my ass off, I still prefer a "real" disco, haha...

Aga: Imagine a crappy tape recorder, a bunch of people, some glamourous lights and one single '80s pop tape. That's all you need for the best disco night ever. Everybody singing along Gloria Gaynor's "I will survive." It's ridiculous, but it's fun.

Jobst: Anyway, the meaning of the album title wasn't really about dancing anyway. It pretty much expresses what we feel like as malcontent and thinking individuals within this fucked-up society. We are full of questions that we might even be able to answer theoretically, but to realize our desires, dreams and hopes we do not find the right space, or way.

Thorsten: Well, what can I say? I wasn't talking about a Hardcore Scheissehausen Kassel-style youth center. I actually had the squat-rooted non-government supported places in mind, like the Sturmglocke @ Sprengelgelaende in Hanover. Sure, those places are in constant financial struggle and have officials waiting in line to shut them down. But those places exist, and they are open to everybody. Peace Of Mind has already released quite a number of records. Records which contain pure hits like "E. 13th St." Don't you think songs like that deserve a better sound recording quality than they got on your records? Is it just lack of money, or isn't it punk enough to provide fine-sounding recordings? I mean, wouldn't it be wiser to save the money from a dozen releases and invest it in one excellent sounding record?

Aga: In fact, we got used to recording once a year, to releasing once a year, working on content year by year, though our expectations for single aspects of the whole release differ one from another. Comparing every release we participated in or came out with, the last release always differs from the previous in my opinion. This is important, cause mainly it expresses the current development of everyone, the change of band members; somehow the bass players quit regularly once a year. It's maybe kind of a reflection of the band's progress. I'm glad it has been possible until now to put something out regularly. We are recording pretty much always in the same place. It's a small non-commercial studio run by our friend Martin. The sound of our last records reflects his development too. Maybe we are just creatures of habit, but I guess our personal relationship with this guy and his way of doing the recording counts more than the perfect, slick, excellent sound quality. Most of us are definitely friends of a good sound, but we put more effort into lyrics, discussion and artwork.

Urte: Most of your releases are put out as split releases. Is there a concept to releasing your stuff or did it just happen due to a lack of money?

Jobst: I'm not sure. It definitely helps to distribute stuff and it is really important for us to get our records (read: opinions) to as many as people as possible. There are so many bands everywhere that focus so much on the country or even city that they live in and I don't understand that. This scene gives us the opportunity to reach out to people all over the world. Those contacts really teached me and gave me a lot. I would never ever want to miss that part. Anyways, I can't deny that a lack of money plays a role, too.

Thorsten: How important is the rock 'n' roll aspect of Peace Of Mind? I mean, nobody can deny that POM is about very personal issues as well as political ones. But I have a hard time believing that's all POM stands for. I mean, come on, who would run around wearing a monster KISS belt buckle who isn't into it for the big rock-out to some extend?

Jobst: Speaking for myself, I can't say that I don't like to "rock out," even though I can't see the music that I do just for itself. For me it is always connected with what we sing about and what we stand for. I do not totally turn off my rationale when we play—I am aware about what's going on with us on stage (if

peace of mind

there is one) and always have a look at what's happening in the audience. Nevertheless, I love rock 'n' roll and I also do enjoy playing on really big stages from time to time. And speaking of KISS, they are the best band in the world; nobody can deny that.

Thorsten: Oh, and I thought Die Aerxte are the best band in the world. Well, this looks like some early Sunday morning duel. You have the choice of weapons! Recently I did an interview with a guy who told me that *hardcore is his life*. What a joke, isn't it? I mean, this hardcore/punk thing is just a certain part of your life, a way of expressing yourself, most likely when you are young. Isn't it just retarded to consider yourself hardcore for life, trying to express the same things the same way in your, let's say 40s, that you already expressed 20 years ago? Don't we mature, don't our ways of expression change, don't even our problems, fears and hopes change with the years? How important would you rate this whole hc/punk thing for your life? Would you call it just an aspect of your life or like "my friend," consider it your life?

Jobst: I see things really differently. Hardcore or punk or whatever you might call it is not a fixed term. Its meaning and defintion changes all the time. Also and maybe espcially for every single individual. Calling yourself hardcore for a long time or even for life does defintely not mean that you don't change or that the things that you express don't change. Hardcore, the way I define it for myself, implies ongoing change and is a process rather than a fixed state of mind. I totally agree when you say that our ways of expression and also our fears, hopes and problems change with the years. Anybody of a certain age (and we are not kids anymore) will agree, but I don't really see why that should mean that I will decide to stop calling myself hardcore when you see how I defined hardcore. As much as it is not possible to clearly define hardcore I realize that there are certain points that are important for my personal defintion. Hardcore is about struggling for self realization in a world that makes it easy for people to forget themselves. Hardcore is about thinking for yourself in a world that makes it easy for people to not think for themselves; better, that makes it easy for people to not think at all. Hardcore is about trying to take your life in your own hands, questioning and breaking down what seems to be natural and common sense. Having this in mind, I could never say that hardcore is just an aspect or a part of my life. It is much more, if not the most important thing in my life.

Obviously hardcore is just a phase for a lot of people, an outlet for their youth rebellion befor they start leading their middle class lives. Being part of this scene for more than a decade, I have seen a lot of people come and go, and it always makes me sad to see people go, but I guess that's the way it is.

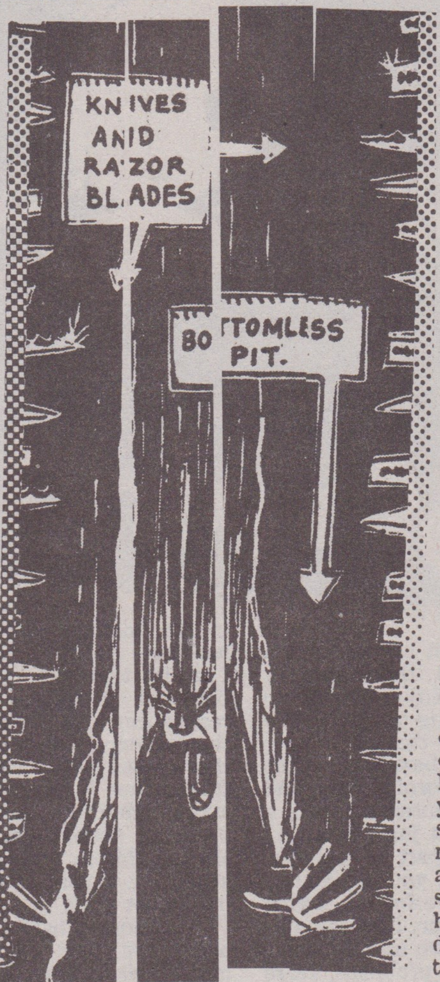
Aga: Yes, well, it wasn't the music that got me first into hardcore/punk. It impresses me a lot and made me feel something when I went to my first concerts, but what caught me the most were the people out there playing, singing, screaming their asses off about what pisses them off. Their attitudes, their political outlooks and personal way of expression made me share and think about what was important for them and to me. *This "scene" lives on personal engagement, personal contact, the political network of friendship.* I was confronted with people setting up shows without being paid, people appearing with their

peace of mind

"belly shops," leaflets, campaigns, kicking their attitudes right in my face. This formed my idea of hardcore/punk and I start to miss it. I realized during the last two years how much the atmosphere changed, how fugitive elementary ideas are to people and how much this ass kicking and expressing yourself gives way to that prominence of humble style. If this is hardcore, it's not for my life, but I guess it will always remain a question of definition.

And still I don't want to see it that easy: As Jobst mentioned, the term "hardcore/punk" is neither static nor negligible. It has to be filled with attitudes and attempts, something vivid, reflecting, ongoing, and individual. Maybe the term could be irrelevant, as you could call it "a radical movement," "white middle class suffering," or "a pain in society's ass," if there wasn't the music and a certain style. But like hardcore/punk wouldn't exist without them—they will express nothing without some attitude. All in all I wouldn't get a "hardcore for life" tattoo, 'cause it sounds like blank dedication.

Thorsten: Another smart ass told me in an interview that *hardcore is not for happy people.* Actually I have a hard time considering all those hc/punk kids wrecked personalities. Is there really no room for happy people in this scene? Well, maybe *happy* doesn't just mean the same to everybody...



Jobst: You are right, to agree or not agree with this other "smart ass" depends on how you define happiness. If happiness means being totally satisfied with your life and the way you (have to) live, I wouldn't consider happy people a part of the scene I feel home in. I personally have a hard time saying that I am happy, simply because I am constantly confronted with fucked up things in my life and within this society. Being aware of all the craziness, pain, stupidity, senselessness and shit in this world makes me an unhappy person, if you want to see it that way. Even if I wish it would be different, I can never really shut out all the bad sides of life and just simply enjoy living without "if"s and "but"s.

On the other hand I don't run around whining about how horrible life is all the time and people that do so should realize that doing it won't ever change anything. Having fun is an important aspect of hardcore that I neither want to deny nor miss. Hardcore is defnitely not about crying and/or hating the whole time, the essence is much rather trying to be aware of what's going on and the things that are going on are definitely not happy, but I guess I'm starting to repeat myself here.

You also talked about wrecked personalities. I agree that not all hc/punk kids are wrecked personalities, but a lot of people I know have had similar experiences even though they come from very different backgrounds. I guess these are connected with the choices you made for yourself; the choice not to live according to what society's standards of life are. I guess most people that consider themselves to be part of the hc/punk scene made the experience of being the "outsider;" the "weird" or "strange" person more than once. Well, maybe not those who just care about music... but then again, are they really part of what I consider "scene"? I don't know...

Whatever—not really being able to get along with the "outside world" and mainly not *wanting* to really get along with the "outside world" is something that alot of hc/punk kids experience on an everyday level. The alienation a lot of hc/punk kids feel at "normal" situations like walking the streets or being at a bar might not be so extraordinary, but somehow there is a different way of dealing with it. A major aspect of hc/punk is, as I see it, communication. And this is no coincidence. Obviously there is a special need or at least want for communication that hc/punk kids long for and that cannot be satisfied in the "outside world."

My friend Laura once said that most hc/punk kids are "social misfits" and I believe that there is a lot of truth in what she said. That doesn't make all hc/punk kids "wrecked personalities," but at least that makes them people with problems leading the "normal way of life." This is what I mean with having had similar experiences, and this also what connects a lot of people.

Urte: Both of you stress the importance of the hardcore/punk community to your personal lives. Thinking about the problems leading a "normal way of life" and being myself very much concerned about and rattled by the question of how I will be able to create a life along the lines of hardcore/punk, I guess we should talk about the things you do besides playing in a band—how do you make your living? Does being hardcore/punk go along with working a job and supporting whatever capitalistic interests?

Jobst: I do a lot of stuff that is strongly connected to the hardcore/punk community: I organize concerts, write for *Trust* magazine, play in another band called Highscore and practice with a few kids in something that might become a band sometime. I like to go to concerts a lot and fortunately the bands give me the opportunity to travel from time to time and meet cool kids from other parts of the world. 40 hours a week I am a what could be best described as a graphic designer and work in an agency that designs advertisments, posters, and fliers for some stupid senseless companies, mainly a semi-big German travel agency. That's obviously how I make my living. Does working go along with being a cool political punk rock kid? I don't know. When I finished university I considered what there is to do, finally having to live a totally and especially financially independent life. I chose to work, mainly because I obviously need money to fulfill certain aspects of how I chose to live my life. I wouldn't need to work as much as I do right now just to live somewhere and have something to eat. But living the life that I live now isn't that cheap. All the band stuff takes money, traveling takes money, consuming records takes money, even a lot of communication takes money. So many things that are important to me take a lot of money. Going to work and selling my time for other people's capitalist interests is defintely a compromise. I'm totally not trying to make as much money as possible, but being broke all the time would make me think about money more than I actually want to think about it. Still it takes a lot of my time. I still consider myself a punk, so I guess it has to go along somehow, haha.

The question about the concept and consquences of capitalist work strutcure is a very complex one. I just guess that everyone should keep in mind that whatever kind of work you do, you are somehow supporting an oppressive system based on the simple fact that for monetary reasons nearly everyone is forced to work. It's about having a certain conscious for the complex structure of work in capitalist societies. I wish I had a real choice, but there isn't. And I definitely don't belong to that sort of people that are proud to be part of the "working class," whoever this class might be. Berti, our drummer, is doing some sort of social work, teaching kids stuff they need to get along in this society. He's still also not sure if this is a good or bad thing. It's a poorly paid job, too. He is also father of a two year-old daughter, which takes up a lot of his time. Judith (bass) is studying in England at the time I write this. I guess she'll be at the university for a some time.

Aga: I hate it somehow, but I have to admit that my individuality is pretty much dependent on a safe social status due to my parents' income and generosity. In short: thanks to their financial support I don't have to worry about my next rent, my food, my insurances, the satisfaction of my consumer needs, my fucking

kommunikation kann eine waffe sein, kommunikation kann veränderung bedeuten. letztlich ist es so ziemlich das einzige was wir zusammen tun können.

communication can be a weapon, communication can mean change. at last it is pretty much the only thing we are able to do together.

free existence. Of course I'm thankful, 'cause it offers me all the time I need to study, to attend to any political meeting I have the power to, and maybe I would have less after an all-day job. I'm aware that my type of individuality and freedom is not universal but very "class"-dependent—so is my part in a mainly white middle class punk rock community I feel a bit related to. It's hard for me to imagine finding occupation I'll be satisfied with and also can make my living off of, 'cause there are so many compromises to be made. The main attitude should be to compromise as little as possible, not to feel dependent in your own values on possesion, to define your own productivity. We fuckin' live in a nearly global capitalistic system, we are totally part of it, but this is not the end of the history...as some smart ass Fugiama declared: you still can redefine work in your own way. Why not be a professor (Bad Religion), a teacher (Seein Red) a boring student (thousand bands), a worker, and live punk rock in your heart and life. It's up to everyone how to define it.

Urte: The band Seein Red from the Netherlands always stresses that we should bring our ideals back into mainstream society, into our workplaces. Do you see an impact of the ideals of the punk community on mainstream society – for example in your workplace?

Jobst: I guess to answer this question correctly we'd have to define what the ideals of the punk community are in the first place. And pretty obviously and fortunately we won't ever be able to find a defintion that counts for everyone. Maybe some basic ideals could be described as something like not fucking people over and not judging them by their race, looks, sex... (writing this I realize how little these "ideals" are present in the punk community, but maybe this is a different question...). I don't think that most people in mainstream society give a shit about these ideals. Even though looking at my workplace I see that sometimes people try to make a difference in how they deal with things. Maybe it's some sort of generation thing. I don't know. Looking at my workplace I realize that concerning the small circle of people you have to deal with every day, a lot of people try to behave differently, but in general there is the same ignorant, stupid attitude towards everything and everyone that doesn't fulfill the standards of normality. I still mainly focus on trying to change the punk community. There is so much to be done and I still have the hope that change is more likely to happen within the scene than within mainstream society. Concerning the mainstream society, I hope that it makes a difference that I am different and people who have to deal with me realize this really simply. Maybe living my ideals makes me some people question theirs. I usually don't tell people what I think they are doing wrong.

Thorsten: There's this ongoing talk about the hc/punk scene being male dominated, with a constant search for reasons. What if women just have different ways of expressing themselves? What if the majority of women just don't care about aggressive in-your-face music, which most of hc/punk music just simply is? I mean it's not like male hardcore kids wanna keep women out of their little scene, is it?! Hardcore/punk is not like some Arabic tea-house where only males are permitted, right?! Nobody keeps females from going to shows, nobody keeps them from forming bands or expressing themselves in fanzines or contributing in any kind of other way to this scene. Well, if you ask me, to some extent it's actually quite the other way around. If some female band pops up from out of nowhere everbody is going crazy about them, rather based on the fact that the band contains female members than on their musical output. anyway, is the "We need more females in this scene because otherwise we'll be sexist like everbody else in the outside world" an issue for Peace of Mind at all?

Jobst: Hm, I don't know; pretty surely we (or at least I) would not express it that way. I guess you agree that the majority of visibly active people in the scene are male. Most band members

are male, most people who are doing "big" zines, distribution, or record shops are male. I have a hard time believing that it has something to do with too-aggressive music (especially as a lot of the music that is part of hardcore/punk nowadays is not really hard). You are right that nobody keeps females from going to shows or forming bands, but the obvious fact that a lot of women don't use the possibility of expressing themselves via hardcore/punk makes me, as a male, question the structures of this scene that is supposed to be egalitarian and free. To be honest, I don't have any proper solutions for this "problem." Big parts of it are surely rooted in the existing role models within the patriarchal societies that hardcore/punk is a placed in, in the end. Unfortunately a lot of people (male and female) are not willing to deeply question these roles and trying to break them down to build up something new. Hardcore/punk has showed me in various ways the importance of questioning myself in order to change myself which is still the first and maybe most important step to change everything else. And the importance of change in the fucked up societies we live in is pretty obvious to me.

You also said that bands are looked at differently when they have female members in them and that this is not OK, as bands are then not judged by what is most important (the music). Well, my problem starts with you seeing music as the most important aspect of bands. I can say it isn't for me. Hardcore/punk and also hardcore/punk bands offer much more than good music. The lyrical aspect is really important for me. What a band stands for and expresses besides lyrics and music also plays a role in how I judge a band. Seeing this, I guess you agree that it makes a difference if there are a couple of wild boys on stage acting like most other wild boys in hardcore/punk bands do, singing about what most other bands sing about or if you see females acting "non role specific," maybe singing about things that most other bands do not sing about, simply because they had different experiences within the "outside world" and/or the scene. Actually, half of Peace of Mind are female, but for me it's hard to tell what this means for us.

Aga: Your question implies to me the current gender dualism within the dominant society and our so called subculture. To sound a little less arrogant, what I mean is: how can you create an egalitarian relation between people in this "scene" (and elsewhere!), when you define first what people represent according to their sexes, concede to them superior and inferior positions? What if everyone had a different way of expression? What if the diversity of hardcore/punk—music at all—were open to everyone? What if behavior, taste, preferences are just constructed? What if every pissed off kid could express her- or himself and be taken seriously without being categorized? Well, I guess this is too much, even for "our glorious" movement.

To see it realistically, we've been reproducing the fucking gender catgorization, as it is deeply rooted in everyone. But still I know that people question themselves. It's like a vicious circle, I guess nothing will be changed until we respect, encourage, and take each other seriously with the same intensity regardless our sex.

I wonder if it is helpful to pay more attention to female scene activists, but still I'm glad to see any non-male person who breaks the prescripted rules of expression. What nonsense! I'm glad to see everyone breaking up given categories.

As band members, me and Judith and Antje, Amanda, Claudia (former band members) always have been confronted with a certain attention paid by the audience, but inside the band the individual personality of everyone has a bigger meaning for discussions than every gender item, though we have had arguments about male dominance and female appearance.

Thorsten: Well, if I implied anything at all it sure was that a musician should be judged on his/her music, lyrics or whatever else is part of his/her artistic expression, and not on his sex, may it be male or female. And if there are bands out there who basically survive from their reputation of belonging to a certain sex rather than their artistic output, then I call that a very strange and irritating aspect of so called political correctness.

Urte: I think it is quite hard to tell if this is just a "very strange aspect of political correctness." I would rather say it is some kind of a helpless effort of dealing with a very complex question which is not to be decided either this or that way. I also recognize a disproportionate number of so-called women being actively involved within the punk/hardcore community, but on the other hand I recognize strong efforts to develop different strategies and ways of living. I agree with Aga in demanding that this scene should give us the opportunity to express ourselves without being categorized. But being deeply rooted within the structures of Western societies, it demands a strong effort to question ourselves every fucking minute of life and support each other in this process instead of only accusing others for the things they do. It also implies that we will at the same time jeopardize answers and challenge new questions and therefore can't be "successful." On the other hand I am convinced that the punk community lives from re-constructing identities and offers a strong foundation to make a real change. But as I mentioned, I think that getting rid of strong structures of oppression is very difficult. To me it seems that structures of power are getting more and more complex and that it is therefore getting harder and harder to tear them down.

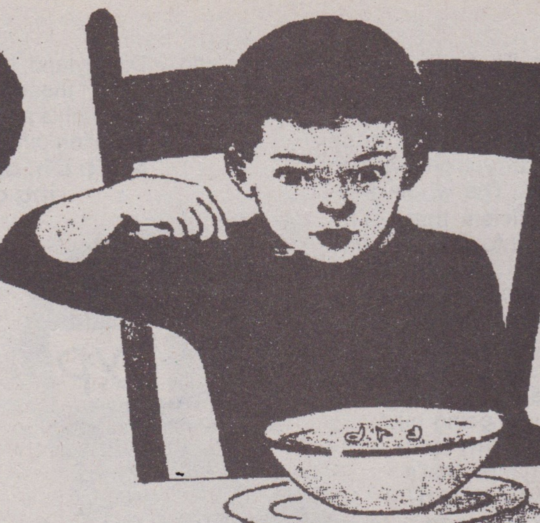
Thorsten: Ok, this has been a favorite non-answered question among certain parts of the German *Trust* fanzine contributors. What is the name of the pelican from the TV series *Flipper*?

Jobst: I think its name is Mike Ness. Thanx for the interview! If anyone wants to get in contact with us, please do so. We have a new split 7" with a German band called Upset out now. Thanx for reading and thanx to *MRR* for showing an interest and keeping up the great work that they have done for so many years.

Discography:

1990 - "What are you striving for?" (demo tape, self released)
1994 - first 7" (Melmac Records, first pressing yellow vinyl)
1994 - "Break The Distrust" comp 7" (World Upside Down Records, anti sexism compilation)
1994 - "Aggressions in an Emotional Way" comp 7" (Daydream Records)
1995 - "Neutron Bomb" 7" (Melmac Records, first pressing hand made cloth covers)
1996 - split LP with the french band Anomie (World Upside Down Records & Ape Records)
1996 - "NDW As Fukk" comp double 7"
1997 - split LP with the German band Strange Fruit (World Upside Down Records)
1998 - "Wohlstandsneurose" comp LP (Harmony Records, homeless benefit)
1998 - third 7" (World Upside Down Records & Harmony Records)
1998 - "All Set to Boogie and No Place to Go" LP (World Upside Down Records, Flat Earth Records, Sacro K-Baalismo Records, Goodwill Records,...)
1998 - "Ni Dios, Ni Amo" comp - LP (Cryptas Records, benefit for an anarchist library in Mexico)
1999 - "Sub" comp LP (Sub Records, benefit for an antifascist organization in Austria)
1999 - "Fahr zur Hoelle" comp 7"(Aus'm Bauch Records)
2000 - "Maximum Subjectivity" comp LP (Flower Violence Records)
2000 - ssplit 7" with the German band Upset (World Upside Down Records, Das Syndikat Records & Franc Booth Industries)
check BOTTLENEKK to get p.o.m. records in the United States!
World upside down Records, Urte, Göttinger Str. 39, D-37120 Bovenden, urteupsidedown@hotmail.com

F.Y.P



It's an inevitable part of growing up: your favorite bands always break up. And if you haven't heard the news already, Toys That Kill is FYP's very last album. For the past ten years, this band has reigned as the kings of poppy, sloppy/not-so-sloppy punk, as well as having started one of the funnest labels around, Recess Records. There's no doubt that FYP has left a mark upon various punk scenes around the world. I met up with singer/guitarist Todd, bassist/back-up singer Sean, and drummer Raul at FYP's final show (along with Berzerk from Portland, the Four Letter Words from Planet X, and Civic-Minded Five from Vegas) in June 2000 at Showcase Theatre in Corona, CA. We did a good-bye interview about the past, present, and future of FYP's music and label. Interview by Heela Naqshband.

MRR: Well, I just wanted to say that I had lots of fun at the show. It was very, very good.

Sean: Do you think it was epic?

MRR: It was very energetic…

Sean: Do you think it put a cap on…

MRR: On the reign? Yes, definitely. (Recess Records' promo guy Tito runs over with a stun gun…)

Sean: Aww, Tito, you almost shocked me with that.

MRR: So, what did you think of your last show? Did it turn out how you thought it would?

Todd: Probably better.

Sean: I think I anticipated a lot of technical errors, a lot of technical difficulties, a lot of broken strings. But I think that we…

Tito: We got ripped off as usual…

Sean: Yeah. And we didn't get to practice a whole lot, and that was probably the least of my worries. I was kind of expecting there to be a lot more error…not that I didn't fuck up a whole bunch. But anyhow I'm in agreeance with Todd over here that I think we had a really great show and I think it was very heartwarming and I was very excited that the crowd was so energetic.

Raul: I saw tears.

Sean: The crowd was energetic and our friends were energetic and it felt real, you know.

Raul: Too bad it had to be the last show to make it that much fun.

Sean: You know the whole time, I was thinking about the irony of the whole night—like, why can't it be like that all the time? Why can't every show be like a Black Flag show? Everyone went that crazy for Black Flag, why not us? Okay, we didn't practice for fifteen hours a day like they did…

Raul: We didn't need to.

Sean: But, you know, give us a break, man.

MRR: Why have you decided to end FYP now?

Todd: It's been too long…I think that's pretty much it, probably. We've got other shit to do.

Sean: I think the thing with FYP is that it was kinda like beating a dead horse. There are a lot of other things we want to do, and we thought considering the all the line-up changes, all the things that have gone on over the course of the years, not to mention the fact that people always wanted to hear these early 7"s and songs that we didn't play anymore or care to play, so we figured that that FYC…FYC?

Todd: FYC? Fine Young Cannibals? "She drives me crazy…ooh, ooh…" (laughter)

Sean: …we figured that maybe we should hang in the towel and kinda start fresh. And already we've been practicing and it's just felt good and it's felt new and everyone's got their little projects they're doing and they're all going well and you kind of gotta shed old skin sometime.

MRR: That's true. So, how have the fans been taking the break-up?

Todd: Well, it was really good tonight. They're taking it well.

Sean: You know what was really weird…

Todd: They've been having parties ever since we announced it.

Sean: I don't know if I told you guys this, but this morning I woke up and there was a boiling rabbit on my stove, and I think there's some kind of fatal attraction going on and they don't want it to end.

Todd: With you and every teenage boy fan…

Sean: He was a boy, I will admit that. He gave me these weird emails: "Don't stop, or I'll kill again."

MRR: Hmmm, so what kind of responses have you gotten about your latest (and sadly, last) album, *Toys That Kill*?

Raul: Good

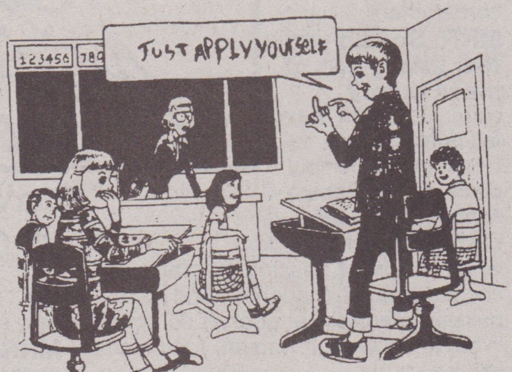
Tito: Jean-Luc liked the cover.

Todd: Some people don't like the cover.

Sean: You know what's really weird? Old people, like parents and things, they're like "Oh my gawd, what is this cover?" 'cause they have kids and stuff, whatever. But the kids seem to really like it. But in a child-molestation environment, the kid is the victim, right? So you think as the victim, you'd be like…

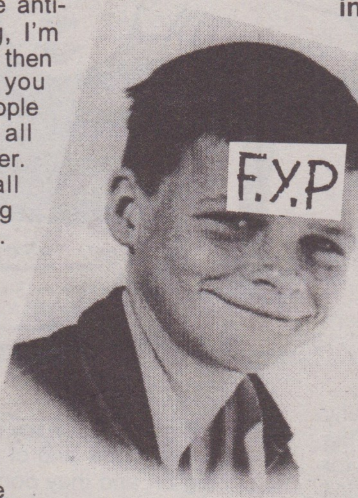
MRR: Offended.

Sean: But what I think is that a lot of people have a guilty conscience, especially someone that has a kid, and



they're like, "What if I molest my kid? I'd be a creep," and there's all this preconceived stuff and essentially, that drawing has nothing to do with child moles-

tation. That song has everything to do with toys that kill, right? You insert a penis in a vagina, you have a kid…you've been to sex ed. And then you get overpopulated. The whole anti-Catholicism thing, I'm really into it. And then all of a sudden, you have too many people and everyone's all crowded in together. Then you got all kinds of fucking mayhem going on. That's why you have gangs, that's why you have riots, 'cause people don't know how to put a sock on the pickle. People are all closed in, "Aaahhh, where do I go? I dunno, I think I'll shoot this guy.".



Todd: So we're stopping violence throughout the whole world, by using the most potty-mouth cover in the world on our album. But it was a good answer. Everyone said, "What are they gonna do next? All their potty-mouth crap?" Well check this out.

MRR: Haha. What was the studio you recorded the album in like? Didn't the Foo Fighters and No Doubt record there?

Todd: Yeah, but fuck all that. There was a pirate ship where people did a lot of cocaine before we got in there.

Sean: And I'll tell you who the real man that recorded there that you might be excited about. Let me just hum a little to see if you get it. (Sean starts humming "*My Sharona*.")

MRR: Oh, The Knack.

Sean: Oh Yeah, there ya go. They recorded there.

MRR: So, did you feel totally out of place there?

Raul: I'm sure they felt right at home.

Sean: I kinda felt out place, or not necessarily out of place—but I felt not included, like when they were passing the plates of cocaine around. (Laughter) And just bypassing me like "He doesn't do coke." Which I don't—but I mean, I felt kinda left out.

Todd: We brought in fake pirates too. They weren't real.

Sean: Plastic ones. Actually with all the money that we've made over the years…I don't know if you've heard of Disneyland, but in "Pirates of the Carribean," these people that were for women's rights and stuff, they had the women taken out of the ride.

MRR: Oh, because they were being chased…

Sean: They were being chased by men, right. They changed the theme to food. But we bought those women.

MRR: Oh, you did?

Sean: We had them in there kind of revolving around, and it created that whole porn environment that was originally going on in the seventies and it set the whole atmosphere for the…um…

Todd: Bawm-Chikitti-Bam-Bawm!!

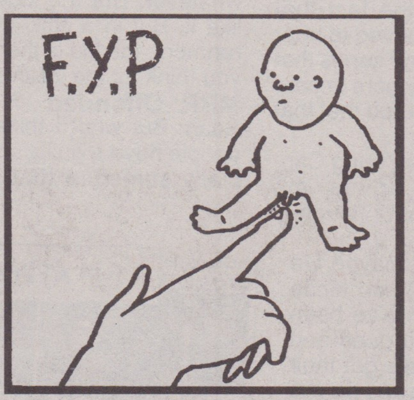
Sean: For the album…

MRR: Ok, what was it like making your album with Blag Dhalia of the Dwarves?

Todd: Cool.

Sean: Is that a trick question? You know, I mean, recording an album, especially anytime you're paying money to record something, and there's a time pressure, it becomes a tedious process. But the important thing is looking back, regardless of what went on in the studio, we came out with an album that we all really like a lot

MRR: Hmmm…So how do you feel…



↖Cover art in Question

Raul: Uh, Tito spilled beer in your dad's car!

MRR: How do you feel FYP's musical style has changed from 1989 to 2000?

Sean: Tremendously…for the better. (more laughter) I shouldn't talk…you should hear the riffs I was making in '89.

Todd: Well, it's my fault, so maybe I should…Um…I don't know. The old shit sucks, and the new shit I like. (some more laughter)

MRR: How does the new band, aptly called Toys that Kill, sound? Kinda FYP-ish or totally different? And who will be drumming?

Sean: This guy Dennis is drumming, and I think there is a spirit that kinda trails off later FYP material.

Todd: Same sideways poppiness.

Sean: Well, I'm writing songs now, and we have a different rhythm section. It's different…I mean it's hard to explain…

Todd: It's a lot looser.

Sean: Yeah.

Raul: We're getting loose in our old age.

Sean: Looser, but heavier.

MRR: What do you have in store for the future for both the band and the label? You think there might be a reunion tour?

Todd: No.

MRR: Never?

Sean: I think I'd be dead before there's a reunion tour…don't mark my words though. 'Cause goddamn, would I love to jam when I'm 40 years-old! Maybe I'll play maracas.

MRR: So what about the label?

Todd: It's still going the same, starting to get better.

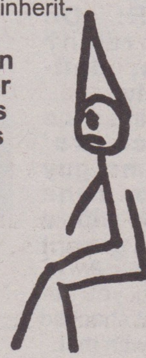
Raul: A lot of new bands on it.

Todd: Yeah, we never have enough money, that's always a problem…but the bands are starting to go on tour, which is weird for us.

Sean: It's hard when a lot of the bands you deal with are side projects.

Todd: And we never have any money.

Sean: We're waiting for an inheritance. I don't know how.



MRR: Gotta play in Vegas…So did you ever think FYP or Recess would have lasted as long as they have?

Raul: I didn't.

Todd: No way. I didn't know Recess was gonna be a label. I didn't know FYP was gonna be a band. It just happened.

Sean: We're all the kind of guys who ask what date it is all the time, like "What day is it?" You know, like when I wet—

Raul: Wet my bed.

Sean: Well I stopped peeing in my bed since I was 12….kind of. But I think that it's always a big surprise. You take it step by step.

Todd: One day at a time actually.

Raul: That was deep. Very insightful.

MRR: What were the best and worst times you've faced as a band?

Raul: Tour.

Todd: True that. Worst times was Finish your Popcorn. Best times was the Toys That Kill album. Touring…

Sean: People dying. People living. People staying around.

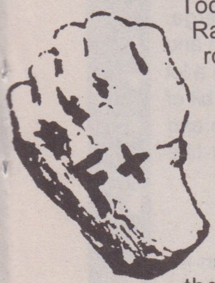
Todd: Yeah.

Sean: Record store closing. That sucked.

MRR: There was a Recess record store?

Raul: Yeah, see? Exactly…then it got shut down.
Sean: That's how we all became friends. That's how I became a Pedro resident.
MRR: Uh oh!
Raul: Uh, OH!
Sean: I didn't mean to hype Pedro or nuthin'. I have a Pedro sweater actually.
MRR: Hehe. So are you happy with what your band and label have achieved?
Todd & Raul: Yeah!!

Todd: Yeah, like I said, I didn't expected to even be a band or a label. It's to a point now where it's like "Wow, we're still doing this. It's been so long." I've been trying to think of what else could I fuckin' do.
Sean: Work at my work?
Todd: I can't do anything else, ya know.
Sean: I tried to get him a job at the pizza place I work at and the boss was like, "I'm sorry but your friend's gotta go. The guy fucks up the sauce, he spins the pizzas weird…"
Raul: Counter-clockwise.
Todd: And a lot of people say I don't know how to do the music shit, but hey, I'm still here.
Sean: And he's learned a few more chords.
Todd: Yeah, it's crazy. I know how to put my fingers on different positions of the guitar.
MRR: Cool, so who are your favorite bands, both on your label and off?
Todd: On? All of them, I guess.
Raul: Yeah, you gotta like your friends' band.
Todd: We wouldn't put 'em out if we didn't like 'em, so these are like our favorite bands. But bands like Dillinger Four, they're not on our label, but I love them.
Sean: Yeah, they're awesome.
Todd: The Beatles…
Raul: Yeah, we're all more classic rock.
Sean: ZZ Top…
MRR: Ugh…



Sean: We don't wanna give too much away, 'cause then people can get our formula.
Raul: They'll figure it out.
Todd: Can't take our secret sauce away from us. Like, what's the secret sauce at All-American Burger? Mayonnaise and ketchup.
Raul: It's classic rock.
Sean: And I don't really like the band so much, but I really like Avail stickers. For some reason, I see 'em everywhere. It's almost like In-and-Out Hamburger stickers. I don't mean to talk shit, though. I don't even know those dudes. I've only bought one album…
MRR: It's cool. Well, I once heard a rumor about how you got the money for Recess Records. The story goes that years ago, some professional skater killed someone and one of those shows like "Inside Edition" or "A Current Affair" or whatever did a story on it. Supposedly they showed Todd (back in his pro-skater days) in their footage and you sued and got a lot of money for the label? Is there any truth to this?
Todd: It's true, but I didn't actually go through with it. My mom told me I could sue and get a lot of money, but I'm lazy when it comes to that. And I don't really like suing, I think it's kinda stupid. Unless someone came up and shot my balls off or something. Then I'd sue 'em like crazy. They're nice.
Raul: Nice nuts.
Todd: They're nice little buddies.
MRR: Finally, do you have any last words for aspiring musicians and/or record labels?
Todd: Break it up.
Raul: Break up and you'll have a good show.
Sean: You'll have a kick-ass show. Gosh, I'd say, riff hard, beat the shit outta them drums, pound out the fuckin' bass...
Raul: Don't steal new music 'cause it sucks.
Sean: And definitely take singing classes. And for a label, I'd say, sue "Hard Copy." He didn't.
Todd: And we're always outta money. But mo' money, mo' problems.
Raul: Epitaph actually sued "Maury Povitch" and that's how they actually got their start. No, I'm just kidding.
MRR: Well, thanx for the interview. I had fun.
Todd: Thank you.
Sean: Thank you, it was actually fun.
MRR: Yeah, I had a good time. Thanx!

contact c/o:
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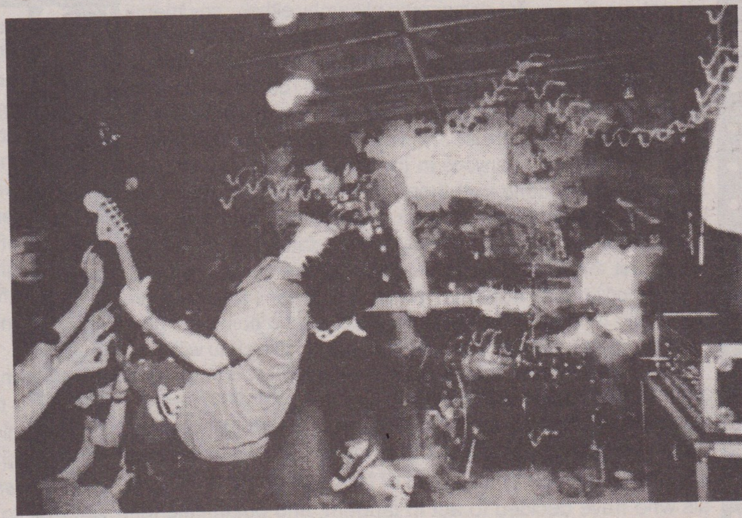
Fuck!



I FARM

i farm have been kicking around the east coast d.i.y. punk scene since the early 90s. after a slew of 7"es, one full length, and near non-stop touring, they have just released their best stuff yet. the "sincerely, robots" full length on cool guy records clocks in at just under a half hour, and is truly a fucking amazing album. this interview was conducted via e-mail with arun farm in july, 2000. interview by wells traffic violation.

mrr: what does diy mean to you guys?
diy is very important to all of us, i mean we still silk screen our shirts in our living room. but diy means much more than the sum of what it literally stands for. it's not just about "doing it yourself." it is hard and perhaps even wrong to categorize punk as a musical style, fashion sense, or even as an ethic. many pioneering punk bands (as well as many bands today) held an ethic that most of us would categorize somewhere between confusing and repulsive. but we can categorize punk as an economy. a parallel and often parasitic network that makes and trades goods, cutting the services for cost. the parasitic aspect of the punk economy can clearly be seen in the late shift at any kinkos. this economy has been a long time in the making. it is a real concrete thing that we can and should be proud of and this is a good thing to call diy; not necessarily doing things yourself but participating in the economy of our community, for it's preservation and advancement. i could go on about this forever. our drummer josh, and i both ran button farm for a long time, i think making buttons provided a good perspective on diy economics.

mrr: you guys run i-farm as dictatorship right? how does that work out?
i'm not sure how to answer this question. it should either be with cool intellectual detachment or with the smarmyness with which it was offered. i farm is not run as a dictatorship, but it is not run as a quasi-democratic oligarchy either. any member of i farm is "authorized" to make decisions for the band. being in a diy band is a very full time job. between booking and screening it's hard to do anything else. decisions have to made or nothing will get done. every member of i farm is very busy always, and there is not always time to confer. if it seems like a decision that anyone in the band made was bad (and we've certainly done that) then we'll talk about it. i took off a year in between schools to work primarily on i farm crap, and so it would be easy to say that i was dictator, but in reality it was just that i had time to deal with all the dumb crap that somebody has to deal with. creative decisions take us a really long time to make because there are no dominant personalities or paradigms in the band. i don't think you will ever meet a band of four individuals more different and equal. we actually had to sequester ourselves for a weekend, to finally agree on the artwork for our new record. essentially i guess, i farm is made up not of four dictators (though we've certainly all got the personality for it) but of four autonomous individuals who have decided to act in tandem, and put infinite faith and trust in the others.

mrr: i've heard you guys have some different political affiliations like iww an the communist party. how big a part does that stuff play in your lives? and how much does it influence i farm?
actually that is not true, i can categorically state that i am not now and never was a member of the communist party. i am a marxist but not a lenninist and therefore don't believe in parties. jeremy and i were both members of the iww and we both share an admiration for the american labor history commemorated there. but all the members of i farm have very different politics. radically different. and we all try not to misrepresent the others in our work. but while our politics may be different, our humanism is essentially the same. i think it is our shared humanism that becomes a common source of inspiration. the why's rather than the how's. if you really want to pin it down i think the i farm politic as it stands, is a sort of hopeful and melancholy humanism.

mrr: I know this is a typical question, but I think people still like to hear it. what bands are you all listening to nowadays?
again, we have very different taste in music. i'll give it a shot and hope i don't offend anyone. we all like some of the more metal bands like dillinger escape plan and converge. we all like quadaliacha, plow united, dillinger four. josh and jeremy are very into nomeansno and mr. bungle, and a lot of very tricky math stuff. jeremy and i listen to quite a bit of grindcore. john has been listening to a lot of cave-in and lifetime. jeremy is super into the refused. we all like madonna. oh i really like suicidal tendencies.

mrr: who's ruining the scene?
i think that the people ruining the scene (perhaps even including myself) are some of the older kids who look down on the younger kids for essentially being young and dumb. when someone first gets involved with punk, it's a new world to them and they won't always see everything for exactly what it is instantly.

mrr: you just finished up your movie. do you want to talk about that?

yeah, i just finished a 20 minute film, i've locked picture but it won't be done until winter. it was an amazing experience. i knew it was going to be my last short before i shoot my feature, and that i had better make all the mistakes now and not later. and i sure did. but it came out good though. the funny parts are funny and hopefully the sad parts are sad. it took place during world war ii, so the fun of the costumes and the guns almost made up for the fact that we shot in 18 inches of snow. filmmaking is a much different experience for me than music and i try to use one to inform the other. i guess this doesn't concern i farm so much so i'll stop. except to say that all the other members of i farm are very supportive of my filmmaking and have helped me out on and off set tremendously. and they were all there for my screening, which was really important to me.

mrr: what was recording at blasting room like?

recording at the blasting room was possibly the best thing that i farm has ever done (sneaking onto the propagahndi show in st. louis in now second) we broke down about twice a day, in snow sometimes. but we made it to ft. collins only to find that the label hadn't sent the money yet. which was stressful, but bill, jason and stephen, were amazing at helping us de stress and concentrate on the record. everyone in their crew is amazing, i mean these people took care of us. bill and stacey made us breakfast every morning, we even had an amazing thanksgiving dinner. and when recording, they took the time to make sure that they understood us, as a band. it wasn't just about recording us correctly, to sound professional. they were very vocal about wanting to learn from us, as much as we from them. and the result shows. '*sincerely robots*', is a much more mature record than i think any of us was capable of making before. we can't imagine recording anywhere else and are looking forward to going back soon.

mrr: what prompted the decision to have the new record come out on cool guy records, instead of sticking with crap records or creep records?

all the people at crap and creep records are friends of ours. good friends. and it can be very hard to put out records with people who you care about that much. for this record we wanted much more of a black box label where we deal with them and then detach. but i can't imagine a time when i farm won't be associated with creep/crap records nor would i want to. there is almost nothing that arik or carly could call and ask for that we wouldn't do. but it would have been really hard to ask either of them for six thousand dollars to record at the blasting room, because we know what a hardship it would be. we found coolguy because coolguy found us. we were looking for a label they called. we listened. and once we had addressed some concerns we had, it seemed like the right thing to do.

mrr: i've noticed that cool guy records uses a lot of rhetoric about "positivity" and "community" but then goes ahead and does records like "greatasstits" by the nobodys. i know a lot of people would say that record objectifies women and runs contrary to some of the sloganeering by cool guy. i wonder how some of the more politically minded bands, like fifteen and siren, who've worked with cool guy reconciled that. was that something you guys had to think about before agreeing to do the record?

of course it was a concern. it was something we talked about with danny at length; judging from the conversation i can only imagine it's a conversation that he has often with his bands. as far as i farm is concerned he put out an arguably sexist record by an arguably shitty band. was it a great decision? no. did he have reasons that he told us? yes. were we impressed by those reasons? not really. does that make him unworthy to put out our record because he made a choice we don't agree with? obviously not. discussions of free speech of this nature are unwieldy, uninspired and largley reserved for college talk. i know people consider us a political band, and i do as well. but to decide on a record label based on who agrees with us the most politically, would be a strange and dangerous road. coolguy monetarily supports many causes which we feel are important and has its own programs which we respect.

mrr: what's going on with tour this summer?

we are doing a seven week tour, essentially around the periphery of the u.s. and then eastern canada. its still pretty much a typical i farm tour; by that i mean all kinds of venues and all kinds of bands. i think that's my favorite thing about being in i farm. we've never quite been pigeon holed into a category and we get to play all kinds of shows. (as long as its all ages)..

mrr: how'd the move from upstate new york to new york city impact i farm? what's the nyc scene like?

the move to brooklyn happened to coincide with many things that were changing and so in many ways it is the begging of the modern i farm era. we left ithaca for a ten week tour and when we were done we would be living in new york. the biggest change has been of our drummer. phil fitzgerald, the drummer from the "this one's better e.p." through the split with operation: cliff clavin, began to have pain in his arm. 2/3rds of the way through tour he had to go home and josh, whose band funbox had just broken up, agreed to play drums through till the end of tour and then decided to join the band. it was a very lucky thing, as we had been close friends with funbox for about a year. josh adds a new dynamic to the band that is very unique and goes along way towards forming the sound that we have now. he lives in washington d.c., where jeremy is also moving.

the new york scene is pretty cool, we haven't fully integrated ourselves in it yet. what i miss most about ithaca was the total immersion that you can only have in a small town. where we could guarantee free food, housing, and at least $100 dollars for any touring band who came through.

mrr: as individuals, you all have some pretty serious endeavors outside of i farm, and punk in general. do you think you'll be lifers in the scene? who'll drop out first?

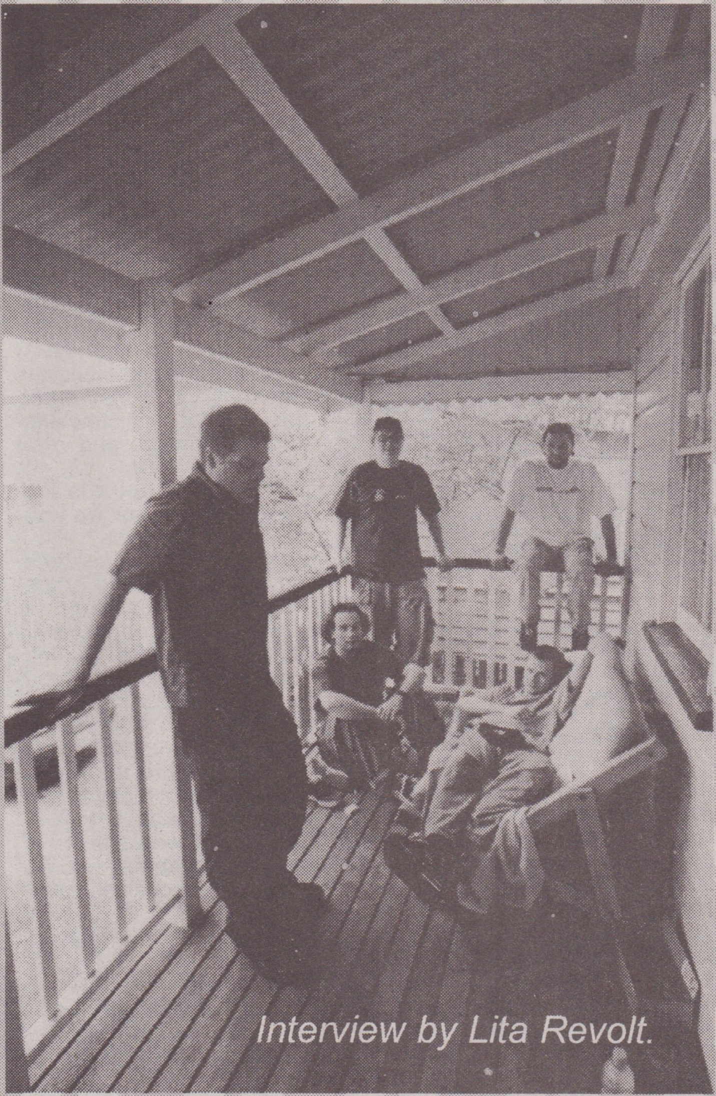
i guess one of us will drop out once other stuff becomes too much, but since we are so busy now and still do it, i can't imagine when/if that will be. kids don't drop out of the scene as fast as they used to, and i think that is a really positive development. we all have huge outside interests that do take up a lot of time. john is a mechanical engineer. right now he is helping to design tremendous caskets to keep nuclear waste from leaking into the world (for real.) josh and jeremy both have degrees in audio engineering and are putting together a studio called the note factory. i am in my third year of film school at nyu. all these things are very important to us but we find time for i farm because it is what love. and the things we learn in the band are useful in our outside work. i think we all feel like punk has been so good to us and has taught us so much that just turning on it, would be unfair and unfeasible.

contact arun and the **i farm** at 805-809 driggs ave #3, brooklyn, ny 11211, arunifarm@aol.com. address for getting i farm stuff include: **cool guy records**: uncooldan@aol.com. **crap records**: craprcrds@aol.com. **creep records**: suite 220, ste c market st., westchester, pa 19381, www.creeprecords.com. **traffic violation records**: box 772, east setauket, ny 11733, www.trafficviolation.com.

annalise

Annalise are at the forefront of the current crop of British punk bands, and are mandatory listening for anyone who ever liked Jawbreaker, Leatherface, Samiam or J Church. They formed in 1995 and their lineup consists of Ed (vocals), Martyn (guitar), Brian (guitar), David (bass), and Ade (drums).

The first song I ever heard by the band was "Signposts and Alleyways" and the lyrics really hit me hard; to date it's the only punk rock song that's ever made me cry (and I'm a seen-it-all, tough-as-nails punk rocker Goddammit!!!). It's an extremely personal song but written in such a way that anyone can relate to it, and it brought back a lot of memories for me of growing up punk, watching my friends and mentors fade out of my life.



Interview by Lita Revolt.

Great songwriting seems to have become a lost art for punk bands these days, but Annalise has it in spades. With so many bands nowadays churning out prefab music with the sole intent of fitting into an already established genre or appealing to a narrow clique, Annalise writes music from the heart that cuts across barriers and would appeal to anyone who appreciates good aggressive music.

Their new CD, Tour Issue, is easily the best British punk album of the year and is available in the UK from Boss Tuneage Records, PO Box 19550, London, SWII 1FG, UK. In the US you can get their stuff from Ding Dong Ditch Records, PO Box 2409, Kalamazoo, MI 49003-2409. You can write the band at the Cavern, 83-84 Queen Street, Exeter, EX4 3RP, UK. Ed and David were kind enough to answer some questions about the band and their recent tour.

MRR: You recently undertook about a month-long tour. Where did you go?

Ed: We went to Malaysia, Australia and Japan and finished things off back in the UK with a couple of shows with The Tone and Discount. We were the first ever UK punk band to play in Malaysia (and only the second foreign punk band ever behind Fugazi, I believe), and the shows there were fantastic. We played in Kualar Lumpur and Quantan and everyone was so enthusiastic and full of life that it put what we're used to in the UK to shame! Also, there's a real DIY attitude behind the scene there, which in this day and age is really refreshing. The punk scene is really big with bands selling thousands of tapes and CDs, but so far for the most part the money men and bigger labels seem to have been kept well away. The guy who organized the shows is an ex-*MRR* contributor, Joe Kidd. Australia was fun but similar in many ways to what we're used to in the UK, while Japan was just mind-blowing. I think it's fair to say that both Malaysia and Japan were inspirational to us and reminded us how great the punk scene can be. The attitudes and values of the people we came across were just spot on and really refreshing. It was fantastic!

David: The underground punk scene in Malaysia is very exciting at the moment. When we were over there we played in Kualar Lumpur with great bands like the Shitworkers, who formed out of the ashes of Carburetor Dung; and Mass Separation, a female-fronted extreme hardcore band. They were doing intense minute-long songs with political content about the situation in East Timor, etc., kind of like a cross between Doom and Napalm Death! We were staying with Joe Kidd, singer for the Shitworkers, who is central to the Malaysian scene. The gigs were very intense, with an amazing reaction from the punkers who turned up. The gigs erupted as soon as we struck our first note. It wasn't as much of a culture shock as I'd imagined, although the imagery of a bunch of black-clad anarcho-style punks sitting in front of a powder-blue domed mosque in Kuantan is still pretty vivid in my mind. The mosque was playing religious chants through a huge PA system, and the punkers waiting for our show were mooching around in the heat and smoking Malaysian Marlboro Lights, which contain 20 mg of tar as opposed to the 7 mg you get in the UK!

MRR: I'd like to hear more about Malaysia. Do the kids there put on their own shows? Is it mostly younger kids, or are there "punks for life"? I would guess it would be tough just to be a punk there. Should more bands consider touring there?

Ed: It's totally DIY, with the kids doing everything themselves. There doesn't appear to be that many older punks around, except for Joe Kidd and his friends, who have supported the scene there from the very beginning. Remember, this is judged from playing a couple of shows, but I know that the DIY spirit is really strong and there's a lot of resistance to business types getting involved. Every zine I picked up was slagging of the few people or companies that have tried to move the scene into more of a money-oriented direction. We all felt really inspired being around people who felt so strongly about keeping their scene how they wanted it when even though the kids aren't exactly poverty-stricken or starving, economically things are very different from the UK or the US. I'm sure some of the bands etc., could do with the money a bigger, non-DIY label might offer, but they choose to say no to that and do things 100% their own way. You've got to admire that. The people there would love it if more bands played. We did it as a free "stop over" as part of our ticket to Australia and Japan. There wasn't a lot of money to be made from the gigs and obviously, the air ticket to just Malaysia alone would be pretty expensive, but doing it that way made it possible. Apart from Malaysia there's a big scene in Indonesia and things are beginning to happen in Thailand as well. Hopefully, the next time we can take those countries in as well. If you're clever about it and are touring elsewhere in the area you can get the air tickets for "free" so go for it!

MRR: How about Japan? I know there's always been a thriving hardcore/thrash scene there, probably the best in the world, and now it seems like a lot of melodic/pop-punk is cropping up. Is it one big scene, or are they separated into cliques like how it is in the States these days?

Ed: I think it's separated. The bands we played with were the

Snuffy Smile bands; generally playing intense melodic punk rock, not really pop punk. Bands like Screaming Fat Rat, 3 Minute Movie and 8 Roof are amongst the best punk bands we've ever played with and apart from those just about every band was excellent. There's a definite sound amongst those Snuffy Smile bands. We didn't really come across the hardcore or thrash bands at all. There's a big audience for punk in all its forms and I think like the US, people have just moved towards whatever niche they like and once they do that they stick with it. Rather like Malaysia, the people we came across were very much into the DIY side of things and keeping the scene free from the influence of big business. Punk can be big business in Japan and there are bands and labels that make a lot of money, but the Snuffy Smile scene is the complete opposite of all that and again was really inspiring to us.

MRR: Tell us about the new *Tour Issue* CD you did to coincide with the tour.

Ed: We have a lot of releases out now and by the very nature of them, coming out in small pressings etc., a lot of people may have missed out on tracks that came out on singles that we like. We just thought that we'd put them all together for the tour with some good new songs. As it is, what was meant to be a release that coincided with the tour has taken on a life of its own and *Tour Issue* is now by far our most widely available release. It's out on UK, Japanese, and American labels, and compared to some of the single tracks on it, is easy to find. As a compilation I think it works really well and it gave us a reason to put some new songs out as well that fit in just fine with all the "hits" taken from the singles.

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MRR: How many other CDs do you have out?

Ed: Too many! Before *Tour Issue*, there was *Our Story Goes Like This* which is our one and only full-length CD. There's also been *Always 18*, *Something's Got To Give* and *You Can Dye Your Hair But Not Your Heart*. I think things really came together for us with *Our Story*. It's weird because here in the UK we've always had good reviews for the previous CDs but after the fact, we all find it really difficult to accept those reviews because we think the *Our Story* stuff is just so much better that we question what we were actually doing before. To me it sounds like a different band and there's no way I could see us writing the majority of those old songs now, which I guess is a good thing to say in terms of progression and that sort of thing. Where most of *Something's Got To Give* came from, I'll never know!

MRR: My impression is that in 1995 when you started Annalise, the UK scene was in a bit of a lull. Now it seems like good bands are coming out of the woodwork. What do you attribute this resurgence to?

Ed: You're right, there was a lull and things are better now. I'm not sure why exactly, although I believe that *Fracture* fanzine has helped by being easily available nationwide and focusing on good UK bands and the good aspects of the scene here rather than average American bands just because they're American and are on the "correct" record labels. Previously, there was definitely an attitude in some quarters here that American bands were great no matter what and UK bands were just kind of boring and second-rate. There are interesting reasons behind that, that go way outside the punk scene, but thankfully time has moved on and a band is just a band, good or bad, no matter where they come from. Luckily, there are some good UK bands nowadays and a lot of active people around pushing the scene, keeping it fresh and vibrant. To be perfectly honest, UK scene comings and goings don't exactly keep me awake at night, but at the very least, I'm glad people here seem to be interested in what Annalise do.

David: The driving force behind Annalise has always been the concept of DIY. That's why we've never tried to work with a major label. I find the principles behind DIY empowering, although I've got nothing against bands like Green Day or Blink 182 following their own route. It's just that I need the freedom to do things in the way I want, stuff like sleeve design and playing certain shows, what records you can release, and when. Some friends of ours from Exeter have just signed up to Maverick and believe me, they're made to work beyond the realm of duty. Several millions have been sunk into their band and that money has got to be paid back. The pressure on them is enormous, but their reward is that they get to see the world, get to tour with bands like the Foo Fighters and the Red Hot Chili Peppers and have a big budget to record with. My point to other bands in our town is you can get to tour the world and make records our way as well. And the fact is, no major label is going to touch you with a magic wand and make you "valid"; you've still got to come up with the ideas! The DIY route we follow fits my theory that process is everything in life. The eating of a meal is the enjoyable bit—not having to eat it! The DIY scene in the UK is getting stronger, with great zines around like *Fracture* and *Suspect Device*, great labels like Crackle and Subjugation, and brilliant bands like Sun Factor and The Tone. The best band in the UK at the moment—in my opinion—is Kingston band Hundred Reasons, who have got the most distinctive, intense sound and are going to be huge.

MRR: At this point is the band full-time, or do you still work day jobs?

Ed: It's not full-time although it could be at the moment. We say "no" to things all the time due to work and other commitments and we're getting worse the more we get offered, and personally I'm questioning more and more why we don't just do the band... It would alter relationships both inside and outside the band. Circumstances have caught up with us all to the point that it would be difficult to just blow our jobs out and take off with Annalise. With a bit of planning we could definitely do it, but it would mean a major, major change to all our lives. We've thought about it—put it that way. Ask us in six months, once the *Tour Issue* royalties come flooding in!

MRR: How do you write songs? Does one person come up with the whole thing?

Ed: We all contribute to a point, although for the most part the music comes from one person. That's how we work the best; feeding off one person's strong idea of what a song should go like. I don't think songwriting is a democratic process, I can't work that way, anyway. I want someone to put their foot down and feel passionate about a song and then hopefully whoever hears it will feel the same way.

MRR: How about the lyrics? Trying to tackle any big issues, or just making personal observations?

Ed: Both really. A song like "Selling Sand To The Arabs" is a little story about growing up in our hometown and is pretty much just narrative until a little sting in the tail on the last few lines. Funny story about that song actually: a couple of people have written to us saying they thought we were "anti-American" because of that song. We're not; we just wanted to make a point about how anything can be bought up and sold back to you by big business. As the song was about growing up surrounded by the early '80s punk scene here in our town in the UK, we just wanted to make an ironic point that the very same music (which was never that great in the first place in our opinion) and image is now selling by the bucketload and making big bucks for generally American businesses. The same song has also wound up some of the older locals here who are protective about their memories of when they

were punks during the time the song was written about. It's as if we've committed blasphemy or something by expressing an opinion about it when we "weren't there." People are so fucking stupid sometimes! All that from one song. Anyway, that's the sort of thing we write pbout...

MRR: Some of your earlier songs, I'm thinking "Another Bad Day" and "Die," lyrically seem a bit pessimistic, whereas newer songs like "Hit The Bottle" seem to stress a sense of camaraderie and determination to improve things. Have things actually gotten better, or do you now just, as the old Monty Python skit goes, "always look on the bright side of life?"

Ed: God knows about "Another Bad Day;" that was just a story. I'll stand by the lyrics on "Die," though. I still feel pretty much the same way. The song is about how hopeless you can feel when faced by the big political problems around you and how you can feel that you've got no control or influence over them. On one hand the song is about caring enough to want to do something to change things and on the other thinking, what's the point? I have that argument in my head just about every day. "Hit The Bottle" was written in context to the other songs on "Our Story Goes Like This." There's a theme running through the CD about growing up in our hometown. That song is about when you're just about to leave school or whatever and no matter how confident you feel, you suddenly realize that you've got to stand on your own two feet and make some choices about which way your life is going to go. I remember that feeling really well. There's no point to be made as such in the song; it just fits really well with the other songs on that release. A few people have said that they really relate to that song, which is always flattering.

MRR: I'm intrigued by "Revolution Food." What inspired that song?

Ed: My dad needed to have an operation and was waiting and waiting to get it. The health service is free over here but it's kind of run down and needs more funding. The song is a personal look at why I believe people should try and change things for the better, even if it's the smallest change. At the time there was an election coming up, and I was hearing people all the time saying they weren't going to vote for a variety of reasons and it just really pissed me off because I had a reason to vote; my dad needed an operation and couldn't get one in part because of the then government's attitude and policy towards the health service. I hate all of the mainstream political parties and the majority of politicians (there are exceptions) make me sick, *but* knowing that's the system we live under and someone's going to be in government the day after an election, you should fucking vote, y'know? I voted for the party I thought would make the biggest change for the better. They bullshitted like they all do, but at least they had more interest in the health service here. That was enough.

MRR: I definitely get a sense of hometown pride in some of your songs. You guys run your own club in Exeter, right? And you just put out Year Zero, a compilation CD of Exeter punk bands. David: I run my own club in Exeter called the Cavern which puts on a lot of punk bands like Jets To Brazil, Samiam, Vanilla Pod, Travis Cut, etc. We also do a lot of the older bands like the Buzzcocks, Jayne County, Chelsea, UK Subs, Citizen Fish. Anyone who's out there really. Last year I met a lot of interesting people, including Hugh Cornwell, Gee Vaucher from Crass, and Jello Biafra. Actually, I'll take this chance to get a message to Jello: if you're still looking for a copy of *The Big Dentist* I saw one in Au Go Go Records in Melbourne for a good price. They also had *We Buy A Hammer For Daddy*, around 30 or 40 pounds if I've got my exchange rate correct.

Ed: I haven't got any real pride in my hometown. Personally I don't live there anymore (the others do). I see it as a place I grew up, we practice and some of my friends live, that's it. I'm sure Dave is rightly proud of his club, Brian too as he works there and promotes punk shows. Dave is active in the wider arts community in Exeter, but I don't know what his feelings are towards the city. I just thought the "Year Zero" project was an interesting thing to do. I wasn't trying to celebrate Exeter in any way, as obviously the majority of people don't give a shit about punk or anything else that's creative or challenging. I guess I was just trying to document a certain attitude or scene here and the things that attitude can help create and draw a link between the early '70s punk scene through all the different eras right up to the present. The Cavern isn't just a punk club; it gives a space to anything, drum and bass, indie, whatever, but the people behind the club have come from the punk scene and the punk attitude has created a space for all these other things to happen. "Year Zero" says to anyone that's interested "this is where what's happening now came from." I kind of get pissed off with the place a little as without Dave and the few people like Brian who work at things I really believe no one else would be bothered to do anything at all. People are lazy and complacent and I get fucked off with some of the petty small town attitudes that come with the place. I can't be doing with that shit. I've always felt that way towards the place which in a way is why I do what I do. You can get lost in such an easy environment (it is a nice and pleasant city to live in) and believe that everything is great. I've just never been satisfied with that. One day maybe, but not yet.

MRR: David, what are some of the art projects you're involved in?

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David: I've just put together an anthology of underground writing, *Artefiction*, for a local small press called Stride. It features work by Joolz, Little Annie, Cheryl B. and some drawings from Mike Diana, the comic book artist who was sent to jail for doing pictures! He was banged up with hardened criminals who asked him, "what are you in here for boy?" and he said "drawing pictures," and they were going, "Hell, they'll arrest you for anything these days!" My next project is *Asian Hardcore: The Punk Scene In Malaysia And Japan*, which has loads of photos I've taken, and various anecdotes about the punk scene over there. I want to pitch that at somebody like Creation or AK Press. The idea is to contrast the Asian scene with the UK scene, and I've got loads of great photos of all the bands we've played with. You can see some of them in the gallery section of the Cavern's website: www.caveruclub.co.uk.

MRR: You guys really seem to have some momentum going with the recent tour and new releases. What are the future plans for the band?

Ed: We're working on a new CD and aiming to record it by the end of the year. It'll be on Pigdog in the UK, Snuffy Smile in Japan, Deplorable in Australia and AGE in South East Asia. Hopefully we'll hook up with other labels elsewhere as well. We want to play as many interesting places as possible, make it back to Japan, get to the US. There's so much to do and it's great!

MRR: The final and most important question, and I must ask this of any British band, who's your favorite Doctor Who?

Ed: Tom Baker is the only one I really know that well. He was my era. I'm not a fan! Check out *Dad's Army*; that's classic vintage British TV!

Cattle Decapitation

What the hell kind of band prints artwork of mutilated animal corpses on their covers? What the hell kind of band releases its brand of death metal on 12" cow-spotted vinyl? What the hell kind of band wears beef jerky masks on stage and spits yogurt all over you? What the hell kind of a band does not eat meat and proclaims "fuck vegetarianism" in the same breath? This band does. This band is more punk than you, more vegan than you, and more hardcore than you. This band could beat you up in a fight. Yet the opposite of all these things is also true, simultaneously. Herein lies this band's genius. This band is Cattle Decapitation. Fuck you.

Interview by the Brothers Snodgrass.

Photos - Jerky Mask: Russell Bander, Dead Animals: Nelson Garrido.

We began the interview by asking a few innocent bystanders, who just happened to be Cattle Decapitation fans, to describe the band in three words.

Bystander #1: RRRRRAWWWRRRR! $%! RHHWWRRWWRRR!!!!!

MRR: How the hell am I supposed to transcribe that?
Everyone: Like, "Argh!"
MRR: OK.
Bystander #2: (in an evil Satan voice) Brutal, Mayhem, Destruction.
Bystander #3: War, brutal, and bloody.
MRR: OK, that's great. Now to the band, I guess we gotta start with the usual bullshit question. State your names and your duties in the band.
Gabe: I'm Gabe, I play guitar.
Dave: David Astor, I play the drums.
Travis: Gurglus Abdominus.
MRR: That's vocals for those of you that don't know. OK, let's just dive right in to the juicy stuff. Have you guys gotten into any trouble with animal rights activists?
Gabe: Kinda. Like the Che Cafe doesn't want us to use the jerky mask anymore. They thought we had put it together in their kitchen, and they make all their vegan food there, but that's not what happened. Travis just threw jerky on people, and shit like that. So we've just been told no more jerky masks, that's it. And a few vegans have gotten pretty pissed about our record covers. That's it.
MRR: What was the whole inspiration behind the jerky mask and yogurt barfing shows?
Travis: The jerky was for complete visual terrorism and the yogurt was just something I thought of as I was buying beer right before a PCH show where I was going to use the mask. I was like, "fuck! Yeah I'll get some yogurt and I'll spit it all over everybody! Yeah!" So we bought some lemon yogurt and everybody thought I really puked. People were talking later about how they thought I was so vegan and vegetarian that I puked cause I had a jerky mask on. (sarcastically) That's how extreme I am. Which is a bunch of shit. It was just a joke.
MRR: No one can take a good beef jerky/yogurt joke these days. Ok I gotta ask one more cliche interview question. How did you guys hook up?
Dave: Three or four years ago, I originally played bass and sang, Gabe played drums.
Travis: And I played guitur and some vocals for a while.
Gabe: But before that, we had another guitar player who's on the first 7" that came out. Dave and I started playing around, and he had this roommate who started playing guitar with us, I was playing drums, Dave was playing bass. We did that for about a year, then the guitar player turned out to be some chump, and skipped town. So me and Dave were doing it for a while, then we got Travis to play guitar. Then we stopped playing for about a year. And then, we switched instruments, Dave got on the drums and I played guitar, and we had Travis come and sing. That way it's easier to write songs as a two piece and then just add vocals on top of it. Now everything just happens, it just flows.
Travis: They borrow my 4-track, and they record all the music and I just take it home and put the vocals over it. We've practiced maybe fifteen times in the whole fucking time that we've been together.
Dave: Usually Gabe and I get together and write tons and tons of riffs, and keep maybe one out of ten. Or we combine twenty riffs together into one song.
Gabe: Yeah, we write about three songs a practice, and it just fucking happens amazingly quick. And we're both satisfied.
Travis: And what you hear on the records is exactly what they give me to write the lyrics to, so what you hear is exactly what they came up with, straight from their ass. That's why it's so brutal.
MRR: Dave, do people ever mistake you for a drum machine?
Dave: Here and there. (laughs)
MRR: Or are you a drum machine?
Dave: No, I'm not really a drum machine, but I definitely try.
MRR: So then could you enlighten all the drummers out there as to how you play so fast?
Dave: Well, I started playing drums seven years ago, and that was the first thing I started doing, just playing blast beats...
Gabe: Most people start on rock beats, but he started on blast beats.
Dave: There you go.
Travis: but ended up playing rock beats. (laughs)
MRR: Gabe, is this more of an outlet for your guitar playing, since you don't hafta worry about vocals like you do in the Locust?
Gabe: I don't even really know what I'm doing on guitar. (laughs). No, it's just, I can't get too death metal in the Locust, and I've got the death metal edge.
Bystander #2: He's an animal.

Digestion is funny to me. We can eat what goes in... but not what comes out. Yes I'm still a vegetarian.

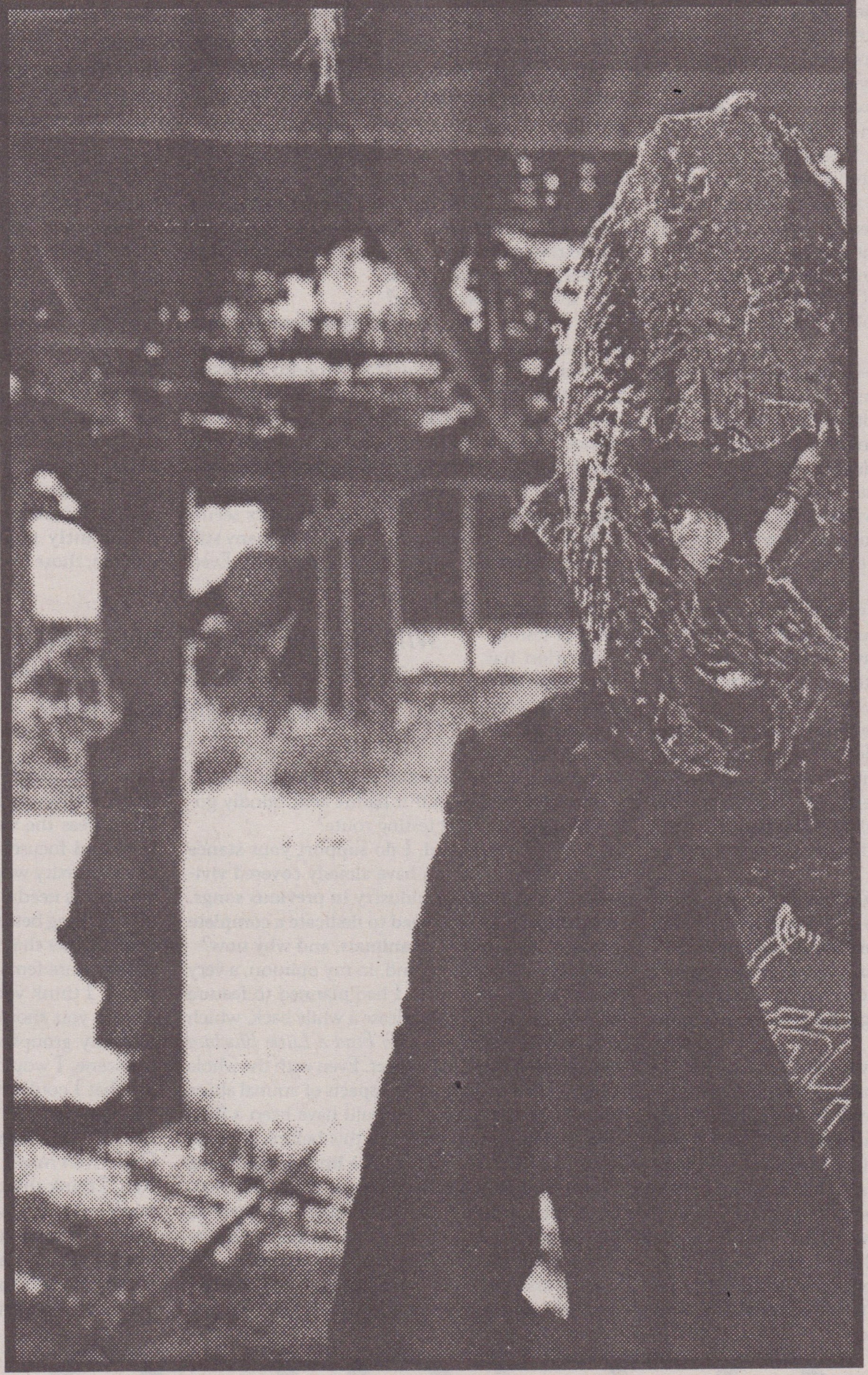
Travis: He's got thc death metal soul.
Gabe: I basically need this band.
Travis: It's an escape. (laughs)
MRR: Travis, how do you prepare for the vocal part of a performance... any vocal exercises or stretches?
Travis: No. Nothing. Beer. That's about it. That's why I strain every time we play.
MRR: Your lyrics point to some sort of digestive system fetish. What's the deal with that?
Travis: I grew up looking at the intestines of every dead animal I could find. Physiology class spawned my love for guts and dissection. So did Carcass. I actually went to college for medical assistance after I realized I could not handle the Mortuary field. Digestion is funny to me. We can eat what goes in... but not what comes out. Yes I'm still a "vegetarian."
MRR: Who is William "Chimey" Keeton who you credit as inspiration for some of the lyrics?
Travis: He's that guy right there that went "ARGH!" at the beginning of the interview. There was a point in time where we would just write lyrics together and I saved 'em and there's stuff that I used directly from those in the album.. Lines that he pretty much made up, and I wanted to give him credit in the liner notes. (in a phony British accent) He's had quite an impact on my life.
MRR: I think that the fact that you're wearing a Bjork shirt in the liner notes photo gives you more punk rock credibility than if you were wearing, say, and Iron Maiden or Cannibal Corpse shirt.
Travis: If I was to wear an Iron Maiden shirt, I would be doing what all these fucking lame scenesters do when they wear their fucking Iron Maiden shirts.
Gabe: Like me when I wear mine.
Travis: (laughs) No, no, no, no, you actually used to listen to that shit, these people I'm talking about thought of it as a joke at one time, kinda like people do with Vanilla Ice, but now it'd be cool to wear a Vanilla Ice shirt. The same applies to fucking Iron Maiden scenesterism. I like Bjork, and I like way more shit than your average scenester. I mean, I've got 2,000 CDs and a wall of vinyl, you think I just listen to death metal?
MRR: Ok, since this is a worldwide mag, and you've got this venue to change the world, and blah blah blah, do you have any points you like to get across to the masses?
Gabe: No.
Dave: No.
Travis: I've got some shit to say. FUCK vegetarianism, and fuck any kind of label that somebody has to put on themselves. I mean, it's cool if you don't want to eat meat, everybody has their own reasons, but this whole goddamn scene... We're not a Carcass rip-off, but, you know, we just happen to not eat meat, and, and, don't even put any of this in there.
Gabe: Just put 'No' for him. (laughs)
MRR: Tell us about the new record.
Dave: The new record is gonna be a lot fucking better than the last one. It's coming out this winter, and the production, everything, is a lot better than the last one.
MRR: Any new instruments coming into the mix? Bike an orchestra maybe?
Gabe: No, but I am looking at the BC Rich New Jersey Virgin guitar that just came out. Fuuuuck, man. That'll be the best.
Travis: We're also kicking around the idea of adding bass guitar, but we're not going to change our sound much.
Bystander #3: Yeah, If it's not broken now, why try and fix it?
MRR: I know Gabe & Dave are going on tour with the Locust soon, but what about Cattle? Any big tours coming up?
Dave: Nah, not any tirne soon.
Gabe: Me and Dave need a break, man. We're gonna take maybe a month or two off. A west coast thing might be an option
Dave: If anything, probably next year.
Travis: Early next year. By then we'll have a new album out.
Dave: Yeah, we just need to pump another record out first.
MRR: Tell us about that Spanish record you did.
Travis: That's a CD EP on Toyo Records, limited to 1,000 copies. When we did Homovore, we took 3 of the songs and did them in Spanish, knowing that we were going to release them on this 3-way split with Armatron and Ticwar. And so I told the guy we'd do 3 songs in Spanish, he just paid for the recording. We are also releasing those on a separate 7" this summer on Accident Prone, with lyrics.

The front cover's modeled after Alarma Magazine, which is a popular Mexican, not Spanish, fucking Mexican, publication that is very gory, very brutal, and very perfect in-your-face complete unffinching reality.
Gabe: There's no censorship in that fucking thing. It's a weekly newspaper and the covers are just like fucking death metal covers.
MRR: Most people know Gabe and Dave are also in The Locust. What other projects are you involved in Travis?
Travis: I'm in a harsh electronic noise band called UUM. We have a CD on Vinyl Communications. Occasionally my friends and I play in a joke gothic band called Graveyard Whispers. We have a tape on my label called Attention Deficit Records. We did a tribute last year to Throbbing Gristle. My friend and I did an electronic/ambient band called 5/5/2000. We have a CD on Accretions Records. We were very happy with that CD, but we are done. I also do a solo ambient thing called The Mono Source. I'll be doing vocals on a 12" coming up with John Weiss of Bastard Noise. That's it.
MRR: The Che Cafe just got shut down by UCSD, and with it gone, there doesn't seem to be a place where this type of band can play regularly any more... What's your take on the San Diego music scene these days?
Travis: Fuck San Diego. There's no scene here.
Bystander #3: It's a conservative military town.
Dave: The Padres could use some help, you know. (laughs)
Travis: Fuck the Padres too.
MRR: OK, well how about the Gulls (SD Hockey Team), they've won like five championships in a row and no one even knows who the Gulls are.
Travis: He went to a game!
Gabe: I don't pay attention to soccer. (laughs)
MRR: No one paid attention to the Soccers either. They won like ten back to back championships.
Gabe: Who are the Soccers?
MRR: San Diego's hockey team.
Travis: Fuck sports, that's all I gotta say.
Dave: Fuck you, sports are the best.
Travis: That's one thing that we're torn on. I hate sports.
Bystander #2: Once Tony Gwyen goes, the whole city goes. Nobody's gonna see any sports tearns here.
MRR: Are there any current bands that you're pretty excited about?
Travis: Gore Beyond Necropsy, Murder City Devils.
Gabe: The Straight As
MRR: Do you guys give a shit about MP3s or bootlegs on the internet or anything?
Travis: Have at it and fuck off.

CATTLE DECAPITATION

Dave: What's MP3s?
MRR: Digital copies of music downloaded for free.
Dave: I don't give a fuck.
Travis: Fuck computers, even though I just got one. Everyone can email me at humanjerky_2000@yahoo.com. But fuck em. And fuck the scene.
Gabe: This is getting bad, you guys... 'Fuck the scene man! San Diego sucks! Yeah, carnage!' How many times have we said 'brutal?' (laughs}
Gabe: Let's go get a beer.
MRR: Fuck beer.

Cattle Decapitation discography
- Ten Torments of the Damned 7", 1997
- Human Jerky LP, Satan's Pimp, 1999
- Audio Terrorism (compilation), Satan's Pimp, 1995,
- Homovore LP, 31G, 2000,
- Split CD with Armitron and Ticwar, Toyo Records, 2000
- Decapitacion (three songs from Homovore en Espanol) 7" EP, Accident Prone, Summer 2000



This is the jerky mask.

RIOT/CLONE is Dave, vocals; Colin, guitar; Keri, bass; and Andy, drums. The anarcho-punk band started in a West London garden shed in August, 1979. They went on to be part of the London UK anarcho "scene" in the early '80s, releasing three EPs on their own label and supplying a track for the *Punk & Disorderly 2* LP, donating their royalties to the Animal Liberation Front and getting the record company to say as much on the LP cover. Then all went quiet. A number of years later they were to suddenly reappear with a re-release of their three EPs, along with a book detailing their checkered history. Following in the footsteps of that release came the *Still No Government Like No Government* LP in 1996, containing forty tracks and accompanied by a 142-page book; impressive by anyone's standards. The *To Find a Little Bluebird* LP came next, with its cover that belied the power of the music contained within, and in 2000 they have their first EP in 17 years being released by Catchphraze Records in Arizona. There's also a new CD, *Do You Want Fries With That?*, an uncompromising animal rights onslaught released by Upstart Productions from New Jersey. What follows are extracts taken from an interview conducted by Andy Chapman with Dave and Keri, while sitting on a wall in Portobello Green, West London.

MRR: Since RIOT/CLONE's initial inception in 1979, your history has been somewhat lethargic. Why?

Dave: Numerous reasons. By the time the line-up split in the '80s and the third EP came out, I was jaded with the scene and wanted a complete break from it. Once I wanted to get something together again, life and personal problems got in the way until the early- to mid-'90s. Even then, I was the only full-time member of the band until now. With the latest line-up, we do at last have a more focused group that are all interested in doing stuff with RIOT/CLONE.

MRR: Your music on the whole seems hopelessly retrograde and appeals to a very small minority. Surely you're restricting yourselves from reaching a larger audience and consequently exposing more listeners to your message?

Dave: When it comes down to it, I want to make music that I want to listen to. That others want to listen to it too is a bonus. While I don't mind the sound changing, if the band as a whole want it to, I wouldn't be happy with trying to create a sound purely to get more listeners. I wouldn't be into it as much, and I think that would show. It would also be cynical and somewhat dishonest. You wouldn't be hearing RIOT/CLONE. You'd be hearing what RIOT/CLONE thought you wanted to hear.

Keri: I think the new line-up has added a different edge, although I appreciate your point about living in the past. For me it's about relevance, and the music from the old anarcho bands plays a big part in my life. That doesn't mean that I have Crass and Conflict constantly on my turntable or that I don't listen to a diverse range of music, because I'm into all kinds of shit, as are Colin and Andy, and that will begin to show more as we write new material.

MRR: So do you seek merely to entertain?

Keri: We're a band, for fuck's sake! Of course we want to entertain, and give people a good night, but hopefully we'll give them something to reinforce their beliefs as well.

Dave: I'd rather challenge their beliefs to a degree and make them think. Not blatantly, but by putting slightly different slants on things and finding different subjects to write about. Slavishly following a party line because that's what people expect isn't my style at all, even though it often may seem that way.

MRR: The *Do You Want Fries With That?* CD contains a collection of lyrics that solely deal with the subject of animal abuse. While on the whole I support what you're trying to convey, isn't there the danger that you're falling into the trap of being known as a "single issue band," for want of a better term?

Keri: I suppose people who are new to RIOT/CLONE releases could make that assumption, but it's strange that a lot of the all-female bands I know who generally deal with feminist related topics never get asked this question. Maybe because most zine interviewers are men and assume women "have to get this off their chests." I'd better let Dave get in here, else he's gonna burst...

Dave: You're not wrong there. Not at all. *To Find a Little Bluebird* had no mention of animal rights at all and, although RIOT/CLONE have had songs on the subject in the past, they have been a very small percentage of the total output. The lyrics also make it clear that I don't see animal rights as a subject stuck out there on its own. Animal abuse has detrimental effects for humans, in the real sense as well as the philosophical.

MRR: How exactly?

Dave: Water supplies poisoned by effluent, the huge increase in numbers of food animals adding to global warming, the sheer waste of foodstuffs being used to feed meat herds when ten times the amount of food could be available by using the cereal crops without processing them through animals to manufacture meat, and the list goes on. Then you have the whole animal testing facade. Pointless suffering for no good reason. Testing cosmetics seems offensive to most people nowadays, but many still balk at the idea of stopping medical testing. Even though in over one hundred years of testing, vivisection has not produced one single cure for human illness. Can you imagine how much more advanced medical knowledge could have been if it hadn't kept blindly going down the animal testing route?

> *Why did you feel the need to dedicate a complete release to the subject of animals, and why now?*

MRR: As I said, I do support your stance on the whole, but you have already covered vivisection and the meat industry in previous songs. Why did you feel the need to dedicate a complete release to the subject of animals, and why now?

Dave: It's a big subject, and, in my opinion, a very important one. As such, I had planned to feature animals more with this release a while back, which was much of the reason *To Find a Little Bluebird* had no mention of the subject. Even with the whole album, I had to leave many aspects of animal abuse out. As for the timing, I would have been a little uneasy doing something like this before. It's only now that RIOT/CLONE has a line-up consisting wholly of vegans and vegetarians. With Paco, eating meat was never an issue because he knew all the arguments and made his own choice, plus he was good enough to respect our feelings on the subject and not make an issue it. It would have seemed a little hypocritical to release a full-on animal rights album with a meat-eater in the band.

MRR: Surely it would be more effective to try to "forge the links that build the chain" and highlight various struggles?

Dave: I can see how some might think that, and the idea does have its merits, but I'm not sure it's possible to do a multitude of subjects justice using the generic approach. With a song you can generally only scratch the surface of any subject. By concentrating on one broad subject for an album, different aspects can be highlighted, giving a far wider view than firing potshots at everything.

MRR: We've discussed this in the past, I know, but isn't there the danger that the whole anarcho-punk thing is nothing more than the exclusive domain of white, middle class people, predominantly males? I'm sure you'd agree that women, those from ethnic minorities, gay people, and other marginalized groups are under-represented. How do you intend to break out of this ghetto?

Dave: I'd agree with that to a degree, but I'd have to qualify it by saying that you appear to be describing parts of the UK and US scenes. In other areas the scene does appear to be more diverse and focused. It wouldn't surprise me if the extra diversity was a direct result of the focus. The arguments need to be taken wider, but I think this is something better done through other avenues of media rather than a band. As for how we intend to attract more females and ethnic minorities to our shows, I think you are looking at it upside-down. Maybe you should ask women and members of minority groups why they don't feel attracted to the scene. I wouldn't dream of being so patronizing that I could even make an attempt at answering that.

MRR: Yeah, I hear what you're saying.

Dave: Keri might have more of an inside track.

Keri: I think this comment can be extended to the punk scene as a whole, at times. The word "anarchist" is bandied around too readily. A lot of "anarchist" men I know are sexist, but don't see that this contradicts their beliefs, or what they claim to believe in. It's a lot harder for women to break into

RIOT/CLONE

RIOT/CLONE

the punk scene. There's a sense of having to prove yourself at first, which can be intimidating to a young woman, and was for me as a teenager.

Dave: But is this something brought into the scene as baggage because of general society, or is it inherent in the scene?

Keri: Well, when I left my first band, men treated me very differently. I was no longer "one of the boys" until I started my next band, but it's a way of sorting out the wheat from the chaff. Basically, a big "fuck you" to anyone that transparent. Women are under-represented. Well, that means the lasses getting off our arses and starting our own bands, collectives, zines and distros, etc. It's as though male permission or help is assumed from the outset. Going it alone is sometimes scary, but not as hard as you think once the motivation is there. We're not victims. Let's not treat ourselves this way.

> "The music from the old anarcho bands plays a big part in my life."

Dave: But don't you see the problem with women doing this? What starts off as a fair reaction to bigotry becomes a women-only club, which is the antithesis of what you are trying to achieve. Sorry, but from my side of the fence, I've always seen the anarcho scene as one where women, racial minorities, gays, etc., could freely mix and be accepted. I have never hung about with people that are prejudiced, and being a white male may have missed some of the reality.

Keri: What I was trying to get across is that if women are feeling excluded, they could start, for example, a zine or music collective that would eventually gather momentum and interest from all groups, including men, and therefore avoid being the antithesis of what we're all trying to achieve. This is what happened when I started putting gigs on in Newcastle. It began with just myself, then Scalezey (from Sawn Off) got involved, then Dickie, and before we knew it we had a collective. Scalezey does the whole lot since I buggered off to Glasgow.

MRR: The May Day 2000 event in Central London could be criticized as being unfocused, lacking in cohesion, and nothing more than street theater. Would you accept this?

Dave: Once again the question of focus comes up, but I think you're unfairly blaming others. Nothing was stopping you from organizing something yourself or getting involved in the organizational process yourself.

MRR: Bollocks. That's not what I'm saying and you know it... (laughs)

Dave: I think whether you consider it successful depends very much on what you expected of it. As far as I can see, anything that gets a few thousand people out onto the streets of London, co-existing and communicating with each other, isn't wholly a bad thing. Certainly, a mate and I spent quite a time during the day talking to people who had come from other parts of the country out of interest. They came to learn and see what it was all about and I hope we at least managed to answer some of their questions. If the interested "observers" turn up for the next one and all bring more friends with them, then this spreads the ideas wider and the anti-corporate/anarchist movement grows, which is a very positive outcome from the day. While on a mass level, not much may have seemed to have been achieved, on the macro level I'm sure that our general ideas won much support from previously uninvolved people. They will also create interest from others once they point out that the media coverage bore little relation to reality, though I doubt the stories of "agents provocateurs" starting the trouble to give an excuse for police intervention will go much further than those who know.

Keri: I was involved in Glasgow's May Day which we (Glasgow Anarchists) pulled off successfully and without police interference, so I was too busy to keep an eye on London at the time. We did get the trickled reports through the grapevine that a lot of casuals had sabotaged the organized actions that were to take place, which doesn't surprise me as this happens a lot at demos in London: right wing groups, casuals, plainclothes coppers trying to sway public opinion by pulling these stunts and blaming anarchist thugs. The media love it.

Dave: It also gives the government an excuse for the huge police spending. They wouldn't have been able to do that without any trouble.

MRR: Dave, you've written virtually all RIOT/CLONE's Lyrics. Will Keri, Colin, and Andy be contributing any words in the future?

Keri: If Uncle Dave's up for it.

Dave: "Uncle D," yer cheeky sod. I've never discouraged other members of the band from contributing lyrics, though they seem happy enough for me to cover that side, just as I'm happy to leave most of the tune-writing to them. After the writing stage, the whole band takes an active part in the arranging, which includes the lyrics so we all have input on the finished product. On the minus side, I have enough problems learning my own words. To have other input makes it very difficult for me.

MRR: How difficult has it been for the band to get on with the vocalist being in West London and the rest of the band in Newcastle and Glasgow?

Dave: It makes it more difficult to do anything spontaneous, but with some planning it's not insurmountable. It just means that when we get together to do something it has to be on a larger scale than it may be if we were all in the same city. For Keri and myself, money is the main problem, as we have to travel.

Keri: It's certainly a bit strange at times, but we've managed all right. The traveling is expensive (if you pay) and a pain in the arse. It usually involves me hiding in train toilets and luggage racks when I'm really skint. Me, Col, and Andy see each other the most so we can play together. Col and myself take turns in traveling to each other when we're writing new songs. My other bands were ska/punk or hardcore, but myself, Col, and Andy are old mates from way back so there have been a lot of band crossovers for us there anyway, which is sound because we all get on so well.

Dave: I ought to say that Colin and Andy are both aware of the cost of travel, and happily supply beer and food while we're in Newcastle. It's a band thing, expensive for all of us, but the end result is worth it.

MRR: You've toured the States once and plan to return, and are about to go back to mainland Europe for your fifth time, but seem reluctant to gig in the UK. What is the reason for this?

Keri: We are doing seven dates in the UK on the back of the European tour. I'd like to do more in the UK, especially punx picnics. Our licensing laws can make it difficult for a lot of people to put on gigs in this country: it's shit. But there are some lovely individuals and collectives that work hard for the scene in this respect.

Dave: If we all lived in the same area and rehearsed regularly, then we would probably play here more often, but with the few places in the UK that still have anything resembling a scene, it's a lot of money and effort for us to spend just to play a handful of dates. As Keri said, we are taking the opportunity of the European tour to do a few dates over here.

MRR: How do you see the UK scene with regards to promoters, treatment of touring bands, etc.?

Dave: Traditionally, bands have always been treated badly in the UK, certainly when compared to mainland Europe. However, it would be unfair to tar all promoters with the same brush. There are some good ones out there, especially the DIY promoters. As you said, we've not played the UK much aside from occasional one-off dates since reforming in 1995, so I'd not really want to answer re-

garding the current situation until I've experienced it for myself.

Keri: DIY gigs are generally great. Really sound people putting on gigs who understand what it's like to be on tour for weeks on end. There's nearly always a hot meal, a good laugh and a place to kip when you get there, out of their own pockets because the pubs don't provide anything. These are the people that keep the gig scene surviving. I know I keep harping on about it, but I really appreciate this. On the other hand, promoters that I've had dealings with in the past are fairly cutthroat. They turn up halfway through the tour, take their cut, and are never seen again. I personally am very wary of them and prefer to do DIY gigs because you know people putting them on are doing it for the same reasons as you, not just for the money.

MRR: Your most recent LP contains various sampled excerpts from television et al., and the *To Find a Little Bluebird* CD contained a lengthy spoken word piece. Do you envisage RIOT/CLONE taking this a step further and using other media to put your message across?

Keri: We're all too ugly to do videos.

Dave: Speak for yourself, mate.

Keri: You cheeky bastard. (We break off for a moment while Dave gets knocked off the wall and I can't help thinking that if it was serious, RIOT/CLONE would be history or at least need a new singer, but fortunately it isn't and some kind of order is resumed.)

Dave: And don't forget the two Nick Toczek poems we arranged and put on the new album with Keri reading the words. They worked well, I thought. On a wider view, it's something I have been thinking about lately. The range of video editing facilities available on even relatively cheap computers now makes it far more accessible than it once was. Also, the Internet allows far wider distribution of the finished product. Whether this would be within RIOT/CLONE or as a new project is another matter. I think it might be more effective to do this kind of thing alongside, which is not to say that RIOT/CLONE couldn't also benefit from it if everyone was agreeable. Not "band videos" in the classic sense, though. I'd rather highlight the themes of the songs.

MRR: Will Riot/Clone Records continue to release material by other bands?

Dave: There's nothing planned for RCR at the moment, and if the label was to start releasing again the priority would be RIOT/CLONE. As we've always lost money releasing stuff by other bands, they wouldn't be part of my thought process, but I wouldn't discount anything. The main reason I would like to get the money to redo Riot/Clone Records again would be to get control of our releases. I'm fed up with having to rely on other peoples' whims and time schedules.

MRR: I gather that Keri and Colin are in another band called Red Dervla. Does this cause complications, and which is more important?

Keri: Red Dervla is dormant right now, not because of RIOT/CLONE, but because our drummer has decided to play other stuff and wants to give hardcore a rest for a while, which is cool. So no, it hasn't created complications with this band except when we play fast stuff in the van when Dave's trying to sleep.

Dave: Oi! I have no problem with hardcore in the van when I'm asleep. It's when I'm awake that it pisses me off.

Keri: Whatever. Red Dervla are an important band for me, and we're on the way to getting a new drummer to learn the set, so we may do a two week tour next year and another recording. Who knows? I miss screaming my lungs out. It's good for my head.

MRR: Which do you prefer, vinyl or CD?

Keri: Vinyl. How could anyone resist those warm analog sounds? Sorry, I'm talking wank again.

Dave: CD. How could anyone resist the way the sunlight reflects in a warped kaleidoscope of colors? Sorry, I'm talking wank again. (They both burst into laughter.) Personally, for albums, CD, but the packaging of vinyl can often be better due to lack of imagination by either bands or record companies when it comes to the CD version.

MRR: Why do you continue to number each side of your 7" vinyl releases sequentially? Isn't this a somewhat anally retentive practice?

Dave: (laughs) Not half as anally retentive as letting it worry you so much that you ask about it in an interview.

MRR: Ahem!

Dave: The original EP stated on the cover that there were no A or B sides and all songs were equal, so people should make up their own minds which they liked best. Further to this we decided to number the sides of the second EP "3" and "4," etc. I still think that makes as much sense now as it did then, so I don't see why we should change the side numbering just to fall into line with everyone else. Consequently, the new EP, *Acts of Floccinaucinihilipilification*, has sides 7 and 8.

> "Oi! I have no problem with hardcore in the van when I'm asleep. It's when I'm awake that it pisses me off."

MRR: Some would say that your lyrics are a shallow forefront to a hollow purposeless noise. How would you react to that? (Keri tries to answer but can't stop laughing long enough and slithers back off the wall out of the way while she regains a modicum of composure.)

Dave: I wouldn't react seriously. People are entitled to their opinions, though I do think that anyone who thought that about us should really try to get out more.

MRR: Do you think that some bands are just going through the motions, regurgitating subjects and ideas that have gone before without thinking?

Dave: Some do, yes. It happens in all creative fields though, not just punk music. You have a few willing to take risks and try things because they seem like good ideas, while most are content to play it safe. I do sometimes get the feeling I'm going to scream if I see another album full of songs all saying "war is bad."

Keri: Yes, it can be that way sometimes, but to be fair, sometimes bands starting out in the scene just want to be appreciated and get their name around before trying something more personal or ambitious. Some would say that's going through the motions. I would say that for the most part it is insecurity and changes as bands get more confident or older.

MRR: Do you think the anarcho-punk "scene" has become a mutually exclusive club where the listeners and zine writers neither challenge the bands, nor want to be challenged themselves, instead passively accepting the message without question?

Keri: The message alters from place to place. Everyone has different priorities but the undercurrent is the same. What is more annoying is people who criticize others for not "toeing the party line" when they offer something different.

Dave: If this is meant to link with your last question, then it follows that listeners could be more discerning, else there would be no point forming a generic band, as they would be ignored. I don't agree that it's a mutually exclusive club. Certain parts of it can be cliquey, but they are small exceptions. Most of the scene that I have seen is open and friendly, far more so than most other groupings I've come across over the years. It's true that the vast amount of interview questions I receive could be answered via cut and paste though, and that's a shame. To take the time to put together a zine, yet not research the bands you're interviewing well enough (or at all) in order to write a dozen interesting and/or challenging questions seems like wasted effort.

MRR: You've all been involved in the so-called "scene" for a number of years. What sustains your motivation?

Keri: The amazing people I've met over the years who reinforce your ideas when you meet up again and who make you remember you're not alone.

Dave: For me it's the people that listen and come to the shows or get in contact. Communication's important and anything that encourages that is worth doing. I also enjoy listening to RIOT/CLONE. If I didn't doing it, where would I get more RIOT/CLONE albums?

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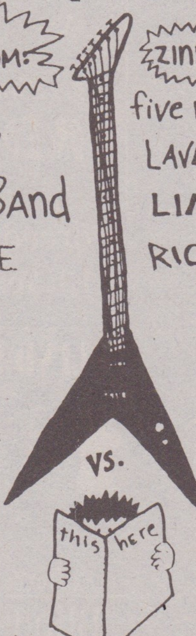

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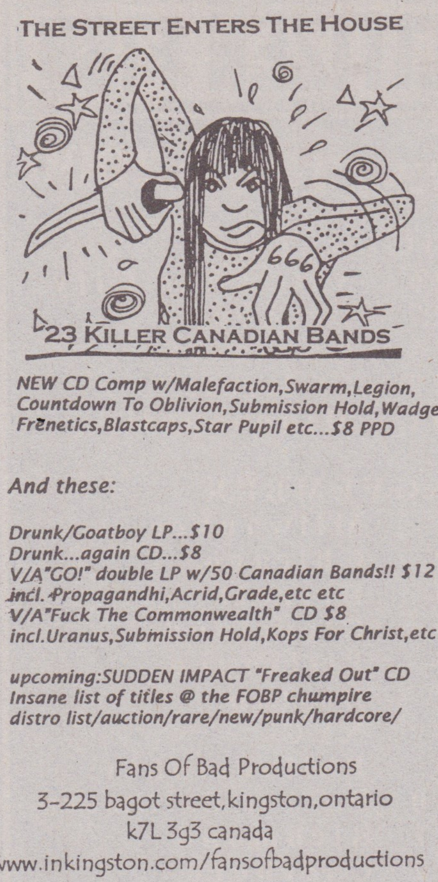
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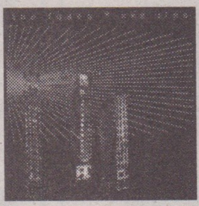

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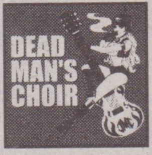

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You may be aware that over the last couple of years there's been a fair amount of activism on college campuses directed at the issue of sweatshops. Then again, you may not. Either way, you may be interested in...

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE STUDENT ANTI-SWEATSHOP MOVEMENT

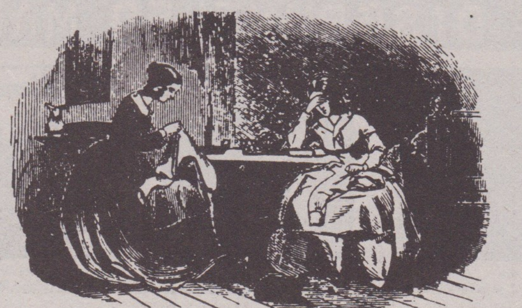
You'll be joined by Andy and Amy, two semi-typical college students with questions just like you:

Maybe we should start with the term "sweatshop." It's been in the news some lately, but its origins are much older. To understand what this word means and where it comes from, we have to go back to at least the 1820s, as the capitalist economy moves slowly toward mechanized production.

Gradually, people are buying more and more things that used to be home-made--particularly clothing.

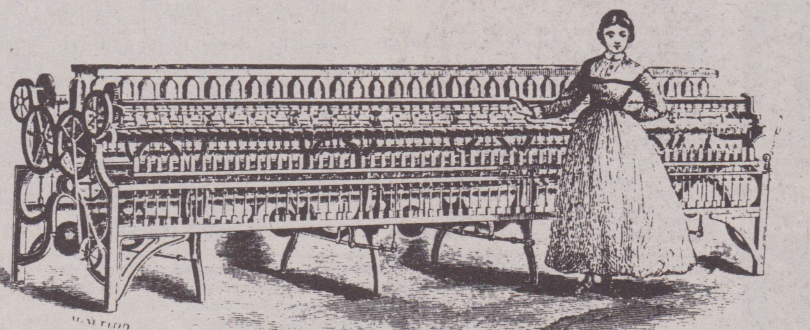
The result is an eradication of the old craft appreticeship model of employment and an expansion of wage labor. The new system is distinctive in a number of ways. One is that merchants contract and subcontract so that they are distanced from actual production.

Secondly, the labor shifts from skilled male artisans to unskilled female piece-makers, many of whom work at home. The result? Low overhead, low wages, and huge profits for the owners.



The sweatshop owes its name first to this system of subcontracting, wherein the contractor outsources the production sequence to those who can turn out product the cheapest--in effect "sweating" profit through a variety of exploitative conditions.

At the same time, industrial textile production is becoming widespread in New England, where (again) a predominantly female workforce labors 12 hours a day, six days a week.



Against the odds, workers in both home and factory try to organize to better their condition. This reaches a culmination of sorts in the 1910 Protocol of Peace.

The Protocol of Peace came after a number of significant strikes in 1909 and 1910 that showed that the textile workers were a force to be reckoned with and their plight could no longer be ignored. The Protocol gave them the right to unionize, and established an inspection system to protect workers' health.

For all its success, however, the Protocol did not stop the most infamous incident in the history of American textile manufacturing: the Triangle Shirtwaist fire of 1911, in which 146 workers died inside a Manhattan factory where management had locked the doors to better monitor employees.

The New York Times.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1911.—90 PAGES, In Eight Parts,

141 MEN AND GIRLS DIE IN WAIST FACTORY FIRE; TRAPPED HIGH UP IN WASHINGTON PLACE BUILDING; STREET STREWN WITH BODIES; PILES OF DEAD INSIDE

The Flames Spread with Deadly Rapidity Through Flimsy Material Used in the Factory.

600 GIRLS ARE HEMMED IN

When Elevators Stop Many Jump to Certain Death and Others Perish in Fire-Filled Lofts.

STUDENTS RESCUE SOME

Help Them to Roof of New York University Building, Keeping the Panic-Stricken in Check.

ONE MAN TAKEN OUT ALIVE

TALK OF CHARGES AGAINST THE MAYOR

Civic Organizations Taking Up Magistrate Corrigan's Attack—Want Police Control Shifted.

MAY GO TO THE GOVERNOR

Former District Attorney Philbin Says the Force Is Demoralized and Gaynor Doesn't Understand It.

TO-DAY'S SUNDAY TIMES

Part I. Pictorial Section.

II. News Section.

III. and IV. Sporting News, Wireless and Cable Sections.

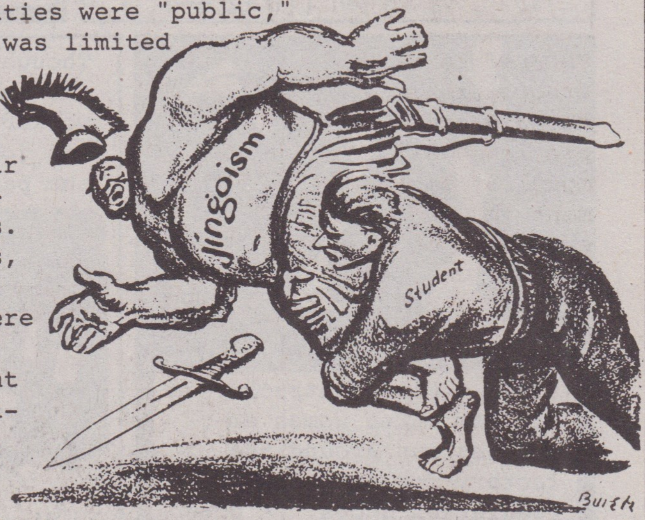
V. Magazine Section.

VI. Review of Books.

The workers' efforts continued, and more reforms were eventually implemented. As present, the US government General Accounting Office (GAO) defines sweatshop as "an employer that violates more than one federal or state labor law governing minimum wage and overtime, child labor, industrial homework, occupational safety and health, workers compensation, or industry regulation."

Well, yes and no. But before we answer that question, we need to talk about an issue a bit closer to home: university students organizing around important issues of the day.

Um, sort of. Actually, not at all. But you might find it interesting anyway. At the start of the century, state funded universities were "public," but attendance was limited to those who could afford it--a fact reflected in their usually conservative politics. But in the '30s, amid the Great Depression, there was a robust student movement devoted to anti-war, pro-labor, and pro-civil rights issues.



Cartoon by Jacob Burck from the *Daily Worker*, c. 1935.

College campuses tended to be pretty quiet for the decade and a half after World War II, but this time also saw universities opening their doors to more and more students. In the '60s, a new wave of students activism coalesced around issues ranging from free speech and civil rights to the creation of womens and ethnic studies programs--as well as the war in Vietnam.

Things simmered down in the early '70s, but the American political landscape had been drastically transformed in a number of ways, and the issues students raised continued to influence grassroots activism. As Noam Chomsky has remarked, "One of the most striking examples is the Third World solidarity movements of the 1980s, with their unprecedented engagement in the lives and fates of the victims." Indeed, the idea of Third World solidarity would take on increasing significance as the century drew to a close.

With the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989 and the end of the USSR in 1991, it appeared to be the dawning of a new era. Now that the "evil empire" was a thing of the past, there was (allegedly) a "New World Order."

But soon it became clear that this was not all that it seemed--the new world was more ordered for some than for others. This could be seen in a number of areas, including a series of scandals that revealed an ugly truth behind the glitzy world of clothing fashions.

1995: The discovery of captive workers making clothes at a plant in El Monte, CA.

1996: Exposure of sweatshop labor used to produce clothes for the popular Kathie Lee Gifford line.

1997: A Nike contractor in Vietnam makes women employees run around the factory for not wearing regulation shoes. (A dozen of them are hospitalized with heat exhaustion.)

Though diverse geographically, all the cases had points in common. The workers were overwhelmingly women, the jobs had been subcontracted out, the pay was low, the hours long...

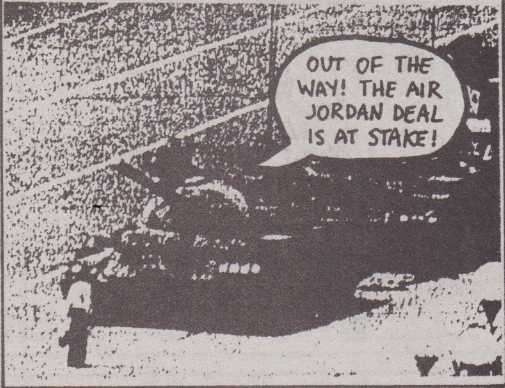
That's just the point.

People said sweatshops had returned, but in fact they had never gone away. Nothing had really changed! Well, actually, things had changed somewhat. Sweatshop conditions were the same as ever, but they were being implemented according to a logic of business suited to new circumstances and situations. These new circumstances go by many names, most popularly "globalization."

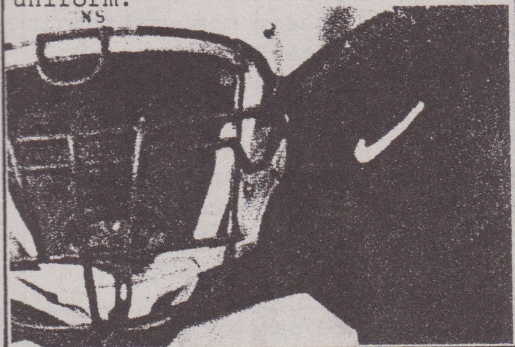
It makes sense to note that a "world economy" is nothing new. Goods, materials, and people have been circulating over vast distances for hundreds of years. The term "globalization" merely indicates an increase in the volume, speed, and ease of such activity.

Some of this is due to changes in technology, but it's also important to consider the powerful interactions of international business and nation-states. Here's a snapshot of these changes in the apparel business: in 1961, 4% of the clothing sold in the US was made abroad; in the late '70s the total passed 30%; by the late '90s it was 60% and rising.

Consider also the wheres and whys of shifting production: Nike, for instance, once used South Korea and Taiwan for cheap labor. As workers there demanded higher pay, Nike shifted their sites to Indonesia, Vietnam, and China, where wages were even lower.



As it happens, Nike is important for other reasons as well. Nike and other sports apparel companies have become sponsors of university athletics: the company pays the school a large sum of money; in exchange, the company logo appears on the team uniform.

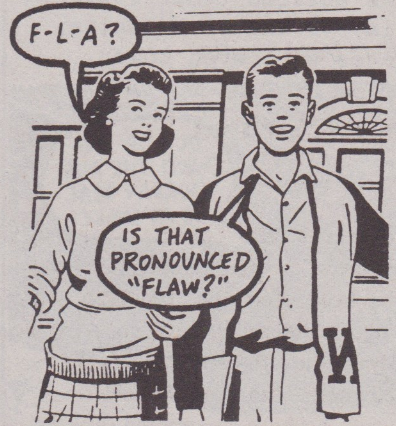


Eventually, people started asking questions about this arrangement. For instance, doesn't it violate the integrity of an institution of higher education to do business with a company that uses sweatshops? And what about all the other university apparel--shirts, caps, shorts, etc.--that bear the school name and logo? Where was it made?

There was already a growing anti-sweatshop movement. Now it had a new component--student activism, much of it carried out by local chapters of the nationwide United Students Against Sweatshops (USAS). In response to student pressure, many schools trotted out impressive "codes of conduct" under which their apparel had to be produced. The problem was, there was no way of verifying compliance. Not only was there no monitoring plan, the companies insisted that the location of factory sites had to be kept secret.

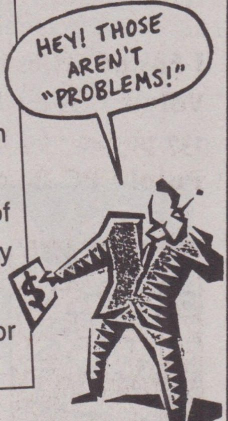
The issue finally exploded in the early months of 1999, with a series of student sit-ins on campuses around the country, all calling for university administrations to create rigorous, enforcible standards for the production of university apparel.

Around this same time, a large number of schools were being recruited into a plan known as the Fair Labor Association (FLA).



It might as well be. Though the FLA promised to provide the factory monitoring capacity that the universities needed, there were a number of problems with it:

-The governing board includes the very apparel companies who benefit from sweatshop use, and universities are underrepresented in the decision-making structure.
-Factory sites remain secret.
-Where monitoring is concerned, corporations choose their own monitors, and provide a list of sites preferred for inspection.
-The association's code of conduct allows the continuation of mandatory overtime (a six-day, 60 hour workweek) and virtually guarantees the maintenance of low wages.
-The code does not guarantee favorable conditions for labor organizing.



USAS responded with the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC), devised through joint consultations between US activists and labor organizations abroad. The WRC differed from the FLA on a number of key points.

-Though more limited in its focus (university contracts only), it gives schools a greater say in the governing structure.
-It requires full disclosure of factory locations.
-It includes a provision that workers must be paid a living wage.
-Factory monitoring must be fully independent, by organizations with no links to the companies they are inspecting.
-It emphasizes the goal of "worker-empowerment," enabling workers themselves (not just outside monitors) to organize for and defend their interests.

Students had already forced the disclosure of relevant factory locations at some schools. But the WRC went beyond that, and students began a push for their schools to join. Although many schools retained their memberships in the FLA, they recognized that other approaches may be necessary. The WRC's founding conference in April 2000 drew representative from over 30 schools.

By that point, the growing list of grievances against the alleged benefits of globalization could no longer be ignored. Universities were just one of many spaces where the fight was on to define how a more popular and democratic globalization could be carried out.

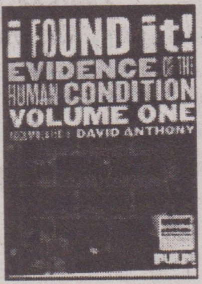
Just one person? Not much. But by acting together, a great deal can be accomplished. If you're a university student, find out about the USAS chapter on your campus. If there isn't one already, consider starting one. Students and non-students alike should support the efforts of organizations like the National Labor Committee and the Campaign for Labor Rights. Remember that globalization affects everyone, and the slogan "think globally, act locally" has never been more appropriate.

Produced 2000 by Lane Van Ham btlvvh@hotmail.com

Websites of interest: United Students Against Sweatshops (www.umich.edu/~sole/usas/), the National Labor Committee (www.nlcnet.org/), and the Campaign for Labor Rights (www.summersault.com/~agj/clr).

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

I Found It! Evidence Of The Human Condition, Volume One • David Anthony
137 pages • $9.95
Pulp! • PO Box 70584 • Seattle, WA • 98107



So last weekend on Mission Street my friend Pete found this hat; a yellow mesh baseball cap with one sentence printed on the front. Pete gave it to me because he said he could never wear it, and it's safe to say that I won't either. Written across the hat is, "Any employee speaking Spanish during working hours will be paid in Pesos." Yeah, I know.

I Found It is the only possible home for shit like this. Everything in the book is submitted by people who found it in the street. It's mostly letters or notes, tastefully laid out over found photographs. There is the obligatory home-nude-photo-shoot spread, as well as one glorious erection, but mostly this book is full of letters. Letters from girlfriends to girlfriends and vice versa. Letters from crazy people to no one in particular. One gem is from a man responding to a personals ad for a man to complete a love triangle. There's great stuff on every page, the laughs are non-stop.

But some of the laughter is a bit nervous, as is the case with the woman writing to the father of her child telling him that she would rather raise the child on her own than have someone like him in her life...and then she tells him that she knows his wife is HIV positive. *I Found It!* provides insight into the personal lives of people we don't know, and never will, so you find yourself much more willing to laugh at the situations than would ordinarily be the case. *Evidence Of The Human Condition* indeed, these pages contain the thoughts of some of the most stupid, closed-minded, funny, twisted, and generally fucked up people...but it makes you wonder how many of them there are.

The book is bound full size (9" x 12") and the low price is a reminder of how much we get ripped off when we buy shit from major publishers. Everything here is totally pro, and it still sneaks in under $10. Here are a couple of choice quotes to make you buy this: (from a Lutheran Church) "That friggin' organ is 2 LOUD. Bastid" (from a fifth grade room) "hey sup? I love you, and hope you don't break up with me. Do you want me to kiss you? yes or no?..." (from a dumpster) "J*** like to suck penises, he licks them up and down. First he takes off their pants and then he goes to town" (in a parking lot) "Let me smell your panties. I am watching, if yes, raise your left hand out the window. I WILL PAY YOU WELL! Take panties off and leave them in parking lot. DRIVE AWAY! Be back next week look under bus stop bench $$$" See what I mean about that nervous laughter?

—Robert Collins

The Information Bomb • Paul Virilio
160 pages • $23.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606

Virilio serves as a counter-point to the enthusiasm of the neo-luddite anarchist spirit that has been seen since the WTO. Without speaking of undermining the state/corporate duopoly, Virilio's reference points are exactly mapped there. The axis of the military and technology is where his rotation is concerned. In contrast to the hope of overthrowing our shackles, Virilio only gives us the image of a train derailment, the picture of bodies discarded (referring specifically to the Heaven's Gate cult) due to lack of use (and interest).

Virilio comes from a very French world. In America there are no urban planners who have worked with stained glass and studied philosophy at the Sorbonne. Even if there were, they would be more French than American. His language is very much positioned in the "post-modernist" arena; his reference points assume a reader's intelligence and ability to search for more information. This is very un-American — which makes sense, as much of the weight of this book comes from the very American solution to the end of the crises between East and West.

He first registered on my radar with his book *Speed and Politics* (Autonomedia Press). "The loss of material space leads to the government of nothing but time.... The violence of speed has become both the location and the law, the world's destiny and its destination." His imagery is a set piece. There are no smiling faces and Aryan vacations here. There is only the car accident and the relentless affliction on our identities by "the information bomb." Virilio dwells on the negative aspects of the new.

Although not even referred to until midway through the book it is clear that the naming of the "information bomb" carries no small import. It comes through as a condensation of an aphorism from Joseph Goebbels "He who knows everything, fears nothing". The idea that in a world where geography has been annihilated, information is now (or never) and forever, that the most common psychosis is that it is real.

This is not Baudrillard that we are speaking of, who would have us question our ignorant assumption that the real is possible at all. Virilio (who is often referenced on the same page as Baudrillard and who is probably sick of it) points out that there is indeed something real and it is not the velocity of instant and constantly "on" culture, but that velocity is what we live in. He also has an amazing ability to not speak of any of this in political terms. It is as if he has left the politics of the present in the same outbox as its military and idea machines.

This is the hard part about claiming Virilio as any sort of inspiration. We need our leaders to be articulate, caring, knowledgeable and in the same search as we are for answers. We

know that part of any answer involves politics, so we believe that the answer involves politics. When the "post-modernists" ignore the question of politics we are critical of their intentions. What side are they on? This makes the French (in general) and Virilio (in particular) very hard to reclaim. They are not answering their own questions. They are (very much) not saying that the answer is a decentralized anarchist utopia freed from the shackles of sexism, racism, specism, homophobia, etc. This is a question better left unanswered.

Much of this book is entertaining. It is very topical, very "now." Virilio criticizes extreme sports, Larry Flynt, cosmonauts, and current art trends. Many would dismiss the breezy way in which Virilio does this (the book is fairly short at about 145 pages of text, in a fairly small format); he refers to extreme sports on the same page as genetic engineering and writes off both phenomena as parts of the same package. This is not an easy pill to swallow. The sexualization of the extreme — whether it's rock climbing (the hope to see a fall), dead bodies (the disgust and fascination directed at the other), or pre-pubescent girls (because the young are always targets, a regurgitating other) — is possible because when internal dialogue desists (and today it does) all that is left is image.

This is Virilio's thesis. In an interview on Ctheory (http://www.ctheory.com/ga1.7-silence.html), when asked if Virilio foresaw a media-fascism his reply was: "No, because what I see is far worse! Due to its overwhelming power, the totalitarianism of the information-medium is going to be even more powerful than the traditional political totalitarianism of the old national-socialist or communist hues. The dangers are looming larger. I repeat: only if one is guarded against its dangers will it be possible to enjoy the positive aspects of the developments in the realm of new technologies." This book is that guard. It names the Society of the Spectacle as it lives today, with very real examples.

This is a practical document where theories about information are explored. The primary theory is that we are provided information not without context but at such volume that there is no need/ability for context. The velocity of information is itself a context. It is a trigger that overrides our daily lives not with fear but with the expectation of the explosive resultant. —Aragorn

Charles Bukowski: Laughing with the Gods •
Fernanda Pivano
$14.95 • 160 pages
Sun Dog Press • 22058 Cumberland Drive • Northville, MI • 48167

Italian writer Fernanda Pivano began her career interviewing Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, Jack Kerouac, and Allan Ginsburg. She finished her sweep of America's finest twentieth century authors by interviewing Charles "Hank" Bukowski in 1980 and in 1984. She then translated her interview and the accompanying text into her native Italian and helped spread Hank's works and words further into European culture.

The two Bukowski interviews, which are here in their entirety, were done in San Pedro, California, just as Bukowski finally was able to reach a point of financial and personal stability. He was being hailed as a counter-cultural icon in Europe, with strangers breathlessly rushing up to him in Western Europe begging him for autographs like the literary luminary he was. His stateside popularity was just beginning, and his breakthrough screenplay, *Barfly*, was about to be written. After years of dingy bars, dingy women, and dingy apartments, Bukowski finally had a solid bank account, a long-term lover, and a steady supply of wine, beer, and admirers in his San Pedro bungalow.

While Bukowski readily admitted being a fan of Hemingway's early stylistic simplicity, he reserved his strongest praise for fellow American writer John Fante. His wry denunciations of such beloved writers as John Updike and such literary hotspots like *The New Yorker* and *Atlantic Monthly* are pure Hank. His observations flow as easily in the boozy conversations in this book as they would if they appeared in *Post Office* or *Notes of a Dirty Old Man*. The overall flow of the interviews is delightful, from Italian-born Pivano's sometimes problematic English ("Tell me about the movies, this *Barfly*. What does 'barfly' mean?") to Bukowski's often brutal self-assessments:

"... I'm a man that doesn't want to be bothered by outside forces. In other words, I want to be left alone, and I think a lot of small people fell the same way. They want to do their job and come home and look at television and be quiet in their room. This is the way I conform."

Not that Bukowski spent too much time wallowing in normality, no matter what he said. His routine at this point in his life was to wake up, go the track, hang out, get drunk, write until late in the evening, get a good night's sleep, and begin again the next day. He also relates his appearance on a live French TV program "Apostrophe," in which he basically took control of the show from the pompous host before storming off the set to the wild applause of the studio crowd, making nation-wide headlines the following day.

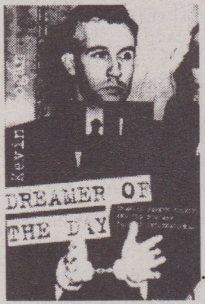
Also included are frank, oddly structured conversations about feminism, nazism, politics, lawn care, drinking, air travel, and his dead cat Mensch, that are made even better by Pivano's often horrified reactions to his straight-forward statements. Overall it's a friendly exchange, and is very readable.

Unfortunately the interviews only take up 75% of the book, the other 25% is a patchwork of Pivano's reviews of Bukowski's novels, poetry collections, and films. Most of her prose makes Bon Scott's lyrics look like Chaucer; it wouldn't be out of place as a grammar school book report. It's obvious why she's been interviewing great writers and not being a great writer herself. Can you spell filler? This is a minor point, and the one highlight of the last forty pages is her notes of which of Bukowski's many books are poetry and which are prose.

Overall, *Charles Bukowski: Laughing with the Gods* is a fascinating informal look at one of the 20th Century's best writers, and is perfectly suited for those minutes on the porcelain throne. I actually dozed off reading this after a long day and had nightmares of interviewing Bukowski, so I woke up and dove right back into this book. Check it out! —Jesse Luscious

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Dreamer Of The Day: Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International • Kevin Coogan
622 pages • $16.95
Autonomedia • PO Box 506 Williamsburgh Station
Brooklyn, NY • 11211-0568



When Francis Parker Yockey ate a cyanide capsule in his San Francisco cell in 1960, few people outside of the FBI and a small circle of international fascists knew who he was. Forty years later he was still a elusive figure, until Kevin Coogan came along. An American lawyer educated, for a time, at Georgetown University, Yockey was not the gap-toothed yokel you see in footage of the Aryan Nations compound. He was articulate, handsome; the author of *Imperium*, a massive book that has become—in the aftermath of World War Two—one of the most influential works of fascist theory.

Born in 1917, Yockey's story is that of a wannabe aristocrat born into a lower middle class family. Having read the conservative scholar Oswald Spengler's *Decline Of The West* in his early adolescence, Yockey was forever put off by American ideals of democracy and equality. Already friendly with Herbert Haupt, a German agent and near-saboteur during the war, Yockey took his burgeoning ultra conservatism to Georgetown. From there he got a job working for the Americans at the Nuremburg trials. His journey Europe, some believe, to undermine the validity of the Nuremburg trials from the inside, and also to get away from America, which he would always hold in contempt, is the true beginning of the Yockey story.

Jumping back and forth from Europe to America, Yockey would become a head mover and shaker in the fascist scene. Socializing and occasionally alienating such right wing dignitaries/nutters as Sir Oswald Mosley, the original English post war fascist (who did a bit of jail time for this connections to Hitler's Germany), and H Keith Thompson, one of America's leading Holocaust revisionists and, it appears, a major source of info for this book.

In Coogan's book, Yockey's life runs parallel to the history of international fascism. We are treated to endless digressions into the history of rightist politics that are both exhaustive and exhausting, giving history buffs like me plenty to geek out over and, I'm sure, boring to tears others with less patience for expositions into characters like Julius Evola, who initially bridged the gap between Northern European spiritualism and fascism, creating a link supported today by the Norwegian black metal/Odin worshipping Nazi scene. (To give Coogan some scene cred, it should be noted that he wrote the extensive piece on Black Metal that appeared in the first issue of *Hitlist*, the best piece of journalism about that most bizarre of musical scenes and by far the best thing *Hitlist* has ever printed). *Dreamer Of the Day* is just chock full of nut jobs and eccentrics, some of whom are frightening; others, just pathetic.

Yockeyism seems to boil down to a hatred of America and support of the USSR (which put Yockey at odds with such Red White and Blue ultra rightists as George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party), a belief in the superiority of European culture and values, but not necessarily Europeans (though Yockey was a grotesque racist, he did not see you as genius of the race war just because you happen to have been born Aryan) and a general sense of intellectualism (if sometimes half-assed) that is absolutely missing from most other fascist spew.

In *Dreamer Of The Day*, Kevin Coogan says that "Nazism and Communism may perhaps one day be seen as twentieth century examples of a long line of European millennium movements." Though only the future will tell us if fascism will fall into history or continue to raise it's head forever, this book bridges the gaps and fills in the holes of ultra rightist/fascist history, and will be seen as an essential introduction to the intricacies of modern fascism. It should be read by all those with more than a passing interest in its history.
—Sean Sullivan

Surface Matrix • Alex Faber
242 pages • $10.00 ppd
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The D.I.Y way of doing things is definitely not for elitists. You know, those people who still believe that the only way to get their work noticed is by convincing some big corporate-run company to do all the work for them. They accept the fact that these companies will basically control that work, and of course all the small details, i.e. the financial aspects of such an arrangement. Elitists, some artists included, follow that age-old capitalist philosophy that says the best work rises to the top. The "best" being the most marketable, and the "top" being — in the case of writing anyway — some newspaper's top ten list. Alex Faber's *Surface Matrix* is not the "best," and it will never in a million years make it to the "top," but it is further proof that the D.I.Y. way of doing things makes our world pretty fucking cool, and very different from the elitist mainstream.

Surface Matrix is a self-published book whose author is in his early twenties. Much of the content in *Surface Matrix* was written by the author when he was a teenager, and more than a few entries were executed as class assignments. If that weren't ridiculous enough, a substantial portion of *Surface Matrix* is comprised of short poems. Did I mention the "Alex Faber draws" section? I can't say that I thought *Surface Matrix* was some great read, because it wasn't. But Alex Faber is an intelligent writer who might some day self publish a good-to-great novel. The important thing is that we get a chance to tap into a voice and an age that we wouldn't be able to if we relied solely on big book publishers to provide that opportunity for us. And if they did, it would never be as unaffected as a D.I.Y.-published book is. That's also the rad thing about 'zines as well. Speaking of which, when you purchase a copy of *Surface Matrix* you'll receive, in addition to the actual book, a hastily thrown together 'zine, and a *Surface Matrix* pin. D.I.Y. or die, or both.
—Jay Dead

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

THE ANDALOUSIAN GAY BOURGEOISIE

Luis Bunuel's **Un Chien Andalou** was the first film students were shown at the film school I went to. I was never exactly sure why that was. I would hope it would be to encourage creativity, but mostly we were set up to go work in Hollywood. Still, they managed to convince me that I didn't want to go to LA. That's why I am in San Francisco. I don't know anyone who's "made it" in the business. I know I haven't.

Luis Bunuel made **Un Chien Andalou**, a short film co-written by Salvador Dali, when he was 29. It is one of my favorite films. The opening shot of the woman's eye being sliced still makes me shiver. Then utter chaos ensues. I love a film that makes you go, "Huh?" Then, on repeated viewings you see more in it. I love when things that don't really make sense can still seem cohesive and be very entertaining. **The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (Le Charm Discret de la bourgeoisie) was made when he was 72 and is more a narrative than **Un Chien Andalou**, but Bunuel still goes off on tangents at any point. It is a truly obnoxious style that compliments and contradicts a truly obnoxious group of people.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie opens with three people showing up at a couple's house for dinner. The husband is not in, and he had told his wife that the group was coming to dinner the next night. A bit of argument ensues over who has made the mistake, but is done in a very polite, non-accusing tone. The kind of disagreement that you know each party is still complaining about when they separate. The entire film is about this group of people trying to get together for a meal. It is a very important thing to them.

Bunuel's ability to take this basic concept of people trying to eat together and make it into a social commentary is great. The characters think they are above everyone else and are required to set an example with their breeding and manners. Then they contradict themselves by having sex while their guests are waiting, like the true animals they are. Bunuel adds some peripheral characters to make very subtle attacks. There is a priest who takes a job as a gardener, an army colonel who conducts drills on the property and a soldier who tells strange, but sad stories. Add to that sex, homosexual dreams, and the threat of embarrassment, and you have a comedy that addresses social issues, but isn't so overly obvious that you get sick of being hit over the head with the point.

Subtle humor is not what **But I'm a Cheerleader** is about. **But I'm a Cheerleader** is a comedy that tries to comment on parents' attempts to change their gay children. I find this type of film a bit out of place in San Francisco. The latest controversy here is that people are too accepting of gays. Gays are being integrated into society and advertisers are gearing ads toward the gay lifestyle. Don't worry, I am not that naïve that I believe that everywhere is like SF. I know there are many people who should see this film, if only to destroy the idea that becoming an ex-gay is not really going to happen. You are who you are.

But I'm a Cheerleader is the story of a high school girl, Megan. Her parents and friends suspect that she is a lesbian because she is a vegetarian who likes Melissa Etheridge and doesn't like kissing her boyfriend. Seeing how her boyfriend kisses, who could blame her? Open mouthed, really wet kissers are awful. I'm sure everyone knows at least one. Her parents and friends stage an intervention where they ship her off to 'True Directions', a camp for homosexual teenagers to turn straight. There you have every cliché of homosexual as a teenager going through the "rules" of "normal" society.

But I'm a Cheerleader presents straight cliches that aren't in sync with the present, even though that's where the film is set. The kids are taught a '50s style of living. The boys wear blue. The girls wear pink. The girls do housework and learn to put on make up. The boys chop wood and learn to play football. Then everyone sneaks out one night and goes to a gay bar called the 'Cocksucker.' Funny, but doesn't really mesh with what going on back at camp. Perhaps that's the idea. The camp's so "backwards." Really?

But I'm a Cheerleader is like most teen comedies. You need a confined setting. Most take place in a high school, but the straight camp is just as good. There is the need to be accepted. That's why most of the kids really want to be straight. Of course, there's the rebel who breaks away from the system and becomes the hero. Like most teen movies, **But I'm a Cheerleader** is very conservative and love always breaks social conventions. It isn't aimed at high school kids, even though that should be the audience. I was one of the youngest people at the screening.

Blatant social commentary is probably necessary for the average viewer, but I prefer Bunuel's absurdist ways. I don't like to get the point in the first five minutes. I want to be lead on and kept interested. Then throw in a little something extra just for fun.

I'm always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy c/o MRR. –Carolyn Keddy

ONE REVIEWER IN SEARCH OF A PLOT

Accolades along the film festival circuit and a gushing review in **Sight and Sound** have laid the way for **Beau Travail** to gain a reputation (as one San Francisco critic put it) as "the last great film of the '90s." It,s just been released on video, so now the public at large can pass its judgment on one of the more unusual anti-war films in recent memory.

A small corps of the French Foreign Legion has encamped in Cohin-Cina, Madagascar, a multi-cultural hot-spot that's just another place for the legion to practice the art of war. But in the absence of any great conflict, the men have no choice but to train. Obstacle courses, forced runs in the tropical heat, exercise sessions that are almost acts of meditation – you wonder at times whether director Claire Denis hadn't extended these scenes just so she can watch sweaty male physiques.

What slowly emerges is an eccentric adaptation of Herman Melville's **Billy Budd,** distinguishable despite more than a centurys displacement. (You can even hear strains of Benjamin Britten,s melodramatic classical adaptation of the story in the background.) When a nineteen year old recruit named Gilles Sentain (Gregoire Colin) joins their ranks, he almost immediately distinguishes himself by saving a fellow legionnaire in a botched training exercise. This incurs the silent wrath and jealousy of Sgt. Galoud (Denis Levant), his commanding

sergeant; who for some undisclosed personal reason hatches a plot certain to eject the young man from the Legion. But Galoud has little concern whether Sentain quits or dies, and their next training mission is the perfect time to dispatch the young recruit once and for all. That's the brunt of the story, a wisp of plot barely enough to fuel a half-hour short. But Claire Denis tries to stretch the story to feature length as best she can. That means more training exercises, more sequences of good-looking men stretching and flexing in the tropical sun, and (for the audience) a steady stream of caffeine just to stay awake.

Anyone expecting a standard war film is bound to be disappointed. There are no battle scenes, few personal conflicts, and even the characters, most desperate moments (like Sentain, parched and alone in the desert, waiting in vain for a rescue that,s been denied him) have a casual feel. **Beau Travail** veers away from confrontational movie conflict in favor of tone poem visuals. But Claire Denis' strategy is well thought out: using France as a metaphor, we have a country in peace that has to train its most elite force for a war unlikely to happen. The only conflict it can find seems to be between the soldiers or within the souls of the men themselves as they try to prove their mettle. In other words, **Beau Travail** turns out to be not only the subtlest of anti-war films, but completely disinterested in war in the first place. It,s bound to polarize audiences, but some may very well get off on novelty of this eccentric adaptation.

On the other hand, Raoul Ruiz's adaptation of Proust,s **Remembrance of Things Past** is almost grueling in its faithfulness. Its mix of cinematic artistry and total disdain for the audience's attention span make for a oil and water — no, oil and ozone combination. Just don't look for a plot - and if you haven't read the book yet, take notes. It seems sometimes that almost all of the novel's 5000 pages are at least referred to at one time or another. Ruiz's **Time Regained** opens on the deathbed of Marcel Proust. Even now he's scribbling out the latest drafts for his magnum opus, worried that time is gaining on him. Fevered by the sickness that would lead to his premature death, his mind free-associates between childhood and adulthood, his remembrances distorted by tricks of the mind.

If **Beau Travail**'s plot was a wisp, **Time Regained** has none at all everything we see is driven by the fevered remembrances of short lifetime. As in a hallucination, household furniture shifts back and forth as if on cargo boats, and characters change from youth to old age in a blink. In a kind of anti-logic, Proust progressively gets younger as the film moves forward. Whatever the film's peculiarities, they,ve spared no expense in its production. Marcelo Mazzarello is a virtual double of the adult Proust, and the population of memory includes the likes of Catherine Deneuve, John Malkovich (speaking his own French dialog), Vincent Perez, and Emmanuelle Beart — a cast of heavyweights in a film that has a gorgeous look. Despite powerhouse casting, the main magic of **Time Regained** is its set design, which has that burnished, candle-lit look of the turn of the century. This movie may be stingy with those Proustian moments where life becomes art through memory, but you,re absolutely convinced everything in his life had to look exactly like this.

Those familiar with Raoul Ruiz's past movies already know how he loves to play with the conventions of storytelling and indulge in surrealism. Here, it almost seem appropriate. The main problem is that you almost need to have read **Remembrance of Things Past** to appreciate the film; the names and characters roll out fast and don't stop, and unless you have some way of memorizing this vast cast of family, friends, and the rare villain, it's likely to be incomprehensible at least in part. This is not what you'd call an "easy" movie.

Some films are so bereft of drama that even their promotional trailers are a snore. (In some French imports, they must resort to using boring scenes that aren't even in the movie.) Watching the trailer, it's clear they didn't know what to do with **Time Regained**, which is fundamentally anti-dramatic and sellable only as a costume drama. It's ambitious, and looks beautiful, but cruel to anyone unfamiliar with Proust. For some, the film's title becomes almost ironic: you lose nearly three hours of your life shifting around in your seat, and you realize that time is never coming back.

Both **Beau Travail** and **Time Regained** should be easily available for those who want to check them out, but the most radical experiment here is a film you'll really want to look for. **One Piece!** is an anthology of short films made under strict constraints: everything has to be on super-8 video, with no camera movement, in one take— no edits, no special effects. As minimalist filmmaking, it,s absolutely inspiring. After my showing, one person shouted, "Best movie of the year!" He may have been right; this is the real thing.

The roughly ten shorts are usually funny, sometimes mystifying, and once or twice a little troubling; all are directed alternately by Shinobu Yaguchi and Takuji Suzuki, feature film directors working on a shoestring. By necessity, most are founded more on situations rather than heavy plots, and I'll admit right off that my capsule summaries won't do justice to the shorts themselves. In "Oh La La", a whiskered slacker is amazed when a pink bra falls on his landing — followed by a pair of clamps from the apartment above trying to grab it. He politely retrieves the bra. Then his girlfriend arrives. "Umbrella Man" is the Japanese equivalent of **Blair Witch Project**, done tongue-in-cheek; one clear night, a creepy looking guy with an umbrella informs a pair of girls that an Umbrella Killer is going on a local rampage, leaving body parts behind as he dispatches his victims. Almost before anyone knows it, the guy with the umbrella becomes the next victim. "Who's the Director" may be the first film in history that,s maybe five minutes long and has nine directors.

"Congratulations" shows what happens when three girls are a little miffed that the cutest guy in class is getting married to their rather plain friend. The situation gets a little murderous when the friend appears out of nowhere and wants to see a video congratulation which is hardly nice. "Cat's Meow" is maybe the funniest piece here: a guy's cat bumps heads with his shy girlfriend, switching their brains for a short while. The cat takes the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to give him advice on romance, hints on litter box privacy, and pointed feedback on discount cat food.

The casting is done mostly with actors in their teens and 20s; viewers in the know are going to catch some cool in-jokes, like when Naomi Nishida (the star of Yaguchi's great **My Secret Cache**) makes a guest appearance in a familiar role. Obviously, both directors here have access to first-rate talent here, but DIY filmmakers everywhere should take notice; **One Piece!** proves you really can make great films with a cheap video recorder and no money. —Steve Spinali

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL VIDEO REVIEWS

PUNK ROCK MOVIE NIGHT
UNDERGROUND FILMS & VIDEOS

Welcome to the second installment of Punk Rock Movie Night, which is, of course, *MaximumRocknRoll*'s new underground video/film column. There was a good response after the first column, both for the filmmakers and myself. We still need more entries, however. So if you are a filmmaker, send me your work so I can review it and help to get the word out about your film. If you are an aspiring filmmaker, then get to work. Send all relevant material to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, California 94709. From now on you will be able to find all of my past columns at www.wethepunx.com, but don't get too happy because there is after all only one so far. This month's column, and all future columns, will feature top five lists from some of our featured filmakers, as well as some tips on how to get your work seen. So, let's go. Turn the ringer off on your phone, close all of the curtains, ball-gag your infants, position the forty between your thighs, and let the fun begin!

Ecstasy in Entropy **(Nick Zedd)** · This tape features three different films by the legendary New York underground filmaker, including some of his most recent work. There is of course the film *Ecstasy in Entropy*, as well as *Why Do You Exist* and *Tom Thumb*. *Ecstasy in Entropy* reminded me a lot of a totally underground version of a Kenneth Anger film (yes, even more underground). The lighting and art direction are pretty lush for a Nick Zedd film, but even that sort of visual imagery can't soften Zedd's vison completely. I have to admit that it took me a couple of viewings of this film before I really discovered its groove, for lack of a better term. The one constant I discovered in all the viewings was the undeniable presence his actors had on screen, including none other than Annie Sprinkle. In *Why Do You Exist*, Zedd combines some of the best elements of Andy Warhol and Richard Kern's (who Zedd refers to as Nazi Dick) work, along with Zedd's own twisted touches of perversion, and the all-important food fetish. His actors are glamorous in the same way Divine was, and they perform for their screen tests as if Zedd had them under some sort of subversive hypnotic trance. *Tom Thumb* is Zedd's most recent film, and it uses digital technology, which is something I was very excited about. Tom Thumb stars Nick Zedd's son, and is as the title suggests a story about little Tom Thumb. This time he's not in the land of the giants, but in a digital landscape that is filled with wormholes and inhabited by mutant amputees, one of which is played by Zedd himself. This film actually opens this tape, and it's a perfect prelude for a video that is a must see for any underground film fan. (Penetration Films, PO Box 1589, New York City, NY 10009).

Bob Moricz's Top Five
(Writer/Director of Brainbox, and Cash House Meat Cleavage)

1. ***Born of the Wind*** **(Mike Kuchar, 1963)** · A lonely mad scientist creates a mate for himself and, needless to say, things don't go as expected. Great atmosphere, high melodrama, and a very creative sequence of a face melting. Bob Cowan is fantastic as the scientist. He has the expressiveness of a silent film star. Mike Kuchar's movies always have a sympathetic quality unique and refreshing in this jaded age of ironic detachment.
2. ***Tinsel Town*** **(George Kuchar, 1999)** · A tawdry depiction of Hollywood's decayed depravity thrust into the viewer's face with seedy abandon! One of George Kuchar's class pictures shot mostly on digital video, I think. The colors are bright and rich. Like most of his movies, you don't know what's going to happen next. There's a lot to it—kinky rubdowns, vampires, wrestling intrigue, a lusty mother throwing herself at her starlet daughter's suitors, and great party scenes. As always, George Kuchar proves creativity is much more important than a budget.
3. ***Genocide Highway*** **(Josh Allen, Aaron Lapage, 1992)** · There must have been something in the air at the time. I saw this a few months before the release of *Reservoir Dogs* and I swear it seemed like the tone and certain plot elements of *Highway* were hijacked by *Dogs*. But I'm sure it wasn't. The sound effects kill me—tiny snub-nosed pistols sound like gigantic cannons. I sell this movie on my website and the director didn't understand why I wanted to do that.
4. ***Multiple Maniacs*** **(John Waters, 1969)** · Water's last truly underground movie has all the Dreamlanders and a great scene where Divine desperately hangs on to his wig while a giant lobster rapes him. A lot of Catholic residue is exorcised in a lesbian sex scene which takes place in a church. Watch a rosary go where God never intended. With special appearances by Jesus and the Infant of Prague. None of Waters' other movies have such strong (and lovingly blasphemous) religious overtones.
5. ***Jesus Christ Snuff Machine*** **(no director credit, 199?)** · Speaking of blasphemy, Jesus kicks ass in this movie, wearing a black leather jacket and a goatee. John Kennedy was the anti-Christ and Jesus put the bullet in his skull, not Lee Harvey. The ex-President's decaying body's been kept alive in some house owned by twin sisters that look like men in bad wigs and mumus, and Jesus must put an end to the madness. No dialogue, just an eerie soundtrack that fits the images hauntingly. The shaky hand-held camera work adds to the hallucinatory feel and I love the scene where jell-o's fed to the corpse-like Kennedy.

Bob's Tips For Getting Your Film Shown

It's a lot like band's getting gigs. There are some encouraging venues for underground movies all over the US: Artists' Television Access, Film Arts Foundation, and Pacific Film Archive are three in the Bay

Area. You can send them stuff and maybe they'll play it. You can also organize screenings at some of these venues and set up a tour throughout the US, Europe, Canada, whatever. There are lots of resources to check out on the web. The Flicker homepage (sirius.com/~sstark/) is particularly good. They have a great links page. Put together a snappy little press kit and send stuff out. Someone will play it.

Also, you can book your own venue. There are plenty of halls, churches, and auditoriums to rent out all over the place and it's surprising how reasonable some of their rates can be. If you charge a few bucks for entry you can cover your expenses. Get the word out like crazy—hype your movie, alert the presses and someone might come and write about your event. Publicity is an important tool for getting a movie seen. If you turn your event into a benefit you'll probably get more publicity and you'd be doing something nice for the community.

Public Access cable stations are also good. Many of them have alternative cinema shows that are dying for for some content. Chances are they'll play your stuff on TV. I've gotten good response from this. Discover your local Public Access station and send them some of your stuff. There are also a bunch of them all over the country soliciting content, so take advantage of an oppurtunity for national exposure.

There are lots of sites that screen movies all over the web. It's not the same as seeing a movie on a big screen, but it will get your movie out to more people. Different sites have different sensibilities, so check out a bunch of them and see which ones you like.

***Amerikill* (Chris LaMartina)** · This column is already bringing you and I just the kind of d.i.y. quality of filmaking we crave, especially after getting home from a VERBAL ABUSE show, pouring with sweat, and way too fucking amped up to even attempt to lay your head down on a pillow. *Amerikill* is shot entirely on video, which isn't all that inappropriate for this no-budget, basically plotless exploration of what would happen if you took the cast from "Geeks And Freaks," made them wear wallet chains and black converse high tops, then attempted to shoot a slasher flick that's more informed by John Waters than John Carpenter.

Basically, you've got this crew of ultra suburban punks, but instead of wasting their time in lame bands or editing some redundant zine, these punks are all working on their own individual horror films (videos). There is some implied jealousy, and a conflict or two between actors and filmmaker, but when a mysterious masked killer begins to take out the punks, and a couple of cheerleaders, one by one; there really isn't a pattern or any kind of formula to figure out. *Amerikill* is more about dialogue (surprise), and hilarious POV shots from dying deer, dogs, and the good eye left for a girl who has just fallen face first onto a sharp branch that punctures the other one. I should also mention that the editing is very good here, better than a lot of films with much higher budgets (or even a budget) than *Amerikill*. The film opens with an ATOM & HIS PACKAGE song, which is a cool start for any film. (Send $13 postage paid to 28th Street Productions,1416 Lincoln Woods Drive, Baltimore, MD 21228. Make checks payable to Chris LaMartina).

Chris LaMartina's Top Five List

1. ***Crinoline Head*** · A slasher movie by a friend of mine in South Carolina.
2. ***Darkness*** · An underground vampire flick. Classic stuff.
3. ***Dead Next Door*** · One of the best zombie flicks of all time.
4. ***Redneck Zombies*** · Funny as shit undead flick, shot here in Maryland.
5. ***Screenkill*** · Locally filmed serial killer/snuff film yarn. I met the director the other day.

Chris LaMartina's Tips For Getting Your Flick Shown

1. Four-walled. I rented out a local theatre, and had them show Amerikill. I told everyone I knew about it.
2. I sent tapes to distros, directors (people like me, who want to help out).
3. I started a website, and put it on messageboards with links to it.
4. You can go to conventions, and sell copies.

***Tremor on the Western Front* (Sick Records)** · This video attempts to document a handful of the many punk bands Japan has to offer these days. There have been some great Japanese punk/hardcore bands over the years, and personally I would have loved the chance to see, possibly, the next TEENGENERATE, GASOLINE, ASSFORT, CROW, GAUZE, or CORRUPTED. Unfortunately, that didn't happen this time, but there were some decent enough bands on *Tremor on the Western Front*. The bands on this video are emulating the London punk scene from the years 1977-1980, literally. You got a band that resembles and sounds an awful lot like the CLASH, a Oi! band, an EXPLOITED band, and even a STIFF LITTLE FINGERS band. It's not horrible, and I was pretty entertained through most of this tape. It's just that I was in the mood to be blown away, and realistically, how often does that happen in one's life? Some of the bands making appearnces on *Tremor on the Western Front* are: THE CREED, FIRST ALERT, CLAMPDOWN, RADIO SHANGHAI, and THE GRIFFIN. (MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

Before I sign off for this month, I wanted to remind you all to check out the documenatry about the early career of John Waters, entitled *Divine Trash*. It's available now on video at most independently owned video stores, and if it isn't then you should definitely request that your store order one. Cheers!

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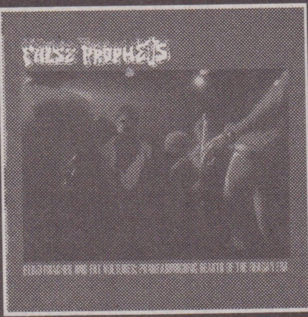

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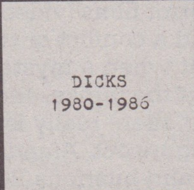

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases or CD-Rs directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (WN) Willie Nelson, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

AGENT FLEX/LUCKY SEVEN - split EP

The monologue brought back painful memories...f-n girls... This record is for anyone who's walked in on their girlfriend two timing them (not that *I'd* know that feeling, or anything...). These guys fit the Geek Rock criteria; fast, fun catchy, wussy pop punk... They try to be a little cooler than they should (telling that guy to back off your girl isn't very Geek Rock [for those of you out there who may care, the correct Geek Rock edict is: you whine like a little girl and become bitter and jaded! These boys decide to kiss and make up and "tag-team" the girl {as an avid and religious wrestling fanatic, I am very familiar with a tag team match, but how, pray tell, would one go about having tag team sex?? I'm assuming this would be a handicap match rather than a two on two tag team match} {hay chingada! Not very Geek Rock at all!}]). LUCKY SEVEN sound almost dead on... Mutant Pop-worthy stuff nevertheless. Worth a spin if not just for grins. (BM)
(Small Unmarked Bills, www.smallunmarkedbills.com)

AMERICAN DREAM - "Shits and Giggles" CD

This is weird, I mean it doesn't sound that weird or anything, but it doesn't have a label so I presume it's self-released, yet it looks like major product (DIY done *too* well?), and it's produced by Steve Albini. Loud rocky punk; kinda poppy, kinda snotty, and (obviously) well-produced. Third song in sounds like DETOX. I dunno, it's a little too rock 'n' roll for me. (AD)
(americandream1.com)

ANTI-FASCIST UNDERGROUND - LP

These kids played Gilman a few months back, and handed their records out to anyone who wanted one. Well call me a fool for not snagging my freebie while I had the chance, because this slab positively smokes. Skip over the first song; it's long, slow, and boring (and I can't figure out why they put it on here), but after that come 16 amped-up hardcore blasts fueled by youth and fury. It sounds very Southern California, in the vein of CIRCLE JERKS played on 45 rpm. Fast hooks, snotty vocals; the only thing missing is the political lyrics I was expecting from the name. (WN)
(Compare, 2704 1/2 Humbert Ave, El Monte, CA 91733)

ASSFACTOR 4 - "Sports" LP

This record was recorded three years ago, then ASSFACTOR 4 broke up. Now I've heard rumours that they may be back together, and all I can say is, yes. For ASSFACTOR 4, along with fellow Columbia SC-ites IN/HUMANITY, gave a nice jolt of humor to a humorless emo/screamo hardcore scene, all while not losing any of the political bite. How can you just not love a record that attacks: scene politics, goverment priorities, and our desire to sell out our ideals; yet still gives time to honor the lineman who blocked for George Rogers twenty years ago, propelling him to the #1 pick? Oh yeah, the cover art is just too cool to describe. (JF)
(Old Glory, PO Box 17195, Worcester, MA 01601, oldgloryrecords.com)

THE ANTI-HEROS - "1000 Nights of Chaos" LP

This is pretty rippin. Twenty one fast and furious punk/oi tunes recorded live by one of Americas longest-running skinhead bands. (RM)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct., San Diego, CA 92109)

AUTOMATICS - "Murder Suicide" LP

Another full-length from these Mutant Pop strongholds from Portland. A dose of power trio raw pop punk from these QUEERS-esque guys. Nothing out of the ordinary as far as these guys go, but certainly decent. (RL)
(Alien Snatch, Moerikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

AUTOMATICS - "The Missing Album" LP

Distinct from the US group of many 1990s releaes, *these* AUTOMATICS were contemporaries of the PISTOLS and the SPEX, with their '78 EP, *When the Tanks Roll Over Poland Again.* Their self-opinion soars on the back cover description: "fans swear we were the best group they ever saw," and so forth. It's pretty rocking stuff, true, now back from the grave of a major label "seduction" and years in lurking in obscurity. Snotty, British, sometimes played with JOHNNY THUNDERS. What was lost is found. (AC)
(Destroy, 34a. Bodney Rd, London E8 1AY, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

A.V.O./BLURTERS - split EP

Fuck yes! A.V.O., the BLURTERS, and Snapshot Records have fucked up the punk rock universe again! A.V.O. starts the melee with "False Hopes" and this is hard ass punk rock! The next cut is "Erko Fight Night" and A.V.O. kicks a bunch of ass on this street-punk anthem. For their final cut, A.V.O. covers "Never Surrender" by BLITZ and they do a scorching fast version—great! Turn the EP over and the BLURTERS begin their relentless punk attack. The BLURTERS plow through two rousing originals, "20 Pages" and "Hit Squad," after which there are very few men left standing. Then you get a cover of "Ain't She Dumb" by Australian legends the ROCKS! This record is fucking excellent punk rock with lots of grit and extremely bad attitude. Get this dose of Australian hard-bitten punk right now! (BR)
(Snapshot Records, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

BATHTUB SHITTER - "Fertilizer" EP

You will likely never hear this blazing hardcore band that has some of the funniest fucking lyrics I've heard all year, and I quote: "Cannot quit this habit/the more I eat, the more I shit/when I've loose bowels/It's like fucking curry"! because Japanese singles have such poor distribution in this country, but if you like your hardcore out of hand and out of its mind, try and track this down. Fuck, these kids are loony! (ST)
(6-A Ep-City, 2-1-23 Daikoku, Osaka 556-0014, JAPAN)

BLACK CAT MUSIC - "The Only Thing We'll Ever Be is All Alone" LP

BLACK CAT MUSIC, with their second LP, could be lyrical descendants of LEONARD COHEN if their images—"smooth like patent leather"—didn't seem one deftly executed lick away from cliche. Clearly they are absorbed in someone's romance, but I'm not sure whose. Goth stylings of blood and paleness drip from this LP, along with the dubious tale of a corrupted girl-child in "Outside Rochelle." Punk Lolita? The lyrics and slowness come off like a recycled glorification of despair through starvation, suicide, pills—which is compelling stuff only for select rocknrollers. The music is a step up from the last effort (outshining the packaging) and will be a treat for the MURDER CITY DEVILS crowd, which I assume exists. (AC)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

BLOODPACT/REACHING FORWARD - split EP

Two political straight-edge bands present a homage to the greatest of that species, MANLIFTINGBANNER. BLOODPACT crunches through the anti-wage slave anthem "Balance The Books" and Holland's REACHING FORWARD reformulates "Donkey Shot" into an early Boston hardcore masher. Each band has two more songs: BLOODPACT's are sped-up modern crunch (minus the metal) and REACHING FORWARD's are thick neck JUDGE-core (who, of course, weren't from Boston). Be sure to get the MANLIFTINGBANNER CD if you don't know what is going on in this review. (TH)
(Reflections, De Nijverheid 30, 7681 MD Vroomshoop, NETHERLANDS)

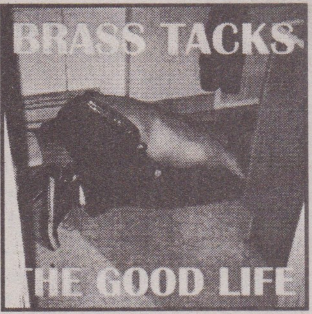
BOOKS LIE - "It's a Weapon" LP

Whoa, break out the wingtip dancing shoes for this one. While BOOKS LIE has definite Dischordish-meets-AVAIL sound, it also just swings. I'm talking a swing that comes naturally, not something contrived like ROYAL CROWN REVUE. Just imagine wearing those dancing shoes with a pair of cutoff camouflage shorts and a dirty t-shirt, because that is what this record sounds like. Oh yeah, it's really good to boot. (JF)
($7 ppd: Bushwick, PO Box 52, New York, NY 10276, bookslice@yahoo.com

BOXCAR – "The Weather Is Here, Wish You Were Beautiful" CD

This reminds me of FACE TO FACE right after they signed to a major. Translation: watered-down melodic punk that is going for a tougher GREEN DAY sound. In fact, with a billion bands playing this sound, BOXCAR is bad enough that they are able to separate themselves from the pack by being so awful. Please avoid. (JF)
(Red Leader, PO Box 20836, Park West Finance Station, New York, NY 10025, boxcarnj@hotmail.com)

BRASS TACKS - "The Good Life" EP



Yes sir! Headache Records presents another episode in their continuing saga of great punk and street music! The BRASS TACKS from Madison, Wisconsin come to rock like a motherfucker with "The Good Life" which celebrates all that is good in the USA.: Beer, Sex and Rock 'n' Roll. Side two features "Let's Smash Some Skulls" about another favorite outdoor skinhead activity: fighting. Last but not least, you get a cover of "Dead or Alive" by OUT OF ORDER. This is a very enjoyable, one hundred percent politically incorrect alcohol fest for you skins and punks Go get this good record! (BR)
(Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

BURDEN - "Strength of Conviction" EP

This Canadian Hardcore Crew isn't breaking any new ground with their windmills, but they sure know how to put all those hardcore standards together well. They're catchy and have big shout-out breakdowns and all the other fun stuff. You likely have plenty of records that sound like this, but it's fun to have new songs about "the scene" to sing along to. (TJ)
(Badman, Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7, 38601 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC, mcesky@pvtnet.cz)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CADILLAC BLINDSIDE – "Read the Book Seen the Movie" CD

A strong debut full length from this emo pop punk band in the vein of the GET-UP KIDS and the ANNIVERSARY. You know that spastic pop sound. This genre seems to be coming on quite strong and fans of this sound should check this out as this borders on being pretty great. (RL)
(Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306, sodajerkrecords.com)

CALLOUSED/SHITLIST - split CD

This contains new tracks from both bands as well as some older releases. Both bands are well matched: fast-paced, anarcho-politics and crusty as hell. SHITLIST takes the cake on this one due their blistering speed. Watch for a vinyl version, which I assume will only contain the new tracks from both bands. (MW)
(Fired Up, PO Box 8985, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE CANDY SNATCHERS - "Color Me Blood Red: Live and More" LP

When I heard about this record, I went to every record store in San Francisco until I found a copy. I've listened to it a hundred times since. The CANDY SNATCHERS are one of the best live bands out there and one of the very few that I will see every time they come to town. So they deserve a live album. The sound may be a little difficult for people who have never heard them before, though it's a hell of a lot better than some of those STOOGES albums that have been coming out lately. I suggest seeing them; then you won't mind so much. The live recordings sound like when you see them, except that you are able to adjust the volume. Side two is not live and was recorded by Andy Slob. Most of the tracks were released, but a few weren't; well, these versions at least. Personally, I want a *new* CANDY SNATCHERS album, but this will hold me over until then. (CK)
(Black Lung, PO Box 3692, Morgantown, WV 26503)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/UNHOLY GRAVE - split EP

Easy review— already been listening to this, and it's two bands who aren't unfamiliar. CAPITALIST continue to grind out classic bare-bones hardcore—no extraneous frills, no mind numbing metal interludes—quick, 45 rpm blasts. Three songs, recorded November of last year, it's there, it's rough, it's over. UNHOLY GRAVE go at it even quicker—requiring you to downshift to 33 rpm and give them a bit more time. Five songs, generally overwhelmed by the totally distorted vocals—without a doubt the forefront of these tracks. It's a lot of hoarse, raw and totally unintelligible screaming. Won't convert anyone, but if you've already been in, you'll return. (TM)
(Deaf American, #3 Bethel Church Road, Dillsburg, PA 17019, rich666@voicenet.com)

CARDIA - "Future?" EP

According to the liner notes, this was recorded all the way back in December 1997. It is basically mid-paced gruff crustcore with deep throaty vocals. While it wasn't totally bad, I found it to be pretty uninspiring. (RC)
(Cardia, Staffelsweg 19 56743, Mendig 02652/51550, GERMANY)

THE CASUALTIES - "Stay Out of Order" CD

Pretty much the same rudimentary, early 80's U.K. punk/hardcore that this band has been playing for the past eight or so years. The production on this is pretty raw and nasty sounding which is kind of cool, but overall the songs begin to blend together after the first couple of cuts. This is also a CD-ROM, by the way, and has a couple of live videos and some band photos which were kind of cool. (RM)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

CHIXDIGGIT! – "From Scene to Shining Scene" CD

Another strong full-length from these three-chord pop punkers. Although they are starting to get the QUEERS syndrome of beating a sound to death, this won't disappoint their fans. You know the sound, you make the call. (RL)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA)

THE COLOR BLUE/KILL DEVIL HILL - split CD

So I'm trying hard to ignore the fact that one of their three thank-yous goes to God. But anyway, the COLOR BLUE play emo pop. At times similar to bands like HOT WATER MUSIC and such, while at other times taking more of a pop DESCENDENTS-style approach to the whole thing. Hardly anything new, yet it's hard to find anything really wrong with it. KILL DEVIL HILLS are a bit more discordant and interesting at times, but the songs always end up having at least one part that is far too straightforward punk. Dual vocals, one deep and harsh, the other not quite as powerful, but becoming annoying when he yells. The songs are powerful but not well-written. (PA)
(The Pirate Party, PO Box 814, Dundee, IL, 60118-0814, thepirateparty@aol.com)

COMRADES/CRIPPLE BASTARDS - split EP

This is pretty rad...these two Italian bands do a remake of the infamous WRETCHED/INDEGESTI split EP that came out eons ago. From the copied logos to the coverless artwork, this is a tribute to that infamous split. Of course its not as good as the original, but fuck it, at least kids still pay homage to where all this began. (MW)
(SOA, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE CONTROL - "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit" 10"
Elements of a couple different styles and eras come out in this rather quick—for its size—record. Almost all the songs seem to be musically rooted in the early Dischord style of hardcore—straightforward drums, guitar, and bass—though the vocals rarely come straight across without a growl. So from the early '80s into the early '90s, the music becomes a little more interesting at times. The guitar actually plays lead parts, the drums change tempo in the songs and the vocals are much more forced, in all bringing to mind something like BORN AGAINST in their early stages. (PA)
(+/-, PO Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107, kid@plusminusrecords.com)

CRUSADE - "Sounding the Death Knell of Britain" CD
Is this a joke? I don't know what the deal is with this band. But they seem to be totally schizophrenic. Full on old-school skinhead punk that actually kinda reminds me of SKREWDRIVER (hey, don't ask. I just *do* know what they sound like). Not really the vocals. Just something about the rough recording quality. Sometimes they sort of get it right. But it's a little out of date to have a song about hating "fairies". How totally '80s... Yawn... (LH)
(no address)

OI ZONE - "An Indifferent Beat" LP
This is a fuckin' joke if I've ever heard one, and I'm not falling for it (Mundo would have). What we have is sixteen poppy oi numbers with some of the fruitiest and most retarded lyrics ever. Titles like "Love Me For a Reason," "You're Gorgeous," and "Baby Can I Hold You" will make you laugh till you pee your balls out your nose. Some of the songs are catchy as hell, and the singer reminds me of a drunken Micky Fitz, so you know it ain't all that bad. But rest assured, the silly shenanigans (i.e. lyrics and the silly oi meets "love song" tunes) brings 'em back to the realization that this is a joke. It's kinda funny how they incorporate other people's songs into their own on almost every track too. Although I'm shooting in the dark here, my guess is that OI ZONE and HARD SKIN are one in the same. But I don't know. Uh, I gotta go now. (NF)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

DAS BOOT/SWEET J.A.P - Split EP
From what I gather, this is a split from two bands: one from Japan, one from Minneapolis. Neither do too much for me. The one from Japan sounds too macho and remind me of a mix of bad spastic HC and '70s rock—nothing about it stands out. The US band is slightly better, working from a more '77 punk vein with a fun energy, not to mention a lot of snottiness. I wouldn't really recommend this, though. (BG)
(Nice & Neat, PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

DEACONS - "The Time is Right" EP
Inscribed on the vinyl says "We ain't bothered by the critic's wit." I wish all bands would say that; I'm getting tired of all the death threats. This is good, punk-pub rock. EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, transplanted into Brooklyn? (EC)
(Cobra, no address)

DED BUGS - "...Songs for the Possessed and Insane" CD
The DED BUGS serve up a slick product with professional graphics and high quality sound production. Their tunes have slick arrangements full of hooks, noodly nuances and dynamics. Some tunes have RAMONES ballad qualities, and others are in the Metal Mike vein. DED BUGS keep a tough image while they sing stupid goof ball lyrics. A good product. (HM)
(318 Stewart, DeSoto MO 63020, dedbugs.com)

DEGENERICS - "Generica" LP
An older man than me was his usual dismissive self at a recent DEGENERICS show, noting that he preferred his FU'S records to these hardworking Jersey boys. I can *sort* of see that live...the thick drive and charisma of the lead singer might evoke a comparison to those Boston legends. This LP presents a *lot* more to the ear. The guitar work is full of leads and hooks and shazaam! The more "traditional" hardcore aspect of the DEGENERICS is planted in the tempos of the rhythm dudes. Their blaze keeps the guitar from being too bossy or lagging behind while laying down the flash. A newsprint zine presents the political lyrics in classic cut and paste glory. Fuck an old buzzard's opinion, the DEGENERICS are the DEGENERICS! (TH)
(Deadalive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

DIABOLIKS – "Three Fur Burgers and a Chili Dog to Go" CD
Great UK beat meets garage stuff in the genre of the DELMONAS and HEATCOATEES. Sloppy, silly and proud! Reminds me of the Purple Onion days. A fun romp that enjoys being nothing more. (RL)
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Road, London NW1 9EA, UK, office@vinyljapan.com)

DISGRUNTLED NATION - "Grape Juice Plus" EP
Well, this EP came with issue 8 of *Inner Muscle* fanzine. It's not bad at all. In fact, it sounds as if it came out in 1983. Very early HC influenced; think NEGATIVE APPROACH's first EP, or early NECROS. It somehow manages to sound both refreshing and nostalgic. Pretty cool. (BG)
(917 patrick Creek Rd, Kalispell, MT 59901-7528)

DON AUSTIN - "Balo" EP
Raw, loose punk rock that is that is full youthful speed and energy. While is nothing amazing, it is still worth a listen. (RC)
(Rubber City, PO Box 8349, Akron, OH 44320-8349, bleachmouth@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DOWNWAY – "Never Be Clever Again" CD

Straight up BLINK and FACE TO FACE-type of stuff. A solid full length with speedy riffs and hooks in all the right places. Highly unoriginal, yet very competent pop punk that doesn't let up. A good release. (RL)

(206, 8314 Greenwood Ave., PMB 102, Seattle, WA 98103, 206records.com)

THE DREAD - "Bonnie & Clyde" LP

The DREAD continue to crank out melodic punk and hard-core tunes with good lyrics. They put together a fine expose on Bonnie and Clyde, with all sorts of good graphics and a tune. Unfortunately, there was an oversight and the lyrics to a few songs, including "Bonnie and Clyde", were not included. A solid release. (HM)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931, Akautsch@aol.com)

DUAP/COLONNA INFAME - split EP

Both bands are from Italy, and both are of the shaved head, pissed-and-proud variety. DUAP does one mid-tempo oi clunker and another, speedier tune with the sing along chorus that rocks pretty good. COLONNA INFAME's first tune is a mix of really fast mid-eighties hardcore, and a more heavy metal version of the FOUR SKINS. It didn't really do much for me. Their other song is a jumpy number with the big chorus we all love and is pretty good. All in all, I don't think I would buy this, but hardcore Oisters will like it. (RM)

(Paolo Petralia, Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00148 Roma, ITALY)

DUMBELL - "Don't Mess with Cupid" LP

Mid-tempo, straight forward punk 'n' roll, that doesn't sound unlike the MISFITS at times. While everything on the record indicates these cats are from Germany, with last names like Smith, Grant and Phoenix you kind of have to wonder just how German they are. Anyway, good quality punk rock that is delivered with the requisite amount of soul. Is the first band that ever had that name? (KK)

(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

EFFIGY - "Evil Fragments" 12"

Are you ready for some wicked guitar solos? EFFIGY is here for you! Four monumental songs of moody intros broken by trotting double kick drum, blaring guitar and deep blown-out vox. You can't go wrong with driving slab of Japanese hardcore. Horror movie soundtrack-sounding outro is just the way to end this brooding 12". Smashing! (TJ)

(Dark Age, Kita 2F Yamada Building, 30-2 Nakano-Cho, Takamatsu City, Kagawa 760-008, JAPAN)

THE ENKINDELS - "Can't Stop the Enkindels" CD

Damn, this is a very frustrating band. I've always kind of liked them, but at the same time got the feeling that they were cocks as individuals. This does little to change my opinion. They seem to have a real condescending attitude towards their audience, and too many jockish "in jokes". They also have great-sounding guitars and a way with heavy-rocking indie pop. See, I'm conflicted. On one hand, they are over confident and opportunistic, and on the other, they are simply a good rock band. I enjoy their better material in the same way I enjoy well crafted radio pop (which, I believe, they are secretly, or not so secretly, aspiring to). They are defiantly banal in their subject matter too, which is both interesting and annoying. They celebrate lifes little moments, like watching 90210, listening to SKID ROW on the car radio, and suburban summer nights, not to mention how they have to remind you in song how much they rock you as a audience. I don't know, man, I don't know.(BG)

(Initial Records, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217)

EVOLUTIONS/SMUTS - split EP

This single sure does go by fast—both bands are nearly incomprehensible beneath the boombox fuzz-quality recording. Let's see, I'm gonna listen real close... Okay; it's really pretty clever, both bands are doing variations on the old punk classic "Let's Drink All the Romilar We Have." Inspired, really; everyone who hasn't spent the last buck they stole out of mom's purse should send away for this instead. This pressing should be good for at *least* five plays, so you'll learn about fiscal thriftiness too. (RW)

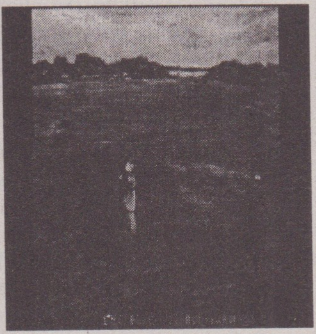
(Kryptonite, 827 Lincoln Blvd, Manitowoc, WI 54220)

F - "You Are an EP" EP

I wasn't the greatest fan of F's debut solo EP when it came out in '83, but this re-release—which includes an okay bonus track— includes some informative and amusing band history, as well as a chance to finally purchase an *authorized* version of the record. For the uninitiated, this captures all the intensity of the AUTHORITIES ('82) while incorporating a hardcore punk edge— an edge threatens to change into chugga-chugga HC in "Spit it Out." Get it while you can. (SS)

(Sound Idea, P O Box 3204, Brandon FL 33509-3204)

FALL SILENT - "Life: Beautiful, But Heartless." EP



FALL SILENT put out one of the best hardcore LPs of last year, *Superstructure* and this EP carries on in the same complicated, catchy metallish vein. Lyrics of murder and sounds of one pissed off bunch of boys, this one comes highly recommended. (ST)

(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FEED THE MACHINE - CD

Whoa Nellie! Can you say dogshit? More crappy hardcore punk unfortunately thrown my way. It's "Let's wail on a few random chords, beat the shit outta our drums and yell yell yell!" This disc should not exist. (NF)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

FIFTEEN - "Hush" - CD

This extra-warbly, three-song CD is a "partial benefit" for the Purple Berets, and (possibly unbeknownst to them) is also a vehicle for letting off Ott-steam. In "MRR," FIFTEEN points out that while (*MRR*) spent an "hour and 28 minutes" writing about who "lost all credibility in the punk rock scene, 1000 children died of starvation/ and (*MRR*) didn't do a damn thing," etc. (Following this logic, it should be pointed out that countless more must have died during the writing and recording of this song). Should you be blamed for every death or rape you do not prevent? More important, I say, to not kill—or rape—anybody to begin with. (AC)
(Sub City)

FLAT STANLEY – "Fucked From Th'Gitgo" CD

I hate to use this comparison twice in one month but this is another band that seems to just rip off FACE TO FACE. In fact, this band is so much like FACE TO FACE that if you had told me it was FACE TO FACE, I would have believed you. "Solid, but lacks originality" is a nicer way to put it. A record for the kids who like FACE TO FACE's music, but don't want to support them. (JF)
(RMP, 92 Kentworth Ave, South Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K-2S9)

THE FLIPSIDES – CD

Boy where have I been? This local band puts out a great 5-song disc here with great gal vocals. Almost like THE MUFFS with the singer of VELOCITY GIRL or maybe its straight new wave a la HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS. Anyways, a new band to me that sounds pretty damn cool. (RL)
(Relaxative Records, PMB# 31, 3288 21st Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, theflipsides.com)

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS - "Live Statement" CD

One of my all-time favorite bands, FLUX OF PINK INDIANS, were part of the anarcho-punk movement in the UK in the early '80s. They released the superb *Neu Smell* EP on Crass Records in '81, then in 1982 released the *Strive to Survive Causing the Least Suffering Possible* LP, what I think is close to one of the best albums ever made. All the tracks on this live disc come from those two releases (and thankfully not from their later releases where the band purposefully made the music unlistenable, I guess to highlight the lyrics and downplay what they saw as the decadence and irrelevance of music. Talk about misguided choices!) plus an EPILEPTICS (early prototype of the band) track, "1970s." If you've never heard them and can't find their first two releases, I suggest getting the *Not So Brave* collection on the same label as this. If you are already a fan then all you need to know from me is: "What's the sound quality like?" The answer is: "Good enough." (AD)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK, johnesplen@callnetuk.com)

FORTH YEER FRESHMAN - "So Punk It Hurts" EP

Generic thrash with potentially "offensive" lyrics. The first (and best) song on the record is a GG ALLIN cover, so you can guess from that where they take their inspiration. Still, what I can make out of their lyrics are neither interesting, nor funny, and the music's not exciting enough to make it worthwhile for that alone. (AM)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

FORTUNE AND MALTESE & THE PHABULOUS PALLBEARERS - "Fiddled While Rome Burned" EP

This sounds so good in comparison to the KIDDA BAND album (fresh off the turntable and straight into history's filing cabinet) that an exemplary review is in order. Lotsa guts, plenty of charm, and real kicks for supporters of hi-grade rock 'n' roll regardless of genre or idiom. Great vocal harmonies, ace organ playing from Maltese, spot-on backing from the PALLBEARERS. Just a real fun record, nothing more or less. (JH)
(Keystone)

FROM ASHES RISE - LP

This record is so fucking good. I've been trying to find the words, but they don't exist. So fucking good. Comparisons to that other band from Tennessee will surely abound, and that is a fucking disgrace, for this absolutely destroys everything in its path. Thirteen songs, and I wish it were 26—this is the heaviest record I have heard all year. Blown out hardcore at its best...the passion behind every scream, the rage that fuels every word, guitars that absolutely punish your ears. Records like this are few and far between. (WN)
(7038 Bonnavent Dr, Nashville, TN 37076)

FUCK ON THE BEACH/RUIDO - split EP

FUCK ON THE BEACH play the kind of fast, noisy hardcore that really doesn't get old—it's quick, furious blasts of dual vocals over frenzied Japanese hardcore. Loads of tempo changes, abrupt style breaks, and shouted choruses. Lead into that with about tenth of a second between songs, and it's all a blurr. RUIDO return the favor—a bit more calculated, but still a total cacophony of noise, distortion and spastic drumming. The structure is there, kinda in the way the structure of a building is obvious as it falls. Fearsome stuff. (TM)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, knowrec@earthlink.net)

Music Reviews

FULL SPEED AHEAD - "04277 Never Sleeping" CD

Reading the band info that came with the CD, you could guess what you were getting into—the back cover is a picture of tattooed knuckles (that read "Eat the Rich"), the bio compares them to WARZONE and AGNOSTIC FRONT. Not that I'm an expert on either, but spin it up and let's see what happens. It's mid-paced hardcore, with purposeful vocals—definitely working to be "tough". The singer is hoarse, with some of the choruses being sung by a crowd. I can imagine the fingers in the air. It's decent—I'm not a huge fan of this entire genre, but there's some energy here, even if it's all vaguely familiar. If you were to start reading a bit deeper, you'd discover their dedication to anti-nazi politics. Certainly gotta give props to that. All told, it's not my thing, but seems decent otherwise. (TM)

(Halb7, Ackerstr. 59, 06842 Dessau, GERMANY)

FUN PEOPLE - "The Crossover SubAmerican Histories Of De Duck-oo-Homo" CD

This a Japanese reissue of several FUN PEOPLE records released in Argentina, which they call home. Their sound is certainly original, ranging from fast old-school-style punk to beautiful pop songs, with metal and pop punk in the middle. Necro's voice is unimitable, and their music only captures a small fraction of the fun you will have if you get the chance to see them live. This is a fine introduction if you haven't heard FUN PEOPLE, or a load of records on one convenient disc if you are already a fan. (WN)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033 JAPAN)

FUN THINGS - "When the Birdmen Fly" EP

I don't know if I like reviewing something I've heard as many times as I've heard this. It takes the fun element of surprise out of it. I wouldn't even have to play the record to type this up, but I will because these songs are that great. I can listen to them a million times more. This is Australian punk rock from 1980, influenced by RADIO BIRDMAN (just look at the first song title), but veering to the faster, angrier side. You've probably heard ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN's cover of "Savage" and although they do a good version, the original is so much better. Also here is "Lipstick," "(I Ain't Got) Time Enough For Love" and a very cute picture of these very young-looking boys in 1979. This even looks like an official release, so you might even be able to find it somewhere. (CK)

(Penniman. PO Box 32142, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

FYP - "Come Home Smelly" CD

Y'know, I had my first beer listening to this band. That was years ago now and I've had quite a few since, so it was a bit of a bummer when I heard they broke up (or changed their name, depending on how you look at it—this has been a one man operation as of late). This is a bit tighter and poppier than their older stuff (hell even *My Man Grumpy* and *Toilet Kids Bread*). Last attempts at fusing pop punk sensibilities with trashy, snotty and very dirty punk rock. They through in a cover of POISON IDEA's "Pure Hate" to boot. Man, I'm gonna miss this band. (BM)

(Theologian, PO Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

GAIJIN - "Science Fiction Ain't Fiction" EP

Bass-driven modern hardcore, overlaid with DC-style melodies and punctuated with urgent vocals. Three songs: the first reminds me of AT THE DRIVE IN, but less self-indulgent, and the other two bring to mind FUEL or PHLEG CAMP. Overall, pretty rockin'. I'll be looking out for them. (AM)

(Reactionary, PO Box 5466, Atlanta, GA 31107)

GOZZILLA - "Al Bar Dei Leoni" CD

An Italian punk band with lyrics in Italian that translate ridiculously to "You Have Really Broken My Balls," "I'm the Most Bastard in the City," and "Believe So as Not to Think." The music is sometimes rockabilly and sometimes just standard fare punk rock, but sillier. (DP)

(Valium, Via Nomentana 113, 00161 Roma, ITALY, robegagl@tin.it)

GUITAR GANGSTERS – "Road to Reality" CD

A new full length of original material from this British punk trio. More of their NEWTOWN NEUROTICS/STIFF LITTLE FINGERS type stuff. Although they are starting to mix in more mid-tempo stuff, this still has its share of good melodic punk songs. Not bad for a fifth studio LP. (RL)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, captainoi.com)

HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE - "Marketable Melancholy" EP

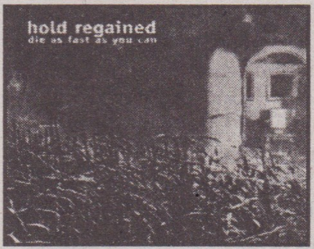
I knew I blew it when I recently missed HSP, because I heard they shredded live, and then I got this EP to review. DOH! This is a swell, six-song release, with good original lyrics and lotsa good energy. HSP kinda remind me of CRIMPSHRINE. "I Kill Butterflies" is the highlight with some awesome lyrics. (HM)

(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HIPPIES ON FLAMES - "Burn One" LP

Shit, this record is slopped, clickity clackity, and snotty as can be! This has the all over the place feel of Midwest hardcore maniacs GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS, PUNCTURE WOUND, and ALLERGIC TO WHORES, but in a punked and pogoed out way. The bass and drums worked my feet all over the place while the incoherent vocals and early southern California guitar had me all off balance and heading for the walls. (TH)
(Records...Not Excuses!, PO Box 806, Seattle, WA 98117)



HOLD REGAINED - "Die as Fast as You Can" EP

Extremely tight and clean post-straight edge emo. It really doesn't get much chunkier than this without becoming completely annoying, though the second guitar plays enough interesting lead parts making full use of octaves and the 10th through 15th frets on his guitar. The drummer luckily is able to contain himself and selectively use the double bass before it to becomes completely annoying. The vocalist has a good hardcore scream. All elements work well together—that is, if you're into metal. (PA)
(Bushido, Soester Str. 66, 48155 Munster, Germany, hiscore@uni-muenster.de)

HOMELESS WONDERS - "I Can't Think" CD

Nobody's gonna pigeo hole the HOMELESS WONDERS with their mix of punk stylings. The WONDERS work some slower SUPER CHUNK/FUGAZI-ish ditties between a bunch of shorter quick tunes. I'm not into their indulgent grooves, but the WONDERS play well and have a strong product. (HM)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 802040

THE HOOLIES - "Stop Drinking" EP

Sing-a-long pub type oi from Jutland (wherever that is) that surpasses the majority of the bands in this genre. Four songs in all, with the b-side considerably better than the a-side. Thumbs up. (NF)
(Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, BELGIUM)

HOSPITAL FOOD - "Suburban Zoo" CD

I really wish there was a lyric sheet included with this thing. Great upbeat melodic punk that kind of epitomizes some of the better things that people think of when they think of the so-called "East Bay" sound. Kinda reminds me a bit of the JOCKS and maybe LAGWAGON at other times. Get it? It's catchy and it's fast. They have a song called "DC Nazis." I wonder if they mean fascists in the nation's capitol, or in Daly City... (LH)
(hosfood@yahoo.com)

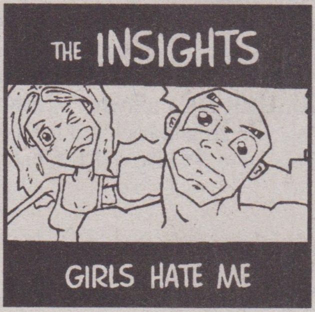
HYBRID MUTANTS - "Ride Out" CD

This starts out like LIZARDS when Jay's drunk and playing flat bass lines. Most of the tunes are fast driving beats with heavy Marshall-distorted guitars. A few tunes are really metal influenced, with uninteresting guitar solos. Michelle sez they sound like METALLICA, but she doesn't know metal for shit. The MUTANTS' best songs are "That's Ok" and "My Girlfriend's Dead" both of which appear on their latest cool 7". (HM)
(Lem, PO Box 3052, Summerville, SC 29484, http://members.aol.com/Hothgangl/hybrid.html)

IDOL PUNCH - "Culture Market" EP

OK, this starts out with a really bad pop punk instrumental leaving me fearing the worst. And then it goes into this hyper-speed thrash attack. Noisy, crazy fucked-up shit with fast stop-start time-changes and song titles like "Dried Nasal Mucus" and "Milk & Sugar." Something tells me that if I saw these guys live, I would be laughing so hard tears would be streaming down my face. (RC)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

INSIGHTS - "Girls Hate Me" EP



This record has a lot of things I like—sloppiness, amateurish instrument playing, low production quality—but it's just missing that undefinable something that makes it a great record. Maybe it's the vocals; they sound flat and unaffected. (DP)
(Something, 14720 Kitlanselt Wy, Orlando, FL 32828)

INSULT - "Desert" EP

Not to be confused with the two other INSULT bands, this is a new, young band from Italy that play a good mix of hardcore and melody. Not easily pigeonholed in any style, they just play straight-forward hardcore which reminds me of old Mystic stuff. They are at their best when the sing fast in their native Italian. Good shit! (MW)
(Angry c/o Fulvio Dogliotti, Via Cornaglia 9, 15100 Alessandris, ITALY)

INTERVENZIONE - "Walls of Shame" CD

Collection CD of comp tracks and EP appearances of these Portuguese punks. They have the politics and band arrangement (male/female vocal trades) typical of many crust/peace-punk bands, but quite the atypical sound. The vocals aren't straightforward gruff and screech, but showcase a range that adds further punch to the politics/emotions being communicated. The music is far from dark doom/gloom, actually more up-beat/up-tempo and damn near melodic. But fast and hectic enough to keep from being la-la-la happy-go-lucky punk. (TH)
($11: Rastilho, Apartado 764, 2401-978 Leiria, PORTUGAL)

MUSIC REVIEWS

INVISIBLE MEN - "Who's Sorry Now?" CD

Wild noise from these five bandaged mummy-fuckers. Upbeat and raucous '60s-styled frat rock that sounds and pounds all right, with lyrics that fall between the twin poles of "beer" and "weed"...nice to know that these boys know how to let their hair down. Thrills aplenty, with the added buzz of organ and Claude Rains-inspired horror-movie get-ups. Pedigree: I know there was, once, a STATICS connection in effect, but this may have changed. (JH)

(Blood Red, 2134 NE 25th, Portland, OR 97212)

JARVIS - "Wild in the Night" EP

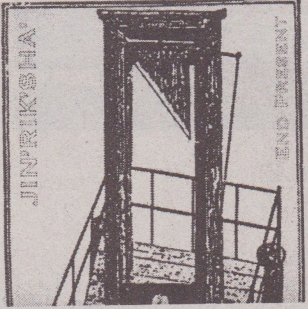
I like this here shit: rough, loose, unformulated thrashy pop punk similar to the STUN GUNS. Punk rock that pulls on your character flaws always has a stronger grip, it seems—this is some of the best of its sentimental kind I've heard. SCREECHING WEASEL at their most sincere, maybe; even HÜSKER DÜ moments of heartbreak appear, but it's no copycat. Yes, you should rock out to this at home and on the road. (AC)

(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

JET 66 – "...Nobody Ever Cares" CD

The reason nobody cares, JET 66, is because you suck. Your bad attempts at melodic hardcore are only more pitiful than the sound quality of your CD. This is strictly pitiful, even if it is just a demo. Can I shoot myself now? (JF)

(no address, JmsBnd66@aol.com)



JIN'RIK'SHA - "End Present" 2xEP

Former members of the Norwegian legends ANGST, so you know my expectations were high. Just about everything they put out was without flaw—total powerhouse hardcore. This takes a slightly different road—it's not the same blazing frenzy, but a more calculated, methodical attack. Hoarse vocals, raging hardcore—you'd say they had mellowed with age, if this was mellow. Excellent stuff—progression without compromise—moving forward without losing touch. The songs rely on structure in the way ANGST relied on speed—better with each listen. (TM)

(Heart First, Landsberger Str. 146, 80339 Munchen, GERMANY)

JOCKS - "The Top Three Answers on the Board" CD

I gave this band a not-so-good review a while back and was accused by a friend of being too harsh. He had seen them live and thought they were good, and how could I be so mean to them, they're just kids? If this was the music he heard, I can understand why he felt that way. Where the first record was stiff, awkward, two-chorded crap, this one shows a lot more skill at songwriting and playing their instruments. The style is JAWBREAKER meets SONIC YOUTH, but I like hardcore, too. This is a perfect example of why bands should get their acts together before submitting stuff for review. (DP)

(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA, thejocks15@hotmail.com)

JOHN HOLMES/CANVAS - split EP

Wow, this is one of the first times since I started doing reviews, many years back, that I've been assigned a black metal punk record. hmm, this is a peculiar one at that. To tell the truth, it's pretty damn rocking. JOHN HOLMES play slow-paced twisted metal with HC-type vocals over top. Pretty bullshit-free, too. CANVAS do something a bit stranger. They play a very epic and experimental bastardization of the form. Very creepy crawly, but interesting and intense, jazzy even. Can't believe I'm all about this right now, but I am. (BG)

(Devilrock, PO Box 169, Bradford, BDI 2UJ, UK)

JUNTO - "A Call for Action" CD

This three-piece from Saskatoon, Saskacthewan speeds through an amalgamation of melodic hardcore and sloppy punk (NO FX and F.Y.P. respectively) and breaks down to slower pop interludes similar to J CHURCH. It's primarily a fast and melodic attack with very direct, non-compromising political lyrics. In the tradition of several recent Canadian Wunderkinds. (TH)

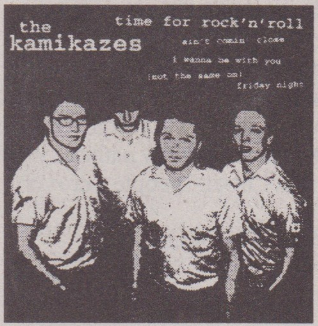
(Consolidated Labour, Box 1168, Elkford, B.C., V0B 1H0 CANADA)

JUSTIFIED ANGER/ABORTED - split EP

JUSTIFIED ANGER could be Dutch hardcore legends BGK, no shit, right down to the guy's voice. Perhaps more of a metal tinge, still—it's uncanny. Angry, angry, angry. Wait! Wrong side! It's ABORTED who sound like BGK. JUSTIFIED ANGER are as fast but lighter, more straightforward. Group backing shouts and the odd solo. Kinda reminds me of something that could have been on Pusmort, mixed with something that could be on Charged Records... Make sense? Thought not. (AD)

(Puke 'n' Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92831, pukenvomit@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS



KAMIKAZES - "Time For Rock 'n' Roll" EP

Real clean, catchy power-pop. Too perfect; a male DONNAS. Kinda ruins a good thing. The love ballad especially works my nerves. The rockers "Time for Rock 'n' Roll" and "Friday Night" should surely get the kids going, because they've obviously read the REAL KIDS handbook. When the revival hits MTV these boys will be first in line. Halfway between Heartthrob City and Punypenisville. (RY)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

KIDDA BAND - "Too Much, Too Little, Too Late" 2xLP

Blow-dried British power-pop that waffles between BAY CITY ROLLERS-ish girl trouble and BOYS-ish angst and bad behavoir. Not sure what to make of it, but apparently the KIDDA BAND were active between '77 and '81, recording the demo tracks that make up *Too Much, Too Little, Too Late*. Tracks like "If You Think I'm Square", "Get off the Telephone" and "I Want You" (which actually employs the ripped-off chorus "I want you to want me"!) are leightweight, low-calorie fare business that sounds fun but leaves me a less-than-satisfied listener. Not sure if the KIDDA BAND were any more deserving of fame than any of their pop peers (hell, even LITTLE BO BITCH got a record deal), but at least they got this Last Will & Testament to make their grandkids proud. (JH)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK, detour-records.co.uk)

KILL THE MESSENGER - "Five on Seven" EP

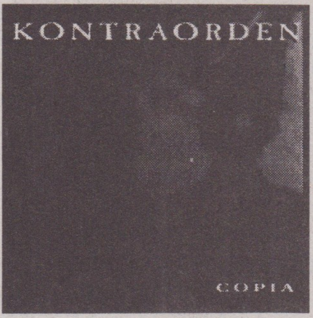
This tries to give more of a hardcore twist to mid '80s California bands like BL'AST or even the MINUTEMEN. Heavy guitar that on the better songs doesn't rely so much on chords but more highly distorted picking over a heavily distorted bass but not so much that you can't pick out notes. Fast to mid-tempo songs with deep vocals but they're just not as catchy as it sounds like they should be on paper. (PA)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090, phyte.com)

KLASSE KRIMINALE - "Electric Caravanas" CD

In 1998 Italian punk rock veterans teamed up with Jimmy Pursey to make a new album. The result is twelve slow-paced catchy street-punk anthems sung in Italian, including a remodeling of the CLASH's "Garageland." I generally don't like slower oi-ish punk, finding it plodding and boring, but (then again, COCK SPARRER are one of my favorite bands) this is well done, the harmonies and hooks make up for the lack of speed. The tunes are good enough to make this shine; my foot's tapping as I write. Also, the Italian language goes well with this kind of music. This album has a nice feel to it, very genuine—you know these guys' hearts are in the right place. A lot of good international punk goes unheard in the United States, so I recommend finding this if you like all the new "street-punk" coming out now, simply because this is way better than a lot of it... (AD)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, CANADA, kkconnection@angelfire.com)

KONTATTO/GIFT GAS - split EP

Every now and then a split EP will come out that features some unknown new bands that just floors me. This is one of them. GIFT GAS from Sweden sound like KURBITS IR meets KRIGSHOT...but recorded lo-fi, the way things were meant to be. Six blistering fast Scando-thrash attacks. On the flip, Italy's KONTATTO kick down two songs of early '80s inspired punk-thrash. This will probably be hard to find in a year or two, so don't pass this up if you see it in a distro list! (MW)
(Wall of Noise c/o Fredrik Ljung, Södra Parkgatan 31, 214 22 Malmö, SWEDEN)



KONTRA ORDEN - "Copia" EP

These Colombian punks mix up the crisp, stacatto guitar and vocal delivery of early Italian hardcore with a bit of the pub bounce bass of early RATTUS. Fast and nasty but still sounds fun. Raw recording adds to the musical influences. The Spanish lyrics are translated so a turd like me can read their views on urbanization, technological progress, and war (both domestic and international). (TH)
(Gabriel Zapata, AA 49190, Medellin, COLOMBIA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

KUNG FU RICK - "Motivation to Abuse" CD

As I sit here and listen to this record I think to myself, "fuck, I can't believe that I only have one record (the *New Breed* compilation) with KUNG FU RICK on it. Am I that big of a dumbass?" Well I worry no more, because I am the proud owner of this amazing CD which compiles their sort-of recent full-length and a couple of their split EPs. This is sick-ass hardcore that takes those thick, ferocious elements of bands like CATHARSIS, ENEWETAK and GEHENNA and twists them into their own blasting mania. Mind numbing fucking power! Simple eh? Did I mention how sad I am I missed their show at Gilman Street? Fuck!! (RC)
(625 Productions, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

LANA DEGALIS - "Pocket Change Feeding Millions" EP

These guys have been playing shows around the Bay Area for a while now, so I knew what to expect when I first heard this debut EP. Mix SUPPRESSION with quirky MAN IS THE BASTARD parts, take all guitars out (this is a two man operation only) and you got LANA DEGALIS. Damn strong debut. (MW)
(Boredom, PO Box 11351, Oakland, CA 94611)

LEECHMILK - "Starvation of Locusts" CD

Super thick guitar, pounding drums, strained vocals......this was my first time hearing LEECHMILK. A little out of my realm of tastes, LEECHMILK play super heavy sludge rock that picks up the pace more than their counterparts. While they fall in the same camp as EYEHATEGOD, SOUR VEIN or even HIGH ON FIRE (who are all thanked as well on this disc), LEECHMILK's faster approach to the style keeps me more entertained. (MW)
(Spare Change, no address, edmond@mindspring.com)

LEGION OF DOOM - "A Planet On Its Knees" EP

Yep, this Legion has comes to spread its crusty Doom again. The high end of the guitars are so painful due to a lack of mastering that I couldn't listen to this on headphones. That layer of fuzz can be used well, especialy in crust, but it a little too brutal here. The songs are heavy and interesting and anti-techonogy (maybe they are against mastering, too). I wish I could enjoy them without the pain. (TJ)
($3.50: Crimes Against Humanity, 934 N. 2nd, Medford, WI 54451, unifiedresistance@usa.net)

LESSER OF TWO - "Misanthropic Manifesto" CD

East Bay hardcore recorded at Polymorph, so you know it sounds nice and big. LESSER OF TWO spew a general hate for humanity's ignorance and global destruction. Heavy, yet fast and chaotic with lots of quality changes, except when that do that soft pretty vocal thing that I hate, but I have zero emo tolerance and I forgive them. This will send you happily down the road of self loathing, dumb human. (TJ)
(PO Box 3603, Oakland, CA 94609, lesseroftwo@hotmail.com)

LIMECELL - "Destroy the Underground" CD

LIMECELL turns most other bands on the Scumfest roster into roadkill. This new one will turn them to dust. Sometimes I wonder why people are afraid to rock balls out, but then I realize that they just don't fucking know how. Get yourself a large load of LIMECELL and see once again how embarrassingly pathetic you are! I'm no exception, but in another life, I'm sure people were very afraid of me. (RY)
(Headache, PO Box 204 Midland Park, NJ 07432)

LOWER CLASS BRATS - "The Plot Sickens" CD

It's hard not to make fun of the LOWER CLASS BRATS' cartoon punk rock uniform...draped in spikes, studs, punk plaid, etc.....I keep thinking of Poly Styrene screaming, "I'm a cliché." Okay, okay, all fashion flair aside, the LOWER CLASS BRATS do heavy bar-room anthems that combine drunkin' street punk with the flavor of English oi. Their lyrics are filled with punk cynicism questioning the media and dissin' on glam punks...yeah lots of healthy doses of hatred here. Seems like their heart is way into it too, but I swear if I hear one more oooooh-aaaayyy-oooooh I will projectile vomit. Hey, but that's just me.... (DL)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

LWL – "Quarter Life Crisis" CD

Decent pop punk in the vein of the ATARIS with the vocal styling of CHIXDIGGIT at times. A few tempo changes are mixed in to give this a little variety. A strong but not quite overwhelming pop punk release in this crowded genre. (RL)
(Pinball, 977 Valley Rd. D3-329, Gillette, NJ 07933, soapdog.com/LWL)

MANKIND? / FINAL WARNING - split EP

When this came through it got me thinking that I hadn't heard anything about MANKIND? in a while. I guess not, they stopped being a band in 1995. Way to keep up, Hopkins! These two songs are classic MANKIND? with the male/female vocal trade working hard to keep up with the distorted and bass heavy crust-core bus the rest of the band is driving. FINAL WARNING's song has a focus on the gut-thrust vocals with bleak musical background that plods through one verse only to bust into a guitar ripped chorus. A crust punk take on emo time/emphasis switcheroos? This record is dedicated to the late Tom Ota of FINAL WARNING. (TH)
(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MAN'S RUIN - "Gossip, Rumors and Lies" CD

I'll admit this band has come a long way, in that their other releases are some of the worst punk, oi, hell...*music* ever. As far as this release goes, it is pretty standard early eighties U.K.-style punk. Think early G.B.H. and the EXPLOITED, but with snotty female vocals. Fifteen songs in total. Overall, it's not a complete stink bomb, but to quote someone I'm sure "it's no Picasso" either. (RM)
(Helen of Oi, BP 7 - 77133, Fericy, FRANCE)

MC5 - "Babes in Arms" LP

This collection of outtakes and rare unreleased versions of MC5 songs is essential for MC5 completists. The sound quality is good. Many writers maintain that the MC5, along with the VELVET UNDERGROUND, the NEW YORK DOLLS, and the STOOGES invented punk rock. That would make Punk Rock a purely American creation. You be the judge. Listen to "Kick Out the Jams" from October 30, 1968 and you will clearly see the building blocks of proto-punk. That said, alot of this hippie music can only be appreciated in its proper historical context. (BR)
(ROIR Records, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012)

MENSTRUAL TRAMPS - "Late Night Riot" EP

Eight-song release from this Twin Cities trio, and with songs like "If I Were You (I'd Kill Myself)" "Funk Y'All" and "Stab Me in the Back" I'm sure you know what to expect. That being said, this is better than I thought it would be...the recording is raw, which lends well to their basic 1-2-Fuck-You style of punk rock, and the whole thing is fast and angry. I'm sorry I missed them when they were out this way. (WN)
(PO Box 18093, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

MINIWATT - "Rectifier" CD

Dissonant herky-jerk stuff from Rhode Island. Falls somewhere between the EX and the BASTARDS (the US band, not the Euro one) with that early GANG OF FOUR thing. Noisy, tweaked-sounding guitar parts, distorted bass, and one-note rant-vocals. Not unlike the British band DAWSON. Pretty kooky stuff with some very oblique but cool guitar parts and weird off-rhythms. Sorta hard to get into at first, but worth the effort. Highly recommended. (JY)
(MiniWatt, 616 Willett Ave, East Providence, RI 02915, mail@miniwatt.com)

MIOZAN - "Thorn In Your Side" CD

Germany's MIOZAN is back and cleaner than ever (to some sXe kids that might be a good thing, but not to me). Luckily they've kept their political edge over the years, but this no *Caught In Their Free World*. Though they "progressed" and add a few late '90s heavy hardcore bits, they are still old-schooling up. It seems they have lost some of if youthful magic, but they are still doing it. (TJ)
(MadMob, PO Box 61 0641, 10937 Berlin, GERMANY, freenet.de/miozan)

MORONS - "Come Get Drunk With Me" EP

Yee-ha! Tennessee drunk punk. This rules. Fast paced and hook laden (as they'd say in *Maximumrocknroll*) and aside from that there's not a hell of a lot more to say about this. It's not the kind of music that inspires great rock journalism—just imagine CRIMPSHRINE or early AMERICAN STEEL peaking on speed and a case or two of cheap beer. I can give this the highest accolade a *MRR* reviewer can give, that is—I want one of these. (AD)
(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

MULTIPLEX - "Quest for the Clearness" EP

This EP came out a while ago...actually it was recorded on their US tour back in '96. Fans of extreme grindcore will love this. MULTIPLEX always had a knack for writing insane grindcore, and this is just a small taste of their grind insanity. Two songs from the Japanese masters. (MW)
(Visceral, PO Box 1142, Mentor, OH 44061-1142)

MUCK AND THE MIRES - "All Mucked Up" CD

A very peppy '60s-style garage rock band. They sound like a lot of other bands of their ilk, but there are a few things that are different. I like that all the songs are short, there are no covers, the bass is extremely fuzzed out and they are definitely influenced by the KINKS, but they don't try to sound like them. Cool stuff. (CK)
(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. South, Hamilton, Ontario, L8K 2S9, CANADA, amprec@cgocable.net)

MURDER - "Stupid Lifestyle Choices" CD

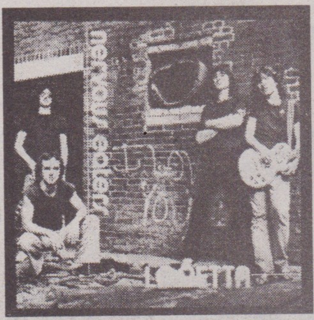
With the rap sheet of some band members here (MASSAPPEAL, PERSECUTION and TOE TO TOE), I was preparing myself for some fast, thickneck Aussie hardcore. Figures —that's what I got. Driving guitars, unrelenting pace, and prominent vocals—this isn't apologetic, mellow or nice. The massive production does them a lot of favors—it sounds huge, and Rod's rough vocals really do a number. Having two guitars helps as well—they're able to get some texture in without sounding like noodling. Fuck—reminds me at times of POISON IDEA, which is high praise indeed. Imagine these guys know a few things by now about high impact live shows as well—a band to watch for. (TM)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall, NSW 2198, AUSTRALIA, jay-snapshot@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

NEGATIVE MAN - "Nobody Cares" CD

Straight ahead hooligan core with fierce energy and aggresso tendencies. Big, thick production that breathes similar to BONECRUSHER and LOWER CLASS BRATS. Fronted by Sputnik Slovenia, a barbarian growler backed with twin-ravaging guitar, it's easy to hear this comes with a lot of heart and effort. It's just not distinctive enough to really stand out or get my rocks off. Includes finale track with the BOOMTOWN RATS, "I Don't Like Mondays." (DL)

(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave South, Hamilton, Ontario, LBK 259 CANADA)



NERVOUS EATERS - "Loretta/Rock With Me"

Fashion statements aside, these guys look like shit—this is what punks wore in 1975? This is a somewhat historic band, never quite popular, lost in the dull years between the break up of the NEW YORK DOLLS and the rise of the SEX PISTOLS. They actually sound like a hybrid between the two, but never dressed as cool as either of them. (EC)

(Penniman, PO Box 32142 Barcelona, SPAIN)

NIHILISTICS - "Confirmin' the Vermin" EP

Another major player in the Scumcore circuit, and a decent one at that. All filth, meat, and metal, baby. Makin' dead GG proud. The MENTORS' less-funny cousins. Can I interest you in a unpleasant, drunk, and dirty guy's fist up your ass? Thanks, but I've got the new LIMECELL CD and that'll pretty much take care of my beastly cravings this month. (RY)

(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346)

NIPS - "The Tits of Soho" LP

I remember an urban legend about this dude biting some unfortunate woman's ear off at an early CLASH gig...verification, anyone? Yes, the NIPS/NIPPLE ERECTORS were rat-faced-and-famous Shane MacGowan's '77-era punk band, before he went on to bigger-isn't-always-better things with the POGUES, never coming within spitting distance of a dentist's chair during the entire 20-year arc. *The Tits of Soho* compiles the band's four singles along with assorted live material. If you've not heard the band in question, it's CLASH-ish, SUBWAY SECT-ish, ATV-ish punk and roll topped off with MacGowan's hectoring vocals, choppy guitar, and that elusive working-class charm that money can't buy. MacGowan fans will snatch it up like mad, but early punk geeks ought to give it an honest listen as well. (JH)

(Bovver Boot Co.)

NITROMINDS - "Time to Know" CD

Swift catchy hardcore from Brazil—this is pretty interesting. The music is crazy—double time hardcore with huge breaks, and some breakneck tempo/style changes. Trouble comes with the vocals —the singer is just that. Don't know—it's good, and certainly a really solid release—one of the most impressive things I've heard this month. Just gotta wonder what it'd be like if the singer showed some of the verve and anger of the lyrics / music—he's almost too "pretty" for what they say and how they sound. Think I'll get used to it, as I plan on listening to this more—the music is that outstanding. (TM)

(Peculio, Cx. Postal 393, Santos SP, 11001-970, BRAZIL, peculiodiscos.com.br)

NOBODYS - "I've Been Every Where" CD

Alright, this rocks my balls. This concept, covering the bands who've treated you well, took you on tour and pretty much just been your buddies is a brilliant idea. The NOBODYS are doing just that; paying tribute to the likes of the GOTOHELLS, CHIXDIGGIT, AUTOMATICS, GUTTERMOUTH, SICK 'N' TIRED, DIGGER, JUGHEAD'S REVENGE, PINHEAD CIRCUS and of course the QUEERS (they have been known to share a member or two over the years with Joe). By far their covers of the GOTOHELLS are the best here. I think I shed a tear during their version of "Die Tonight," complete with the guitar-troubled feedback before the lead. Definitely worth checking out. This is a NOBODYS record that kids can actually play in front of their folks. No dirty songs about porno or jerking off. The title track is an "on the road again" truckers' tune that makes me long for the road (not really). (BM)

(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

NOTHING COOL - "Taking Advantage of Stupid People" CD

This CD is collection of NC tunes from '95-'98, and it's taking advantage of all the poor bastards who missed these tunes the first time around. Their early '80s SoCal sound permeates most tunes, as well as a fast pop punk style they play well. A great version of SOCIAL DISTORTION'S "Indulgence" is among my favorite tunes on this 30-song gem. Pick it up. (HM)

(Cheetah, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

NOTHING MORE - CD

You know, sometimes there's not much you can say about a band. Sometimes they are so bland and forgettable that they evoke nothing in you as a listener. It would be a lie to pretend otherwise. You could say post DAG NASTY, blah blah, REASON TO BELIEVE, blah blah, etc., but really it means nothing to you. It's just more mid tempo melodic punk shit, nothing more.(BG)

(Walked In Line, BP 04, 60840, Breuil Le Sec, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE NUMBERS - "1" EP

Man this is good. Sure they kind of sound like the STITCHES and SMOGTOWN, but fuck it man, they do the beach punk thing as good as anyone. Hats off to Mike Lohrman and Jerry Adamo for the bang-up production and recording job. It's raw and nasty, but you can still hear everything. Three songs in total. God bless Southern California. (RM)

(Hostage Records, 8861 Bolin Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

OATH - Hit Parader" EP

With the huge pile of records coming out and you, the listener, trying to find the good shit, it would be unfair not to mention that Mark from CHARLES BRONSON, Nate from DEVOID OF FAITH and Jeroen from MAINSTRIKE are in the OATH. This is hardcore played for the love of it; with snotty self-reflective/selfinflating lyrics and an all-out thrash assault sound that could only be captured in the shortest span of time. Musically, this owes more to CB than MAINSTRIKE. No namby-pamby metal bullshit or '88 youth crew throwbacks here; this is classic, thrashy hardcore. The immediacy of these songs hits you in the face like a fucking brick and makes you wake up an realize why hardcore is still vital. Get it because it fills out your CHARLES BRONSON discography, get it to impress your friends, just get it. (ST)

(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

PARAGRAF 119 - LP

Classic style European peace punk, like DIRT but not so fast or so British. It's got a "pay no more than..." on the back, and info on the Anarchist Black Cross. Good lyrics translated from Danish to English for our benefit, and a six-panel fold out poster. Male/female vocal tradeoffs complete the requirements, but I didn't find a single solo—perhaps I'll get lucky on side two. This is nothing new, but at least it's good (WN)

(Kick 'n Punch, PO Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N., DENMARK, paragraf119@mailbomb.net)

PEOPLE'S CHOICE/THOUGHTCRIME - split 7"

PC have an early '80s thrash feel, in fact, their tune "Powerless" reminds me of early BAD RELIGION, with the bass lines, vocal melodies and lyrics. PC's other tunes also delve into politics and bread and butter punk issues. THOUGHTCRIME also delivers an aggressive teen angst thrash punk. I like their retaliatory ideas on "Stop the Cops". This also comes with a handy Western Mass bands contact list of only good bands. An excellent DIY product. (HM)

(Montague, PO Box 13441, Albany, CA 12212, http://thought_crime.tripod.com/)

THE PEEPS - "Stiletto" EP

Imagine a '79 all-girl power-chord punk trio with tantalizing R 'n' B edges (FINE ART may be their closest comparison), produced with a raw edge by Jeff Dahl, and you've got this three-song EP. The tunes aren't real grabbers, but there's a nostalgic inflection to the vocals that might appeal to early punk junkies out there. About average. (SS)

(Lipstick, 1154 Powell Street, Oakland, CA 94608)

DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS - "...Not Gonna Pay" EP

So about four years ago I first heard the US BOMBS' *Garibaldi Guard* LP, and at the time it blew me away! Well time has past and the US BOMBS are no longer what they were. The songwriting on their last two LPs was extremely watered-down in comparison to their earlier work. Well, the three songs on this record rip! Very reminiscent of the early BOMBS stuff in every way (well except the Martinez guitar work isn't present). From what I can tell, the HUNNS aren't those geezers from the late '70s from Texas, but they consist of a former US BOMB, a former HUMPER, a member of the PUSHERS, and one other fella (sorry dude). This is a very good record, and the best Hostage release in a while. That is, until the BODIES soon to be released EP takes its spot. Anyhow, pick this record up, you'll enjoy it. (NF)

(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 7736)

PHALLACY - "Against It" EP

This is the crap that Sean is going to listen to when he moves to New York City: drudgy clean guy hardcore. Fuck, this shit is slow. These boys don't look old enough to feel this run down. Don Fury, I love you, but you could have done better. This is a hollow shell of what hardcore should be. No energy, no devastation, no power, no reason. (TJ)

(Tragic Life, PO Box 060623, Staten Island, NY 10306)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE PHIL/FIVE-O-FIVES - split EP

If FIFTEEN sounded like PHIL, maybe I would listen to them... maybe. Imagine if you fused high, almost nerdy (*almost,* mind you—still not quite enough to be considered geeky) vocals and Jeff Ott's lyrics, just a lot less preachy and self righteous (did I say that out loud??!). Not bad, but at the end of this, I just want to give this guy a hug and tell him, "it doesn't have to be this way." The FIVE-O-FIVES sound more like CRIMPSHRINE but again, less pompous (yeesh! two stabs at Jeff). These two bands deserve each other. Maybe, together and united...they can find a way...possibly make a change...hell, even find hope. (BM)

(8 Cornstalk Rd, Dracut, MA 01826, GotPhil@aol.com)

PICISMO - "Subita Merdo" EP

Dr. Dante should have gotten this one for review, since the only interesting thing about this band is that they sing in Esperanto, the international language developed by Lejez Ludwik Zamenhof to fight against nationalism and racism. Musically, this is poorly recorded, has bad guitar solos, and is quirky in all the wrong ways. They are from the Ukraine though, and since my Esperanto isn't really up to snuff, I've no idea what they're talking about. Gi~s! (ST)

(Darbouka, c/o Frederic Brahim, 17 Rue De La Foret, 67340 Menchhoffen, FRANCE)

PIEKLO KOBIET/ PUSSY FACE - split EP

I hereby award Polish anti-patriarchy hardcore *punx* PIEKLO KOBIET an award: 1) with a photo collage of a disembodied schlong pointing skyward atop a hill of vaginas, this has got to be the most graphic cover art in quite a while, closely rivaling "dude shitting into other dude's mouth" action of earlier this year. (Hey, sorry—I'm a totally innocent bystander, but I must say, female genitalia do not fly solo with style). Despite appearances, this is an awesome split: PIEKLO KOBIET thrash through a few fast feminist, punk-as-fuck rockers. Liner photos and notes prove that both of these bands are political and belong to a proud, fun, tight-knit scene. PUSSY FACE, pink-ponytailed but just as brutal and punk, have this to say: "Against Abortion? Get a vasectomy, bastard!" I strongly recommend ordering this EP, both for the solidarity and for the rock. Totally self-produced. (AC)

(Wiedzma, PO Box 21, 08-100 Siedlce 1, POLAND, rebelgirl. linia.pl)

PIGNATION/SUL9B - split EP

There are moments on the PIGNATION side when they sound exactly like EXTREME NOISE TERROR mixed with "Scum" era NAPALM DEATH, and it fucking rules. The rest of the time, they are pretty straightforward grind, but they throw in enough crazy guitar shit to keep it interesting. Flip this one over and you get to sample a demented thrash assault from Japan's SUL9B. You won't believe how clear this sounds for a live recording. This is a cool release from two bands I hadn't heard before. (AM)

(Dwie Strony Medalu, PO Box 55, 58-260 Bizlawa, POLAND)

THEE PIRATES - "Nasty Brutish and Short" CD

Blah, blah, blah. Punk rock played loud and sloppy. It's almost kinda bad ass at times in a TKO kinda way. But they've just gotta thank God and Jesus and all that bullshit. I guess they're just a bunch of poseurs after all. They're all gonna be in big trouble when they have to face Ra on reckoning day. (LH)

(Declaration, Box 498 RPO University, Saskatoon, SK, S7N 4JS CANADA)

POLIKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS - "Anilmales Muertos" EP

I want to start off this review by saying that this record comes to us all the way from Columbia. That in itself makes this record an absolute necessity for your collection. From what I have read and seen, I can't think of too many other places in the world where it could be more dangerous to be a punk rocker than in Columbia. I searched the database of *MRR*'s entire record collection and found only three records from Columbia, which includes this one. I think that alone speaks volumes, considering how many records are in the collection. If I am not mistaken the entire band is all female. The music is actually really good punk rock. It has a great style that at times reminds me of VICE SQUAD. I only hope that someday I can get my hands on one of these records. This band and record really made my day. (RC)

(Paola Loaiza, A.A. 772, Medellin, COLUMBIA, paokarpa@hotmail.com)

PLUTOCRACY - "Sniping Pigz" LP

Dude, let the insanity flow, because PLUTOCRACY is back in a big way. The Bay Area's own have come back from the ashes to create the crazed start-stop, sample-laced, maddening grindcore they are notorious for. The interesting thing about this band is that during their early years they battled for respect, but nobody gave a shit. But now that grindcore is "cool" and "hip," everybody wants a piece of the action. Well I say more power to the band, because they have always laid total waste, and this record is no exception. The controversial cover art, which depicts a masked guy blowing a cop's head off with an assault rifle, has definitely raised a few eyebrows and made a few record labels nervous. So dig in and and prepare to battle when you get this record, because the West Bay Cartel is in effect. Just don't tell anybody that I am just a weak-ass poser from the East Bay! (RC)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln, Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PONTIUS PILATE/FALLEN GRACES - split EP

Bands like these are why I fantasized about moving to Minneapolis for so long; they seem to grow furious crusty punk bands on trees there. Both of these bands are part of a newer generation of twin cities crusties—less hair, fewer studs, not a DOOM patch in the whole lot, but they crank out the brutality as well as their predecessors. FALLEN GRACES are the more metal of the two, classic crust mixed with modern metallic hardcore, I like! PONTIUS PILATE deliver four songs that are a little more raw, and make me wax nostalgic for the first time I visited Minnesota. (WN)
(Pagan Punk, 2441 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55405)

THE PRE-TEENS - "Why Don't You Marry It?" CD

Was this band from around here? Fuck, if they were and they've broken up, I'd feel really bad that I totally missed a great band right under my nose. Great sparse punk that in many parts is reminiscent of DISCOUNT. The variety of ideas within that format are all brilliant for different reasons. At times it's the raw punky punker punk stuff. At other times it's like LONGSTOCKING or even VOMIT LAUNCH or something. (LH)
(pre_teenssf@hotmail.com)

THE PROTEENS - "Hot Lava Treatment" CD

I like the RAMONES, and so do these guys, so we're on the same level. They also like SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS and it shows. Produced by Pat Termite (who also offers some backups here and there). The girl vocals on "I Could Do Better" made me weep like a baby (or an emo kid—you can decide.) Mutant Pop did something with these boys, and that must have been a match made in heaven. I'm taking this with me while I am out of town. (BM)
($10 ppd: Imperfekt, PO Box 2846 Columbia, MD 21045, imperfectrecords@aol.com)

RADIATION KINGS - "Deatho Knocko" EP

STONES-like boogie rock 'n' roll from this German trio. Sort of a mix between "Long Live Rock"-era WHO and the GEORGIA SATELLITES, or something like that. No distortion on the guitars, lots of barrelhouse piano playing. Except for the slightly more aggro "Gimme a Call," none of the tunes can really be called "punk." Very trad rock this. Okay, but so what...? (JY)
(Ox, PO Box 143445, D-45264 Essen, GERMANY)

RED, WHITE & BLUE - "Downfall of Society/Boys From Jersey"

Just when you thought you've heard the dumbest lyrics and worst oi tunes possible, along comes a band like RED, WHITE & BLUE who manage to take it all to a new level. "Downfall of Society" is a slow, boring and dirgy, heavy metal tune that rants and raves about "illegal aliens" taking away these poor fellows' jobs. Hmmm...I don't know if it's all the sun we've had lately going to my head or if I'm just plain crazy, but I can't remember the last time I saw a white person getting pushed out of his or her position as farm laborer, sweat shop clothing manufacturer, day laborer or dishwasher on account of immigrant labor. And everyone knows how well those positions pay. Huh? Then again, maybe these guys are actually a Native American skinhead band and they're just having a laugh and having a say about how a bunch of people from Europe came to the Americas and fucked their whole world up. Maybe these dudes' ancestors are the original tribe of people who crossed the Bering Strait and populated this entire continent. Maybe these dudes' like, great, great, great, great, great grandmother is the one homosapien responsible for populating the entire planet. Think about it! The original progenitor of the entire human race could be a skinhead bird!!! Fuckin gnarly!!! Uh, the flipside, "Boys from Jersey" is a pretty monotonous, mid-tempo oi number and fairly boring as well. (RM)
(Pure Impact)

RESTRAINT - "Reach the New" CD

Tough-ass, totally overproduced metal hardcore that has a big touch of SNAPCASE in their style. Unfortunately, it didn't really move me at all. (RC)
(Restraint, 81 Falcons Way, Copthorne, Shrewsbury, Shropshire,, SY3 8ZG, UK)

RETALIATOR - "Order of Chaos" CD

English skinhead band with patriotic lyrics and Nordic fantasy imagery—*Warning! Warning! Warning!* Actually, I can't find any racist or *that* far right wing stuff going on here, still—RETALIATOR get an ideological thumbs down from Andy. Lyrics about how dying for your country is glorious, the decline of moral standards, drugs kill, gangsta rap shouldn't be allowed...etc. etc. They go on and on. I don't need this crap from a punk band, I can read it in *The Sun*. The music is the kind of slow plodding oi that I don't like, there's nothing catchy or exciting about it. Boy, not only does this suck—it is an offense to everything that doesn't suck. P.S. Well done in Euro 2000. (AD)
(Retaliator)

THE RIGHTEOUS - "...and the Saga Begins" CD

Oi! Who the fuck really cares what I think of this record (oi oi oi!). It's what Bruce thinks really counts! Oi? It's alright. I guess this isn't too bad for full-blown skinhead rock. Produced by the TEMPLARS guy. I'm really out of my league here...care to comment, Bruce? (RY)
(Chapter 11/TKO)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE RONDELLES - "TV Zombie/He's Got Heart"

Why does this still sound so great? This has got to be their billionth release in the past few years and it's still amazing. The RONDELLES have a very simple pop formula that's one part FLATMATES, one part *Girls in the Garage* and one part the CARS. But somehow it's always breathtaking and new sounding. How do they do it? (LH)
(K, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)

THE ROYAL FINGERS - "Speed Crazy" EP

I can see why this made the *MRR* Powers That Be grade as reviewable despite their general reticence (shared by the public) towards things surfy. High energy instrumentals with just enough noise 'n' grit to balance out the non-wanking guitar virtuosity (no shit!). Includes a cover of a rare TAKESHI TERAUCHI (BUNNIES, BLUE JEANS—what, that doesn't mean anything to you? For shame!) number. Further proof that anything you can do, the Japanese can do better. (DD)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE - LP

From start to finish this is an intensely powerful hardcore assault. Crushing rhythms and a wall of thick guitar and bass form the backdrop for some bile-soaked, razor edged vocals. The lyrics themselves seem to be written from the viewpoint of a veteran of the punk scene who has seen a lot of shit come and go. This is modern hardcore at its finest, a nod to the past, but with a critical eye on the present and future. (AM)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

RUNNIN' RIOT - "Reclaim the Streets" CD

This is a reissue of the best full length to come out of Ireland in the past five years. Melodic oi in the BUSINESS vein that's more than worthy of your attention. This disc also contains nine live tracks that weren't on the original LP. (NF)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS/DIRTIES - split EP

S.O. play five songs of straightforward grindcore plus one that consists of quiet background guitar and a woman speaking in Spanish. Two vocalists bring a twist to grindcore, since both have high screeching voices and no deep growl. All songs are in sung in Spanish but lyrics are printed in English as well. On the other side, the DIRTIES play basic yet extremely catchy female-fronted pop punk in the vein of the DESCENDENTS, until they surprise you with a hardcore number (with pop tendencies) for their third song. Though from Argentina as well, they do most of their vocals in English. (PA)
(El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018)

SIG TRANSIT GLORIA - "2/8/2000" CDEP

I'm hoping that they got their name after seeing *Rushmore*!!! That movie has more to do with punk than all the hardcore in the world! There's a big resemblance to CHIXDIGGIT, especially in the vocal style. But that's cool, as it also kind of reminds me of SLOAN. The keyboard is a really nice touch. Turn that fucker up! I never say this...more keyboards in the mix!!! Hurrah! (LH)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

SNATCHER - "Last Yell, First Cry" CD

Now this is more like it. These guys from Japan know how to mix melody and aggression in a way many bands reach for, yet never acheive. Not unlike old DOUGHBOYS, they marry the bash and pop of DESCENDENTS with the ringing melodic urgency of HÜSKER DÜ. I like how enthusiastic and uncynical it is. Cathartic and uplifting. Get it. (BG)
(Snuffy Smile, 4 1 16 201 Daita, Setagaya ku, Tokyo, 155 0033 JAPAN)

SNITCH - "100% Fire Proof" CD

Pretty straight up Fat Records type stuff, back up vocal harmonizing and all. Slightly-snotty but gruff vocals, up-tempo songs, three chords with either octave or cheesy one-string leads over them. Sometimes poppy, for the most part aggressive, but hardly memorable. (PA)
(Leech, PO Box 154 8042, Zurich, SWITZERLAND, leechrec@swissonline.ch)

SOLEDAD BROTHERS - LP

I, for one, am glad that Estrus has cut out the car-worshipping drag-bore shit and started putting out more real punk 'n' grit-type records. This one is case in point of the kind of record that Sympathy would normally release; bluesy and more a swinger than a slasher, with a good droney late-night feel on tracks like "I-75 Boogie" that sort of work the slow infusion rather than rapid skullcrush. A great blues-rock record, but as my roomie would say, "old souls only." (RW)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SOMMERSET - "More Songs" CD

I like this. It's not the most original thing in the world, but it is unabashedly sentimental and gushy, and tends to pull your thoughts towards past or present romance. Not that all their songs are openly romantic; there's just something about their sound that reminds me of summer nights, shows where all your friends are, and the aforementioned romance. They have a sound not unlike old SAMIAM and JAWBREAKER. The info sheet that came with this said that they are very similar to LIFETIME. I don't know about that, but it does have an anthemic, uplifting vibe to it. Worthwhile. (BG)
(Get Up And Go, Marienstr 2, 76137 Karlsruhe, GERMANY)

SONNY VINCENT - "Resistor" EP

After almost 25 years this guy is still kicking out quality music. Furious punk and roll that will more than likely knock your socks off. Faster paced, lots of guitar and just delivered like he's going for the knockout punch. This thing fucking rocks. With a song titled "Bringing the Psycho Back Home", you know you're in for something good. (KK)
(NDN , PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX, 77393)

THE SPOOKY - "Dawn of the Dead" EP

While attempting to do the horror punk thing for a lot of this record (the press sheet cites TSOL's *Dance With Me*, SOCIAL D's *Mommy's Little Monster*, 45 GRAVE, MISFITS, etc.) they seem to be a lot better at just producing catchy punk songs. The MISFITS attempts don't really work unless you've got DANZIG. But the catchy punk tunes do hit like BIG DRILL CAR or something. Basically, they're a pretty good pop punk band with a cute gimmick. (LH)
(Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

THE STARVATIONS - "A Blackout to Remember" CD

The STARVATIONS, on a strict diet of desperation and alienation, spit out a very distinctive brand of melancholic blues punk. Brings to mind the GUN CLUB and NICKI SUDDEN with a definite downer-edge. The slide guitar and accordion work add a eerie/desolate flavor that complements these swan songs perfectly. Also contains a woozy POGUES cover. Pop a couple Valium and take this one for a spin. (DL)
(Revenge, 423 Bryson Springs, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

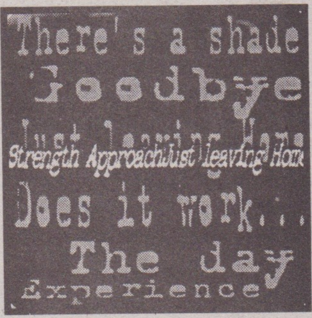
STATIKS - "Dead Ends and Decadence" CD

Despite the fact that it really looks a lot like a STITCHES record, it's not. This is fast punk with a bit of a '77 edge to it. The production is loose and the band is tight. That's a pretty good combination to me. This kind of stuff lives and dies by the hooks. When they aren't there, the whole thing falls flat. When they are there, it's a great cross between the old SWINGIN' UTTERS and the STRIKE. (LH)
(Unity Squad, 354 W. 100 N, Logan, UT 84321)

STRACONY - "Uwazajcie—Bomby Wisza Nad Waszymi Glowami" LP

You know times are bad when even the anarcho records that fold out into big black posters are affected by Photoshop. It's a very bad time for punk rock layout. *Resist Adobe at all costs*!!! Anyway, this is a solid, old style hardcore with a political message. The record looks a lot like CRUCIFIX but the music is more like early CHUMBAWAMBA to a hardcore beat with absolutely no harmonized vocals. The main message of the band seems to be, "life is *totally* harsh, dude!" Musically, it's quite good actually. When the woman sings, it's almost like a punk DOG FACED HERMANS or something. (LH)
(PO Box 198, 78-100 Kolobrzeg, POLAND)

STRENGTH APPROACH - "Just Leaving Home" EP

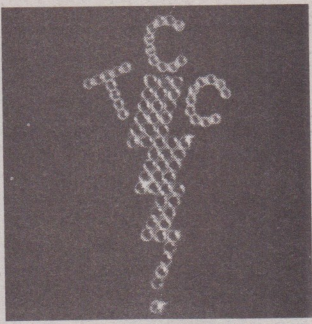


This sounds like it should have been released on Victory in the years before EARTH CRISIS. Straight ahead hardcore, that is reminiscent of bands like BILLINGSGATE and MOUTHPIECE. Nothing sensational, but not complete crap. (JF)
(SOA , Via Odesrisi de Gubbie 67, 69, 00146 Roma, ITALY, strengthapproach@hotmail.com)

STRIKE ANYWHERE - "Chorus of One" LP

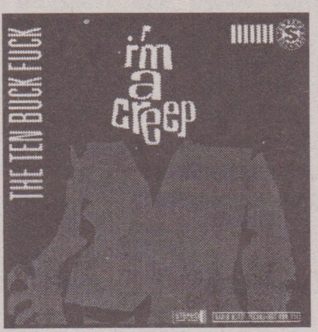
More quality from No Idea Enterprises. STRIKE ANYWHERE are very good, not *"MRR-reviewer's-had-to-review-crap-all-day-and-therefore-this-sounds-very-good-in-comparison"* kinda good, more like *"I-think-I'll-go-to-the-record-store-after-I-finish-my-reviews-and-see-if-I-can-pick-a-copy-of-this-up"* good. From Richmond, they play upbeat melodic hardcore and sound a lot like (...and people will scoff at this I'm sure) GOOD RIDDANCE's finer first album moments, though less polished and faster. KID DYNAMITE is also an obvious comparison, though STRIKE ANYWHERE have more personality and aggression. Good lyrics too, by golly. More of a mini album than a full length, 45 rpm on grey marbled vinyl. Buy! Buy! Buy! (AD)
(No Idea)

TEEN CRUD COMBO - "Suck It" EP



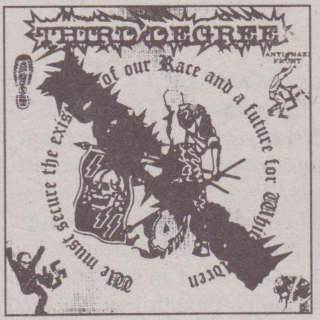
This record is not too different from most of the other stuff that I've heard on this label. Up-tempo 'n' pissed off punk rock with a set of balls. Come to think of it, these guys remind me a bit of some of the earlier DWARVES stuff, but obviously not quite in the same league. Still a pleasant surprise. (NF)
(Black Lung, PO Box 976, Morgantown, WV 26507)

MUSIC REVIEWS

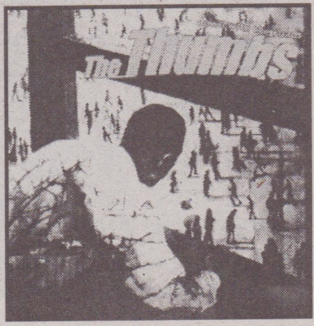


TEN BUCK FUCK - "I Am a Creep/Hole In My Backyard"
This review presents one with two choices. Well, let's see, for ten dollars I can have this toothless old crack whore (I'm assuming) or for five dollars (est.) I can have this listless, unoriginal turd of a boring rock 45. Life sure can suck sometimes... (RW)
(Radio Blast)

THE STORY SO FAR - "When Fortune Smiled" CD
New band of the former 88 FINGERS LOUIE singer. This sounds like what often happens when straightedge kids decide to get into emo. Kind of that poppy HOT WATER MUSIC or ELLIOT type stuff, but with those "personal" straightedge lyrics. Catchy, clean recording and well played, yet it's hardly anything new. (PA)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495, thestorysofar@aol.com)



THIRD DEGREE - "Fuck 14 88!" EP
This one is pretty weird—the 'A' side is eight (8!) songs of quick, abrasive political hardcore from Poland. The speed is there, the songs are catchy, and the anger is obvious. Excellent! The flip is one (1!) song of guitar dirge. Huh? Obvious talent, and to fail so heavily?! Damn. It's a keeper regardless—their anti-Nazi stance is redeemable, and the fact they sing in Polish is also refreshing. Great stuff, when they're putting some effort into it. (TM)
(Third Degree, c/o Bart Czernik, Dworcowa 55/34, 10-437 Olsztyn, POLAND)



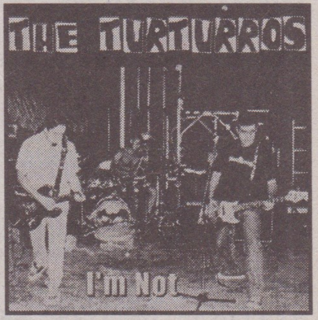
THUMBS/JACK PALANCE BAND - split 45
Two bands that play fun punk rock a là DILLINGER FOUR. Both have slight off-time song structures and solid lyrics. Especially the THUMBS, whose releases seem to be getting better and better. The vocals on the JACK PALANCE BAND seemed a little weird, but it could be due to the fact that the vinyl is really warped. (JF)
(Attention Deficit Disorder, PO box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674)

THE TIM VERSION - "Creating Forces That Don't Exist" CD
There's something about power pop punk bands from Florida that makes you swear that they were from the East Bay ten years ago. Sounds like there is some heavy early REPLACEMENTS or HÜSKER DÜ influences. Harsh vocals, heavily distorted rhythm guitar that at times makes it hard to tell what he's playing, but for some reason really sounds good. The lead guitar is much more recognizable and at times pretty spacey sounding, much like later HÜSKER. One of the most interesting things is that the song titles make all the songs sound like they're going to be really stupid, but they're not. Al least, it seems odd to me. (PA)
(Attention Deficit Disorder, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674, timversion@earthlink.net)

TRAILER TRASH U.K. - "Go Ahead And Sue Us You Mouse-Lovin' Bastards" CD
These freaks seem to have a BIG BOYS/DICKS influence with their primitive semi-funk bass grooves and accompanying guitar work. TT U.K. explore interesting lyrical themes and have spirited decent lyrics and vocals. This CD has 7 studio recordings and 7 live tunes including "I Think We're Alone Now" and the *Laverne and Shirley* theme. A fine CD. (HM)
(Broken Down Volvo of Hate, 4228 Pine ST 2nd Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19104, http://hometown.aol.com/trash888)

TURN DOWN UNITS - "Rock Out or Get Out" CD
Hmmmmm...if they took their own advise...well, rock out would not be an option! Going for some sort of JEFF DAHL turned grease monkey DEMONICS-type thing. Uh uh. Doesn't work, nor does it give me a single nice thing to say. But, you know what I've got better shit to do. (RY)
(AMP, 92 Kenilworth Ave. South Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K 2S9)

THE TURTURROS - "I'm Not" EP



Why can't everyone love the f-n RAMONES like Italy!???! C'mon people, work with me! If you want a good review from me, be from Italy and love the motherfuckin' RAMONES!! Reviewing bands like this is a treat for me. I guess all of my dead-on reviewing and hard work pays off. I think it's so gosh darn honest-to-goodness cute when the Italians string together typical punk lyrics and spit them out like it's something fresh and amazing. Gotta love it. We got cuatro (that's four for all of my non-español speaking readers) songs here, each more uplifting than the previous. Man, I'd move to Italy, but then I wouldn't be able to complain. (BM)
(via F. Rosazza 52, 00153 Rome, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

TUULI - "Rockstar Potential" 10"

If I didn't see the Canadian return address, I would have sworn that these four women hailed from San Francisco's smog-shrouded sister city, Los Angeles...it's got a real Sunset Strip quality to it. Professional, slick, with very melodious vocal harmonizing sweeping from the left channel to the right. I must admit that it's far, far too "modern rock" for my tastes, but I admire their ability to blend nicey-nice vocal acrobatics and relatively rough guitar-based rock. You'll doubtless be hearing them on teen-flick soundtracks in the near future. (JH)
(Sympathy)

U.F.C. - "Second State" EP

Jake and his Charged Records from the beautiful Garden State of New Jersey have a fast and high spirited chaos punk EP prepared for you kids with mohawks. U.F.C. from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, plays that snotty up-tempo BLANKS 77/CASUALTIES style 1983 No Future type of punk. There's lots of youthful negativity and frustration pouring out of these grooves. Listen to "Fuck the World" and "I Fucking Hate You"—these punks are not going to accept "business as usual." U.F.C. fucks shit up but good! (BR)
(Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

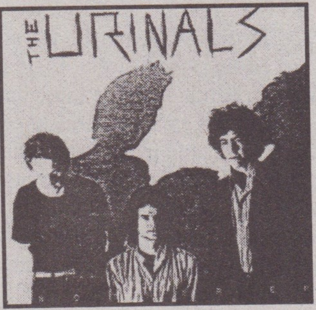
UNITED MAGNETICS - "Reinventing the Fifth Wheel" CD

So this might sound crazy, but if BAD RELIGION was covering the first SICKO record, then it might sound kinda like this. The vocal style (not the lyrics) are very similar to Greg Graffin's. The music is fast paced, but there are not as many straight power-chord parts. Still, it is hardly complicated. The music just isn't as punchy as it would have to be to really make it interesting, since the guitar is lacking power. Possibly that is a recording problem, but it definitely takes away from the CD. (PA)
(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069, rock@unitedmagnetics.com)

UP IN ARMS/ETERNAL YOUTH - split EP

All that way between Milwaukee and Syracuse and these are the two bands ya come up with? Two average hardcore bands stand back to back. One's slow and average and the other is upbeat and average. You gotta do more than draw an X on your hand to get this gal pointing. (TJ)
(Fist Held High, PO Box 2652, Madison, WI 53701)

THE URINALS - "Black Hole" EP



Strange to review this now; it was booted like six years ago. Hey Tom, you still calling yerself a record geek? Where's the *pride*? Anyhoo, it's a classic slice of late-'70s LA art punk, up there with early HALF JAPANESE and WIRE, strictly top-20 all time. No fooling. (RW)
(Happy Squid, but not really)

THE URINALS - "Dead Flowers" EP

OK, so I'm uncool. I had heard of, but never actually heard the URINALS until now. My loss. These three guys were doing something pretty raw and original back in the day (this recording is from 1978)—something that could only be acheived in the times before punk was so rigidly defined and written in stone. These sound like three angry, wonder-filled social outcasts (nerds, even) who picked up instruments and articulated their vision the only way they knew how, in caveman like simplicity, relying on pure instinct and adrenaline alone. This actually has more in common with '60s misfit bands like the FUGS or the MONKS than with the ultra-hip punk of those (or these) times. (BG)
(no address)

VANILLA MUFFINS - "Blue Red Forever!!/MOMMY, How Can We Stay YOUNG?"

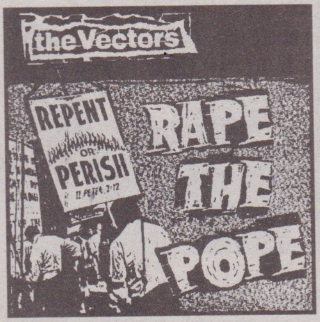
Street punk guru, Bruce Roehrs, tipped me off on this Swiss trio, and I was fortunate enough to catch an awesome MUFFINS' performance recently. They deliver a pop punk that's a blend of the TOY DOLLS, the REZILLOS and early '80s British pop. "Mommy..." is a kickarse anthem, and "Blue Red..." is a fine football club chant. Both tunes appear on their new CD, which is also highly recommended. (HM)
(Oi Strike: c/o Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY, vanillamuffins.ch)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VECTORS - "Death To Disco" LP

More p-rock archeological digs here. Not the San Fran or the German bands with the same name, these guys were out of Orange County circa 1979, and released the now "classic" *Death to Disco* 7". As indicated in the liner notes, these guys were definitely more lightweight than their OC contemporaries; almost power-poppish punk rock with new-wave overtones. But generally the songs are pretty cool—hooky—and they have that nu-wave bounce as well as enough aggro energy to warrant listening. More along the lines of the JAM or the BUZZCOCKS than say, the ADOLESCENTS. Check out "Bondage Man" or "Busy in the Kitchen," and the punk-rock parody tune "I Hate Myself." And like on their 7", there is a huge tongue-in-cheek factor here. Also includes their version of the AVENGERS "We Are the One." (JY)

(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13 00176, Roma, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)



THE VECTORS - "Rape the Pope" EP

Completely different band than both the OC '70s band (also reviewed this month), or the guys who put out that 10" on Man's Ruin a while back. While I totally dug the other VECTORS, this is more like somebody else's mug o' swill. It is street punk '77 spiking up from Sweden's soil, for its ilk pretty darn good. I just usually take a touch more rock n' roll in my morning beverage. (RY)

(Per Jansv. 1, 903 55 Umea, SWEDEN)

VILETONES - LP

Found the first VILETONES single in a Modesto, California junk shop for a buck, once...and my first impressions of this '77-era Canadian punk rocker band still apply. I have improved since those days, the VILETONES have not. Dumb, occasionally plodding, sometimes entertaining in a sub-RAMONES brain-damaged kind of realm. Tunes like "Screamin' Fist", "Swastika Girl" and "Rebel" are strictly kindergarten-level caveman guitar sludge, fun enough if you're drunk, high on glue or otherwise compromised. The choice is yours. Bear in mind that this is a vinyl boot of the CD that was released on Other People's Music several years ago...which is, I believe, still readily available. Shame the pirates didn't put more thought into the package, as well, 'cause this one ain't much too look at. (JH)

(no address)

VILLAGE PISTOLS - "Big Money" LP

One of the "big-ticket" *Killed By Death* punk bands gets tracked down for a closet cleaning by Rave Up. You get the monstrous sound of the single and a...bunch...of...other stuff. A live show full of covers, kinda "eh", really. MOTORHEAD cover is good, gee, kinda for librarians only. (RW)

(Rave Up, via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Roma, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)

LES VIPERES/SUX EVULSORS -EP

Here you got some Frenchie fucks belting out Frenchie cock 'n' roll punk attitude with two savage songs you'll want to linger on. Flip this baby over and you'll find a muddier sounding lo-fi explosion a lá Rip Off Records, fueled with in your face attitude, blood-curdling screams and manic guitar. These fuckin' Frenchies make my loins swell. (DL)

(SDZ, Impasse Janine, 95220, Herblay, FRANCE)

THE WANDERERS – "Only Lovers Left Alive" CD

Boy, Captain Oi does it again! Another buried treasure from 1981, this short-lived band consisted of SHAM 69 minus JIMMY PURSEY but plus STIV BATORS of DEAD BOYS fame. Sort of a post "Hersham Boys" and LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH mix in the sound. Although slightly uneven with keyboards mixed in at times, this does have the great "Ready to Snap" and a great cover of the BOB DYLAN song "The Times, They Are a-Changing". Only one bonus b-side though which covers everything put by this band. These guys also made it out to the West Coast back in the day and put on a great punk show in a lame rock club. (RL)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, captainoi.com)

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS - "Live = Bigger Than a Cookie, Better Than a Cake" CD

Not only is this one of my favorite recorded bands, but they also rock live. I was lucky enough to see them several times when they toured through the Bay Area, but if you weren't, you could always get this CD. The only words I've ever been able to use to describe the WEIRD LOVEMAKERS are F-words, like frantic or frenzied or frenetic, but anyone I've ever turned on to them has become a fan. (DP)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102, weirdlovemakers.com)

WINCHESTER 73 - "Sein Wechselgeld Ist Blei" EP

TURBONEGRO meets SUPERSUCKERS in Germany. The result is guys in cowboy outfits playing music you haven't heard the likes of since MC5 rocked Detroit. (DP)

(Weird Science, Vorgebirgsstraße 78, 53119 Bonn, GERMANY)

Music Reviews

WORMBATH - "Wrestler of the Year" CD

I like these guys. They know what I like, rock and roll and wrestling. Plus they make fun of hardcore posers! Songs about girls and wrestling, man—perfect combo here. Check these boys out. They like to rock. I can't really tell you who they remind me of, but that must be a good thing, because "don't want no Superman as a hero to me, heroes are like mom and dad and Mr Mick Foley," is just a classic line. More bands should hop on this wrestling appreciation thing. More songs about Mick Foley, Mil Mascaras and Bert Hart, less songs about sticking it to the man. WORMBATH, you have conquered my world. Viva la Lucha Libre! (BM)
($9 ppd: 675 Washington St. Royersford, PA 19468, wormbath.com)

THE WORTHLESS - "Slow City" CD

Crappy STITCHES/U.S. BOMBS wannabe band. Fourteen originals and one cover. Bad. (RM)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct,, San Diego, CA 92109)

THE YOUNG HASSELHOFFS - "Get Dumped" CD

Geek Rock motherfuckers!! I said it once, I'll fuckin' say it again: Geek Rock is the new SxE!!! The HASSELHOFFS are the embodiment of Geek Rock—I cannot stress this enough. Here's what you can expect: twelve tracks worth of sappy, wussed-out pop punk with a big thumbs up to Lookout Records circa '96. Way I figure, this genre may be overplayed and tend to get annoying, but if you are going to listen to it, listen to the likes of these guys. They do it better than most and they enjoy it. Not in it for the popularity (God knows if you play pop punk like this, you ain't gonna be popular), not for the girls (God knows if you play pop punk like this you don't get the girls), but because they are really nerdly romantics who like songs about girls and stuff. Viva Geek Rock!! (BM)
(Reinforcment, reiforcementrecords.com)

V/A - "Abscess Operandi" LP

Subtitled "A Punk/Grind Compilation 2000 AD", this comp is exactly that and not more. There's theme, no totally essential track by an inaccessible band, no geographical consistency. This is refreshing, I think. Despite the lack of marketing panache, this is a good comp with good bands. The best: WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, CLUSTERFUX, BLAZING CARNAGE, RIOT/CLONE. Inconsistencies in the recording levels are obnoxious but tolerable. More punk than grind here, but the punk is fast and thrashin' all the way through. (AC)
(Aborted Society, PMB 1377, 1122 E. Pike St, Seattle, WA 98122-3934)

V/A - "Back on the Streets - Japanese/American Punk Unity" 10"

Here's another fine Japanese/American comp. This record's gimmick has 4 bands doing one cover and an original each. Japan's SLANG do a spirited version of NEGATIVE APPROACH'S "Ready to Fight" and a hard, fast, tough original. DROPKICK MURPHYS follow with "Halloween" by the MISFITS and "Soundtrack to a Killing Spree" which jams so hard it's like a boot kick to the nuts. TOM & BOOT BOYS start off the second side with two solid originals and "Leave Home" by the EDGE. A POOR EXCUSE pull up the rear with blazing renditions of "No Thanks" and MINOR THREAT'S "I Don't Want to Hear it". Another fine TKO release. (HM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

V/A - "Class Pride Worldwide" CD

I'm all for backing the average working man, but this CD is more good idea as opposed to good music. Nineteen bands total, with each doing one song, most of which are pretty crummy. The musical styles here range from reggae to ska to punk and hardcore, with a metal tune or two for good measure I suppose. (RM)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, CANADA)

V/A - "Dead End Canada" EP

Supposedly from the soundtrack of the film of the same name (the capsum on the liners certainly make it sound interesting, if it does exist). The VON ZIPPERS come off pretty darn well on their two songs, even if one track is a PAGANS cover (you can certainly go wrong messing with The Anointed Classics, but you can only go so right—still, good job here), while LES SECRETAIRES VOLANTES bat .500 with the somewhat by-the-numbers and overlong garage specimen "Don't Do It" balanced out by the furiously retarded (or should that be retardedly furious?) blast of "Je Donne Mon Corps A La Science" (if science doesn't want it, I'm sure somebody will—try Ebay). (DD)
(Mag Wheel, PO Box 115, Stn. R, Montreal, Quebec, H2S 3K6, CANADA)

V/A - "Hipsville, Vol. 2" LP

I have to admit, I'm a little skeptical of the seemingly endless supply of '60s "punk" records that exists. I get the feeling that four guys in New Jersey are recording this stuff in their basement and putting it all out as "newly found recordings" on bootlegs. Oh well, I guess I'll never really know. On to the disc at hand: not quite as "punk" as most the stuff that is put out under this guise, this is a little more on the poppy side. That doesn't mean this is wimpy (which it is not), just more poppy. If you buy into the whole idea that these really are '60s bands, and you like the stuff, you might want to look for this one. (KK)
(Kramden , no address)

Music Reviews

V/A - "Hipsville Vol. 3" LP

Strange to see this one show up on my list. The *Hipsville* series of '60s garage comps was originally released in the early '80s. The comps had become collector's items in their own right until the original compilers repressed 'em about four or so years ago. This volume can't really hold a candle to Volume One, which is generally considered one of the ten best garage comps ever (and keep in mind there are several *hundreds* of '60s garage comps at this point), but it's still solid as a rock, good raunchy frat-styled singalongs all from the frozen state of 'Sota. Sure would sound great coming outta the radio... (RW)
(Kramden, Bootyville)

V/A - Maximum Subjectivity" LP

Twelve band compilation on Germany's Flowerviolence Records. It goes fast, 45 rpm, one song from each band (except DS-13, who typically put three songs past you before you even realize they're on here) all fast and furious, but there's enough variety to keep things interesting. Best bands are (of course...) DEMON SYSTEM 13 (the only non-German band on here), DURANGO 95, PEACE OF MIND (the most melodic band on here—though that's not saying much), DIAVOLO ROSSO, and MURDER DISCO EXPERIENCE who are just fucking brutal. This a good look at the more hardcore/political German scene. (AD)
(Flowerviolence, Augartenstrasse 15,68165 Mannhiem, GERMANY, flowerviolence@t-online.de)

V/A - "Menace to Sobriety" EP

Four bands, two from the U.S. and two Europe, doing one song each. BOOT MILITIA (now that's a funny name) offer up "Menace to Sobriety", a very BRUISERS like tune that's catchy enough. Next up is THE BAD PREACHERS doing "Tequila Tornado". It's a really rockin, mid-tempo early New York City punk sounding tune. Thumbs up. THE LOUTS are next and their song "Everyday Drinking" sounds like a cross between THE BRISTLES and THOSE UNKNOWN on their earlier releases. Decent. Finally comes DIE STROHSACKE. Their tune "Alkohol" is a pretty boring, run-of-the-mill oi number. All in all a pretty good collection of tunes. (RM)
(Murder and Mayhem, 1500 Miriam Ave., Garner, NC 27529)

V/A - "Mission #651" EP

A four-song comp featuring GROTTO, ROCKETHOUSE, SUPERHOPPER, and PODLIFE, who dish out a mixture of emo punk to indie and arty stuff. Raw and underproduced. (RL)
(Sector 7-G)

V/A - "Menus with Manpower" CD

A crazy comp with over forty songs, featuring some really good grind/fastcore bands and some mildly entertaining noisecore. Bands that clinch this are put close to the beginning, like: SLIGHT SLAPPERS, HELLNATION, BENUMB, UTTER BASTARD, etc., although there are some gems buried deep in it too (GODSTOMPER and EXHUMED). Some tracks are live, some are studio. This was put out by a radio station in Davis, California called KDVS, who have always been more than welcoming to the touring bands who wanted to play live over the radio. Now those outside of KDVS reach can enjoy some of the live performances as well. (MW)
($7 ppd: ALCD, PO Box 4301, Davis, CA 95617)

V/A - "Punx Unite" LP

"Punx" with an 'x'. I know I bagged on some of these bands before—but you've got to hand it to them for grit and single-minded determination to unite an international scene and aggressively reject all commercially acceptable punk. I don't think any of these bands are in it for the money. Twenty leather-bristles-studs-n-acne punk-as-fuck bands on one slice of vinyl. The cover could be *Punk And Disorderly 2000*. The music is (what I guess is called) generic punk, played to a variety of speeds from all over Europe, America and Japan. Hugely influenced by early '80s British Riot City and No Future labels. Stand out bands are the CASUALTIES (the whole thing's on their Charged label), ANTIDOTE, the VIRUS, and UNITED AGAINST SOCIETY whose name sums up the whole thing. The funny thing is that there's no British bands on here. This is the perfect soundtrack to panhandling and drinking on street corners with yer mates. I also like the fact that not one band has a website... (AD)
(Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

V/A – "Rajoitettu Ydinsota—Tribute to Rattus" CD

This compilation proves once again that the punks throughout the world kick ass. With OHLO SECO, KAAOS, WARCOLLAPSE, DOOM, and others doing classic songs from one of the best thrash punk bands, ever how can you go wrong? Only the BRIGHT LIGHT track doesn't really come off well, but then it's followed by just an incredible piece by OHLO SECO, and anger never seemed so real. Fuck Yeah. (JF)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Sekec-Mazec" EP

This is a comp of four crazy fastcore bands from Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Each band has multiple tracks so you know they're playing fast, short songs for the most part. My favorite was CISTÁ RYZA, who reminded me of DR & THE CRIPPENS, although obviously I have no idea if they share their sense of humor. The other three bands (PANGS OF REMORSE, MINDLOCK, and SOK) are even more warped and insane, so it's a fun listen. (AM)
(Ad Absurdum, Zdenek Stebetak, Machuldova 571, 142 00 Praha 4, Sidl Libus, CZECH REPUBLIC)

V/A – "Smackin' Isaiah/Moronique/Merrick" CD

A three band split with the above mentioned bands. SMACKIN' ISAIAH does the emo pop punk thing with JAWBREAKER and FACE TO FACE influences. MORONIQUE is good but have more of a JIMMY EAT WORLD popness and local boys MERRICK put on a strong showing on the pop punk front with emo riffing mixed in. A good split. (RL)
(Tank, PO Box 40009, New Bedford, MA 02744, tankrecord@aol.com)

V/A - "Teenage Treats: Rare Punk Pop, Vol. 8" LP

This comp pulls together a lot of UK obscurities from '78 to '82, mostly melodic punk with a heavy dose of rebelliousness. Highlights include: the DALEX, with a punk track culled from their classic "Action Man" EP; the CHARGE's "Rather B Crazy" shows the influence of the BUZZCOCKS' "Spiral Scratch"; WHITE SS's "I'm the One" blends the WHO with their punk on this, their best moment on vinyl; and the low-fi punk rant "Radio Iceland", by THOSE INTRINSIC INTELLECTUALS, comes from the Isle of Lewis in Scotland! The B-side of this one is quite weak, featuring a bunch of tracks from England's dreary 1980. Below the standard. (SS)
(no address)

V/A - "Teenage Treats: Rare Punk Pop, Vol. 9" LP

Another in the various series of neverending collections of late '70s, early '80s obscure "punk" bands. Here you get the wimpier, poppier types. Perky and happy bands such as SNEEKY FEELINS, the DONKEES, the GHOSTS, the BRAKES, the DISCO STUDENTS, the STINGRAYS and more. Once in a while I'll come across something on these comps that sticks out, but that doesn't seem to be happening these days. (CK)
(no address)

V/A - "Teenage Treats: Rare Punk Pop, Vol. 10" LP

The tenth and last installment in this series of compilations of rare teenage punk rock records. Twelve songs by twelve bands I've never heard of. CHEEKY, DISCO ZOMBIES, FULHAM FURIES, JEEP, TUNNELRUNNERS, WHITE CAR, FUNBOY FIVE, THIN YOGHURTS, MERCIFUL RELEASE ALL-STARS, TELEGENTS, AD' 80, BOZOS. (DP)
(Xerox, no address)

V/A - "Too Much Monkey Business, Vol. 2" LP

I keep getting these highly stylized and specialized compilations for review. But let's face it, I don't know shit about this kind of music (rare garage music from the mid '60s). I'm listening to this and I'm thinking, "Hmmm. The first band sounds like a weak version of the YARDBIRDS. The second band sounds like a YARDBIRDS demo. Oooh, the third band sounds like a KINKS song being played by FLINTSTONES." I wonder if in the year 2035 there will be compilations featuring all the obscure bands that sound just like NOFX and GREEN DAY? (LH)
(no address)

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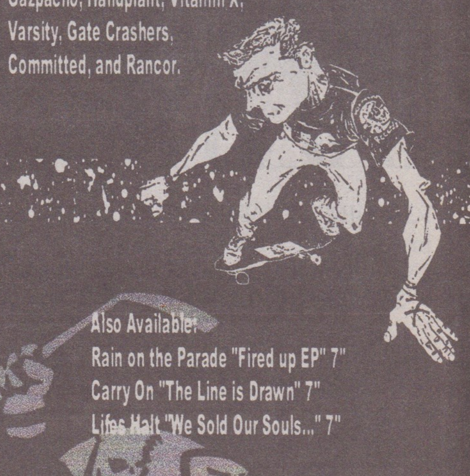

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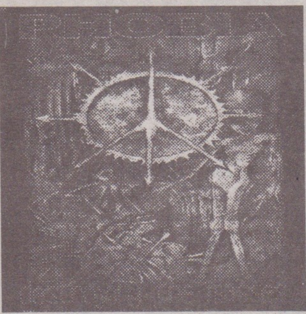

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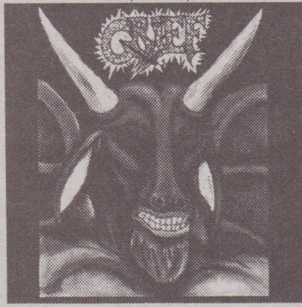

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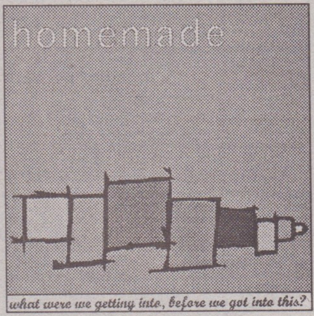

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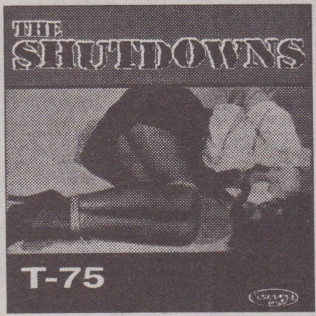

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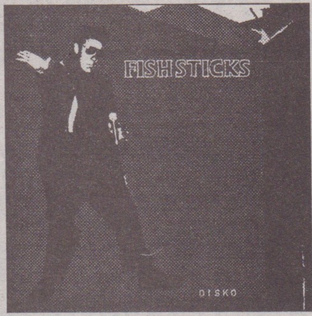

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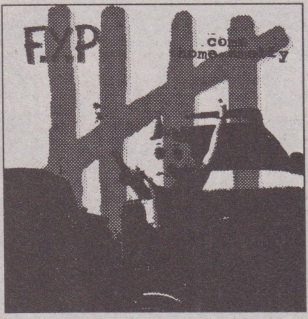

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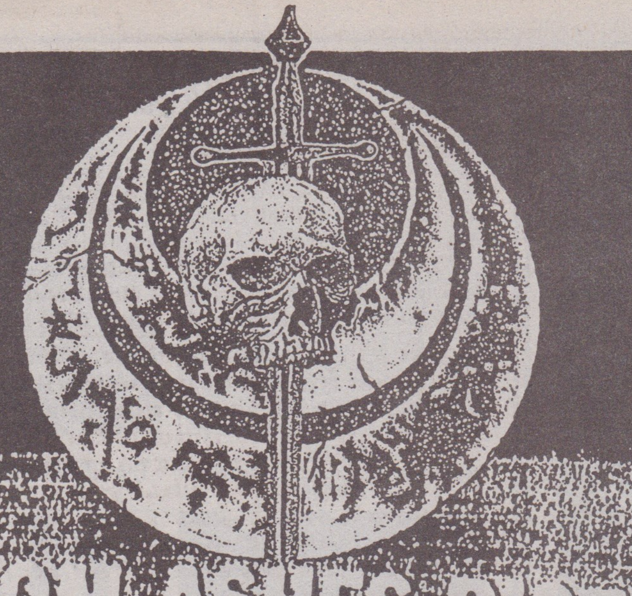

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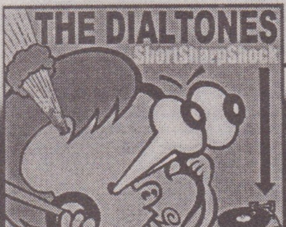

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is-what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you! Hurts our heads!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ALL THAT CREEPETH #1 / $1 (stamps, or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Cute perzine, mostly about the author's roadtrip to Graceland and other Elvis-related sites. Fiction, ramblings, and stories on the best way to rip off whatever crappy job the author had at the time (my personal favorite, here). Nothing in this zine leaps out to me with stunning originality, but no part of it especially sucks, either. (NN)
3506 W Azeele Apt 132 / Tampa, FL 33609 / allthatcreepeth@aol.com

BEANZ BAXTER #7 / $2 Australia, $3 world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 30 pgs
Good looking music mag, but kind of sparse with that really large print. Interviews with No Idea (the band), Blue Line Medic, No Grace, 99 Reasons Why. Also some stupid bits about beer and farting. (GF)
PO Box 2013 / Hotham Hill 3051 / Vic, Australia

THE BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #11 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
Putting aside *BCM's* silly anarcho primitivist romanticism, nobody covers the Eugene anarchist scene as well as these boys and girls in black. Some of the writing here in falls prey to that cancer of radical papers, dogmatic rhetoric that bores the uninitiated, but for their coverage of political actions and support of their comrades in prison, I've got to give 'em a thumbs up. (SS)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BROKEN PENCIL #13 / $5
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 100 pgs
Whenever I read *Broken Pencil*, it always makes me envious of the Canadian zine and small press scene. It

always seems like there is quality work coming out of Canada. *BP* reviews mostly zines from Canada, but also some from the US and the rest of the world. I don't know if the reviewers are softies or the quality of work is just good, because this issue hardly has any bad reviews. It think the best thing about *BP* is the reprints from zines to give you a small taste. Also includes in-depth articles and news. (DS)
PO Box 203 Stn P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S7 Canada

BURNING JELLY #1 / $2 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This zine was okay —the bulk of it are three stories—one about the editor not being able to make up his mind about what to do with himself and falling for a girl, one story of a bad party and the "heroin girl," and a fictional tale about a man trying to get his life together (sort of). There are also some record reviews. The editor is a good writer—I think this zine will improve a lot with time. (MD)
9637 W Forest Home Ave / Hales Corners, WI .53130 kev517@netzero.net

CAUSTIC TRUTHS! #74 / $?
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
This is a well done little zine. Chock full of record reviews, and an articulate, interesting interview with *Punk Fiction* zine. And hot damn, there's actually some politics here. Some lame rants, but also some more focused ones, like on Dow Chemical and Superbowl advertising. The interview with Frank Kozik made for a good contrast with the rest of the zine—no spouting of some party line here. Check it out. (NN)
PO Box 92548 / 152 Carlton St / Toronto / Ont / Canada M5A 2K0 / caustic@interlog.com

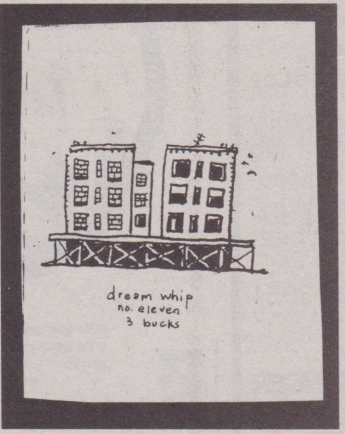
CHICKENHED ZINE AND ROLL #1 / $1 US, $2 world (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
First off, *C.Z.A.R.* has nothing to do with the late, great Iggy Scam band *Chickenhead*, also from the Sunshine State. That said, this was only a little over 30 pages, but it seemed like a lot more—that's a good thing. While a good deal of the squint-o-vision text is one big apology for the zine's quality, the bulk of his writing is really quite enjoyable. Most of the personal writing helps the reader catch up on his life (19 year-old high school dropout, living at home), and the rest are tales of old apartments, road trips through the South, and working at a grocery store. A well-executed first effort. (RD)
14720 Kitlanselt Way / Orlando, FL 32828

COUNTER INFORMATION #54 / donation
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
This is an anarcho-activist newsletter from Scotland. It covers its international bases with coverage of Ecuador, Columbia, Italy, and the USA with a focus on actions (strikes, protests and the like) rather than theory. (AR)
17 W Montgomery Place / Edinburgh / EH7 5HA Scotland

CUTLASS #5 1/2 / free
4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
While drug addicts and smokers are frequently condemned by punks (and in the larger society), you too rarely see offers of help coming from our community. This special, pocket-sized issue is subtitled "Quit it: non-smoking advice for anti-authority types." Having recently quit smoking myself after eleven years, I appreciate seeing literature less devoted to propaganda than assistance. Janice Flux's graphic style is pleasing and rough-cut; her writing organized and accurate. Not only was the scientific information in line with what I've learned, but I found a lot of helpful new information here. Planning to quit? This is a DIY guide and a friendly voice. (AC)
PO Box 16651 / San Francisco, CA 94116-0651

DESPERATE TIMES #8 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs

Desperate Times used to be *Tales of Blarg.* "Editor" Janelle used to be a record reviewer here, but no more. We miss her, but we understand. It's a grueling job, policing the scene—we too need kicks, and I found them in here. For example, Janelle can draw the expression of a pouty hardcore boy after she has accidentally spilled "gallons upon gallons of rancid urine" on his head during a date. This is a special skill. *Very* funny shit about: bad dates, good dates, "Dead Girls I Wanna Party With" (Wendy O. Williams. "Who ever needed Xena's tired ass when the real thing walked among us for 42 years?"), etc. Contributors include Iggy Scam (on the back page of the weekly), Junebug (on gay porn), and Naomi (on life in Canadian prison). Purchase immediately and support the budding Asheville punk mafia. (AC)
PO Box 97 / Asheville, NC 28802



DREAM WHIP #11 / $3
4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 130 pgs
This little zine is crammed with stories, anecdotes, observations, and drawings from the author's experiences in various geographical locations. This zine is kind of choppy, very descriptive, and comes across like journal entries. I can't really decide whether I like it or not but guess that the point is to share the author's perceptions with the reader. (JL)
PO Box 53832 / Lubbock, TX 79453

GARAGE COURIER 5,6 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Poetry. That would be enough, but there is also an article about organic gardening being good, love (with a special shout out to the girls the primary author has kissed), and recycling. Just to cover the bases, there is also an interview with the Dayglo Abortions and some reviews of zines. This hurts my feelings. (AR)
1195-B Dogwood St / Campell River, BC V9W 3A3 / Canada

HATING LIFE #2 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
The note that came with this said "the whole zine is a big dumb joke" and that "when I call stuff gay or whatever it is only a joke." Okay, guess I was warned, but it still made me cringe when I had to read the demeaning references to women in the Enkindel's interview. "What do you consider the warning signs of a dumb girl?" is not a funny question. Short interviews with Creation is Crucifixion, Candiria, Dillinger Escape Plan, Camp Kill Yourself, Brutal Truth, Internal Bleeding, Phobia, and Champion. Articles on old video games, some graffiti photos and show/record reviews. Oh yeah, and a four-question interview with Gehenna that will just leave you shaking your head 'cuz it's so fucked up. This was most definitely not my cup of tea. (KC)
PO Box 85780 / Seattle, WA / 98145 / insideout@hotmail.com

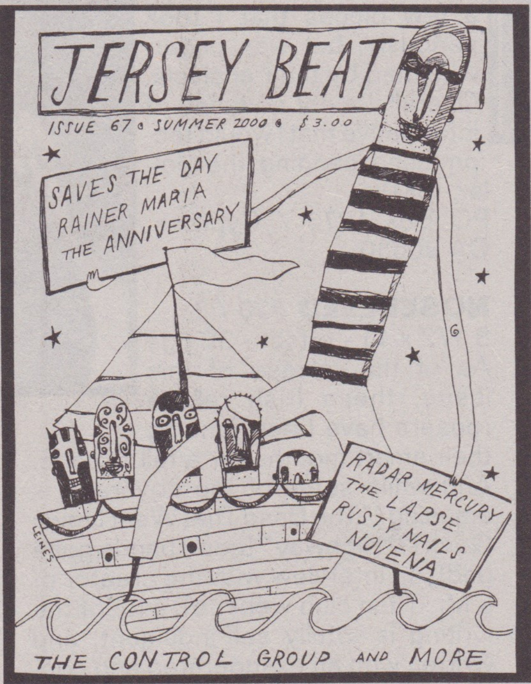
HODGEPODGE #6 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 100 pgs
This is the first time I've seen *Hodgepodge* and I got to say that it's pretty fucking terrific. It's got all

of the style of *Punk Planet* with a slick layout and a great cover, mixed with some really interesting, widely varied political writing, and just enough of music to even the zine

out. The political writing is really well researched, presented in a clear and surprisingly human way, and range from tampons and dioxins, an extensive first hand account of the author's involvement with the WTO demonstrations, the environmental effects of genetically modified foods, to the Multilateral Agreement on Investment. There's also interviews with Catharsis, The Dismemberment Plan, Rainer Maria, and author Daniel Quinn; and a ton of zine and music reviews. A complete zine at last! Get your politics, your music, and your esthetics all in one shot. (CR)
c/o Stickfigure / PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMER #1 / $4 and 4 IRCs
8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - copied - 120 pgs
This zine reminds me of those British books that came out in the '80s that were filled with newspapers clippings about various bands. This one mainly focuses on Blondie, although there are also bits about Rancid, Bis, H20 and some others. It's very earnest...but...well, it's okay to write about a band, but I don't really have the patience to read several reviews of Blondie concerts, including how the editor purchased his tickets, what he did while he waited in line, a song by song breakdown of the show and what he did after each show. Now imagine reading this over and over for 120 pages! It's tedious, and frankly, a bit sad. It's very much a "fan" zine, so if you're Blondie-obsessed, you may appreciate it more than I did. (MD)
George Bean / 141 Narborough Road / Liecester LE3 0PB / England

IN CROWD #31 / 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
I think that sometimes when doing a zine we think that quantity is more important than quality. This zine proves the opposite to be true. Though only sixteen pages long, I enjoyed this zine more then any I've seen in months. In the few pages collected, I learned more about the author then I have in forty or sixty pagers. Most of the writing in this issue focuses on San Francisco, the changes going on in the city, and the relationship to what's going on in the world around us. There are some interesting reflections on growing up and being a bad seed teenager. There's also an article tearing apart Hopeless/Sub City Records which, while interesting, was somewhat vague as to exactly what these record companies are doing that's remarkably different from the countless other independent labels that emulate the majors and present us with bland jock rock. For two stamps, *In Crowd* will brighten your day. (CR)
c/o No Records / PO Box 14088 / Berkeley, CA 94712



INNER MUSCLE #8 / ?
10 x 8 1/2 - offset - 44 pgs
This was a pretty diverse zine. Sure, you have your record reviews and your band interview (Henry Fiat's Open Sore), but it had a little more bite to it. There is an interesting article about how punk rock was more divided by geography (DC sound, etc.) and some stories about Eastern Europe from someone who just finished up with the Peace Corps. Also included was a Disgruntled Nation 7" (see record reviews) but no price was mentioned. The address below is from the 7", which I think is the zine address. Enjoyable. (DS)
917 Patrick Creek Rd / Kalispell, MT 59901-7528

JADED IN CHICAGO #9 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
First off, this is free in Chicago, which is especially cool. It's a great music zine, with interviews with American Steel, The Ataris, Millencolin, Dillinger 4. Plus some opinions and a piece about Kiss and being in a Kiss tribute band. This is a solid zine. (GF)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

JELLYBRAIN #7 / 50¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
Kind of silly zine from the UK. Interviews with Brezhnev, the Automatics, and the Vindictives. Lots of record and gig reviews and some rantings on UK culture type stuff. (GF)
4 Clarence St / Nuneaton, CV11 5PT / UK

JELLY LEGS #1 / $1 & 1 stamp
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Is the name a reference to a Harry Potter curse? I hope so. A pocketful of teenage girl opinion and prose, *Jelly Legs* is short but sweet. Nadine doesn't necessarily break new ground, but she covers the map with her thoughtful musings on photography, band practice, women in art, her neighborhood, cutting, Emma Goldman, education, and life. (MN)
5886 Henry Ave / Philadelphia, PA 19128

JERSEY BEAT #67 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 132 pgs
Ah, the great state of New Jersey!

Breeding ground of Tim Yo, Adrenalin OD, White Castle and, of course, *Jersey Beat*. This zine has been going since 1982 - I bet some of you weren't even born then. Scary, huh? One of the finest East coast zines, this issue is no exception. Lots of interviews, with the likes of Rainer Maria, Saves the Day and way too many others to mention. An almost obscene number of reviews, coverage of trips to SXSW and the Independent Music Festival are in here. This is the kind of zine that reminds me of why I ever got into punk - an obvious and genuine labor of love. (MJ)
418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07087 www.jerseybeat.com

MUSIC GEEK #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Not bad for a first issue, this one drools over Mary Prankster and Boss Hog, interviews some guys who do a cool-sounding cable access show "punkrock television", wrestling, and lots of reviews. Interviews with Minim and Merry Prankster. Not for the hardcore/punk purist, as this definitely includes some indie rock.(MJ)
PO Box 84152 / Phoenix, AZ 85071-4152

NEAT DAMNED NOISE #22 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
This zine puts the FAN in fanzine. Sorry I had to say that. This zine is all about the band the Damned. Not being a Damned fan, I didn't even know they were still together. This issue has articles about how the Damned came to Texas, reviews of Damned shows, and writings and cartoons by Monty, who I think is the keyboardist. The best part of the zine is when the editor takes them to Walmart/Sam's Club. This was pretty entertaining but I think is should have been half as long and mostly made up of the editor's writing. After reading this, I made my boyfriend play me some Damned (beyond the three hits that I knew) so I could hear what the hubbub was about. (DS)
PO Box 131471 / The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471

NO MAN IS A RIKER #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This Orange County anarchist zine did make me laugh a bunch of times, though I do not think that's their aim. I guess I have read enough first-effort radical-politics zines to think pieces like "Street Sweeping Sucks" (because the Man doles out tickets) or advice for shoplifting live fish (animal liberation) are funny. There were a few pieces I could appreciate seriously, like the commodification of punk, or J. Lee's brief report on his west coast travels; and a few pieces that I took seriously, but was underwhelmed by their analysis. Overall it's not so funny or informative that I would recommend sending the dollar. (JM)
PO Box 1273 / Cypress, CA 90630

NOSEBLEED #20 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
As of the release of this issue, these Irish rabble rousers have been running their smart mouths for a full decade. And while some of the coverage is amusing ("The Band That Went Down Gock [?] Highway" [good bands gone bad], an interview with the creator of a Mr. T fan club website), a lot of the writing is totally self-indulgent, and written with an exaggerated and contrived Dennis Miller-style venom. Articles like "Porn Again" (an unintelligible and directionless diatribe against Howard Stern and Traci Lords) and the interview with a sex shop worker are not only unimaginative, but downright confusing. A great deal of confusion stems from my unfamiliarity with Irish punker slang, but that's hardly their fault. If it sounds like your thing, it probably is.
(RD)
PO Box 7674 / Dublin 1 / Ireland

OX #39 / $6
11 x 8 - offset - 156 pgs - German
These pages are filled with lots and lots of punk rock both old and new including interviews with New Bomb Turks, UK Subs, Bambix, Rasta Knast, New Model Army. There are also loads of cool ads and new record reviews. And finally there are the usual columns and articles. (HH)
PO Box 143445 / D-45264 Essen / Germany
www.punkrawk.com.

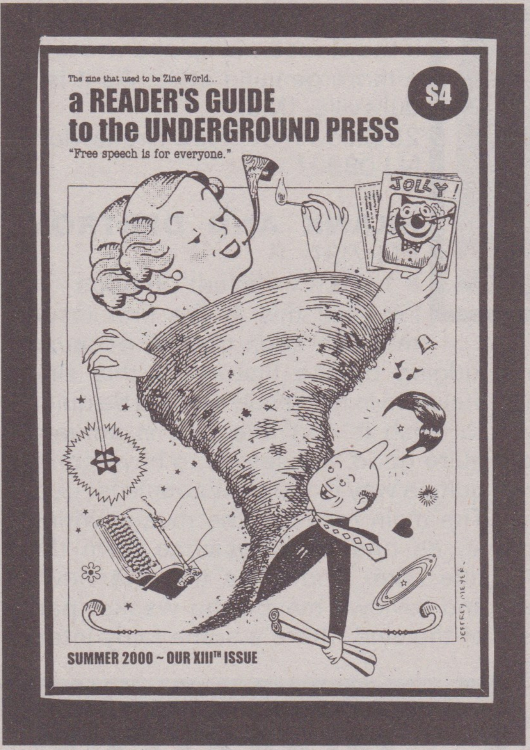
PARADISE NOISE #5 / $3 (or trade)
11 x 8 - copied - 20 pgs
This French zine tends towards the hardcore / crust side of punk. There are interviews (in English) with Morder, Real Chaos, Auskum, Moral Hazard, and Craft. There are a couple of articles on women in

Afghanistan and atheism, plus some artwork and news. (HH)
La Grande Bastide / Route de Pertuis / 84460 Cheval Blanc / France

PASAZER #14 / $5
10 x 7 - offset - 164 pgs - Polish
A totally great zine from Poland, this issue having interviews and articles about the Buzzcocks, the DKs, Social Distortion, La Aferra, and 10 Lat Aliansu. There are also plenty of columns and lots of zine and record reviews. Plus there are lots of cool ads and interesting graphics. Nothing more to write, than plenty of fun reading from Poland. (HH)
PO Box 42 / 39201 Debica / Poland

PUNK ROCK RESUME #1 / $5
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - over 1/2 an inch thick
Wow. This is awesome. So thick that I couldn't bring myself to count the pages, spiral bound, nice little color photo section in the middle and one hell of a personal journal. Apparently all of this can be found online, but James decided to put this out in print as well. Okay, now for a little background...James was part of Unamerican Activities and this chronicles his life from September 1999 to June 2000 in the form of almost daily journal entries. There's all of the details of his split with UA, the death of his kitten at the hand of his former business partner, the personal impact of an article written by Mimi Nguyen against UA, life after UA; and interwoven amongst all of these "big" events is his everyday life. Of course, some of it drags quite a bit (mine would too if it was all written down) but I really enjoyed the writing style and the self analysis. Also included in here are music/book reviews, interviews with Sonny Kay, Diesel Fuel Prints, and Milemarker. Comes with postcards and stickers. Highly recommended. (KC)
PO Box 5964 / Portland, OR / 97228-5964 / misterridiculous.com

A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #13 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 66 pgs
As you've guessed, this is mostly zine reviews. It also has quite a few pieces of related opinion pieces; censorship, and publishing in general. There are a lot of zine reviews, and as they are all listed alphabetically, you kind of have to wade through them all to find what you are looking for, but it is flawlessly laid out and would be a great resource for anyone who is into zines. (GF)
PMB 2386 / 537 Jones St / San Francisco, CA 94102



REBEL A GO GO #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
This zine features various reviews, interviews with alternative media people, and comics. The author talks to Betty Boob from *Bust* magazine, Carla Desantis of *Rockrgrl* magazine, and Madalyn of Gogirlmusic. com. There was nothing particularly exceptional about this fanzine, or especially unlikable. The interviews were not very profound, but there was some interesting discussion if you are curious about what some of the above mentioned people have to say. (JL)
PO Box 278 / 6523 California Ave SW / Seattle, WA 98136

RESIST #40 / $1.50
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
I've never gotten a Christian zine to review before, and while this is probably very different then the usual Christian propaganda that floats it's way through here, I was a little bit surprised. My problem with Christians is not their history of repression and torture, the crap they subjected me to in school, or their moralistic self important preaching, but rather the fact that they can't stop talking about being a fucking Christian. And it's not in an informational way, but seems to often be in a "spreading the word" way. Put simply, it's fucking obnoxious and I don't like it. If I need to read some annoying propaganda, I'll waste my time with the *Socialist Worker*. Having said that, this zine comes far from a Christian fundamentalist perspective. And the writing that doesn't have to do with God and such is really pretty great. There's some interesting writing on bicycling, the "joys" of buying and owning a home, gardening, and underemployment. *Resist* is a good zine, but I could do without the Lord in my zines, thanks. (CR)
PO Box 582345 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

R'LYEH RISING #5 / $1 US, $2 world
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
I seem to recall reviewing the last issue of this, and I seem to recall liking it. Well, they're still working the sci-fi H.R. Giger-meets-punk rock angle, and it still works. There are interviews with Polish crusties Stracony, Gloom and Hellkrusher, as well as UK and Bellarussian scene reports (Belarus is a state formed after the disintegration of the USSR, and it makes for interesting reading). A section dedicated to H.P. Lovecraft rounds out a consistently first-rate zine. (RD)
PO Box 40113 / Portland, OR 97240

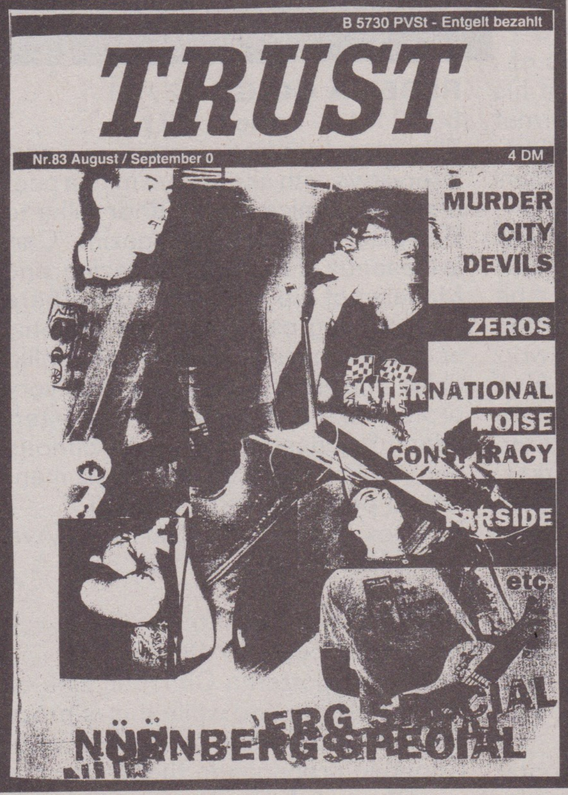
SEVENTEEN DAYS ? / $5 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This zine looks beautiful—it's graphically interesting with lots of hand-done bits pasted in. I wish I could say I liked the content as much, but I can't. It's basically a brief diary of a long distance relationship gone sour. My first problem is the extreme dramatization of something that comes across to the reader as very nothing. The relationship lasted a month! He was dating another girl behind her back! "This was true love"?!?!? I'm not convinced that this relationship was true love, or

worth the emo whining that comprises this zine. My other problem is that the editor felt free to reprint her ex's letters to her, which is a big privacy no-no in my book. Really, what good does it do? Then a few months later, the editor is getting married, and talks about it as if she's just trying to get back at the guy who dumped her. I guess this obsessive behavior seems anything but romantic to me. Move on, sister, get a life, get some self-esteem, and forget about this loser! (MD)
14854 SW Scholls Fairy Rd #U304 / Beaverton, OR 97007 / fin_de_siecle17@yahoo.com

SHORT, FAST & LOUD #2 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Well, this issue proves that Chris Dodge and friends (including an all-star cast of HC personalities) can pull off another good issue after the first. You've got the standard issue columns, done by people who are really involved in the modern hardcore scene, interviews with new bands like Abstain and Hellnation, and my favorite section, "what ever happened to," featuring interviews with older bands. This month: Lärm and Ripcord. A top notch read, and a must for anyone trying to keep up with the current hardcore scene. (SS)
PO Box 420843 / San Francisco, CA 94142

A SIMPLE DESULTORY PHILIPPIC #1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Luckily, the front cover defines the title - a simple inconsistent speech. In some cases, the name really says it all. This contains essays on why TV is bad, Fugazi is good, culture, medication, etc. I thought this was pretentious, boring and way too pseudo- intellectual. It reads like it is made up of college essays - maybe they are. This could be improved if they loosened up and wrote in a more genuine style. As it is - dullsville. (MJ)
25 Baldwin St / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

SKANK AND DESTROY #11 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
I'm glad this is the first issue that I've seen of this, because judging by the history of this zine included in this issue, I would be quick to trash it. But this zine is actually quite good and seems to have come quite a way in the past couple issues. The main focus of the music writing is, as one might assume form the title, ska. And while the interviews and reviews maybe the weaker part of the zine, there's some fairly interesting political writing on subjects ranging form being a suburban punk, to cancer, to racism. Some of it is a little dicey; the suburban punk part in particular, but overall it's a pretty great read. What really put it over the top was the quotes from politicians collected within. "A zebra cannot change his spots"—Al Gore. (CR)
907 Ridgefield Rd / Wilton, CT 06897



SLINGSHOT #69 / $1?
22 x 17 - offset - 12 pgs
This long-time anarchist newspaper out of Berkeley is not exactly full of surprises, but maybe that's comforting. There are tips and tactics for militant activists as a sidebar to the many articles discussing the recent mobilizations against big business and "political as usual." The platform of the Northeastern Federation of Anarchist Communists is analyzed; a breakdown of the events and conditions behind the massive student strike at the Mexico City university is narrated by a participant; a car-free manifesto is accompanied with "how-to's" detailing SUV destruction; and two transitioning transsexuals write about their experiences on the panoply of pharmaceutical hormones. And of course, the old standby update on pirate radio. (MN)
3124 Shattuck Ave. / Berkeley, CA 94705

SLUG AND LETTUCE #64 / 55¢
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 20 pgs
This is pretty easy for me to gush over, seeing as how Christine is my best friend...and I don't feel like I'm unfairly biased, because *S&L* is consistently an invaluable D.I.Y. community resource. Great columns, tons of music and zine reviews, classifieds, amazing photos and (my personal fave) a page of words straight from the heart and mind of an incredible woman. Quit being so damn lazy, send her some money right now and write a letter while you're at it! (KC)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA / 23261-6632

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #61 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 54 pgs
This is the farewell issue, because of his last issue's review in *MRR*. Our reviewer comments on this in this issue's letters section. But I am just here to review this zine. I found this issue to be very disjointed. Some of the best writing came from Aaron Cometbus, Ben Weasel, and Cindy of *Doris* zine. I have a feeling they are reprints, but I can't be sure. Also there was an article clearly written by Aaron, but no credit was given to him. The rest of the writings were various stories about traveling and life in general. I kinda got the impression that since it was the last issue, maybe he tossed together some old stuff that he hadn't used. I didn't think the zine totally sucked and there were some interesting stories, but there was also a lot of filler he could have eliminated of to make a tighter issue. (DS)
243 14th St / San Francisco, CA 94103

SOB STORY #3 / $2.75
7 x 8 1/2 - offset - 38 pgs
Good photozine. The quality of printing is good; most of the photos are good. (I think skating photos are boring). Features two photographers, Mark Murrman and Chris Anderson. Mark's of course are band photos, while Chris has skating and some other various stuff. Comes with a silk screened cover on the inside of a Mexican 12 pack carton. Punk dude! (GF)
PO Box 138273 / Chicago, IL 60613

SORE #10 / $1
5 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
A collection of short personal stories and fiction, interspersed with photos, ads and music/zine reviews. Having spent quite a bit of time in Virginia, I really liked the piece about Virginia Beach...and thinking about how I would answer the question "what have you got?" Solid but not stellar. (KC)
PO Box 68711 / Va. Beach, VA / 23471 / SOREzine@aol.com

SUBSIDIZED MESS #2 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Within is interview with Dead Nation, *Change* zine, and BGK (reprint from *MRR* #43). There is a brief rant on what straightedge means to the author which is fine. This is a better project than most as it reflects a more rounded position in the whole sectarian arena of punk rock. (AR)
61 Hacklebarney Rd / Long Valley, NJ 07853

3RD GENERATION NATION # 19 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 72 pgs - German
This zine is my favorite from Germany, hence my always favorable reviews. This issue has interviews with Le Shok, The Backoffs, Joe Strummer, the Nothings and Freddy Lynxx.

There are also tributes to the Germs and the Ruts. Plus the zine has its usual columns, record and zine reviews, ads, and finally cool photos.
Ralf Hunebeck / Muhlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany
realshock@aol.com.

TRAITOR #2 / $2 (or trade)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 34 pgs
There is nothing more boring than the self-proclaimed "lone wolf" pose of a white het boy who thinks his "cunt hate" is some kind of rebellious aesthetic—let alone "Pythonesque." Why these kinds of punks continue to beat their scrawny chests in some sad delusion of creative innovation is beyond me, especially when said "originality" or "punk" 'tude is expressed in a stapled zine in which almost all the graphics are poor reproductions of S&M anime. *Dude*, that's so shocking I'm yawning my face in half. And oh yeah, there are interviews with hardcore and "thrash" bands involving multiple exclamation points and question marks after every sentence. (MN)
15289 Youngwood Dr. / Whittier, CA 90605

TRUST #83 / 4 DM
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 70 pgs - German
This issue, a "Nürnberg Special," contains interviews with the Murder City Devils, the Zeros, International Noise Conspiracy, and Farside, among others. As usual, it's thorough and broad in scope. (AC)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE vol. 13 #2 / $2.50 + postage
11 1/4 x 17 1/4 - offset - 16 pgs
It seems I get most every issue of this to review, and I always have good things to say about it. That is true of this installment as well, but I will add some (relatively minor) criticisms this time. First lemme say that there is good stuff to read in here, like a history of the Vancouver Five (reprinted from *Kick It Over*), news about the Olympic police state being prepared in Sydney, anti-Asian racism and administration response at SUNY-Binghampton, a column by Mumia Abu-Jamal, a South African organizer's take on the farm squatting movement in neighboring Zimbabwe, and part two of Chris Crass's analysis of welfare reform in the US. This stuff is enough to make me recommend *TTT* once again. On the downside, the editorial pieces are good for first time readers, but seem like the same old thing every issue to me. The South African guy goes on about what governments should do for poor Africans, when it seemed to me like the squatters know what works. The announcement for the women's hip-hop gathering didn't make it sound radical at all, leaving me wondering how it fit in with *TTT*'s mission, and the ad for $20 t-shirts was straight-up corny,

though our publication certainly shares this problem. (JM)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055

TWAT #3 / $1 (or stamps or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
This has been one of my favorite new zines. This issue was a tad bit disappointing...just not as substantial as the last two issues. But still fun, this a lot of comics about things like period panties, plus writing about FUTA (fucking up the ass) and dancing and boobs and dating, etcetera. F-U-N! (MD)
2360 W Broad St #Y-1 / Athens, GA 30606 / yeastie@hotmail.com

UNSPEAKABLE THOUGHTS #4 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 – offset – 24 pgs
Jesus Christ... the first eight pages start off with eight nearly identical columns, the bulk of which deal with many conspiracy theories involving Clinton (one even lists why Clinton has been one of America's worst presidents, and why Reagan's been one of the best!). I really don't like to criticize other people for their political views, however blighted their perceptions may be, but I think that that Phoenix sunshine may have warped these folks' fragile little minds. Uninspired interviews with Pezz, At The Drive-In, and a free compilation CD with Divit, Staring Back, and Dirty Laundry, among others. I think that most of these thoughts should have remained unspoken. (RD)
PO Box 35254 / Phoenix, AZ 85069

WALKED IN LINE #19 / 30 ff
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 42 pgs - French
Riding on the arty hardcore side, with a sparse, pretty layout and lots of narrative, this zine includes a compilation CD and interviews with the same bands. The interviews are succinct and present the bands' responses to a number of select topics, which makes them much more appealing to read (since they are obscure). Solid record review section too. (AC)
BP 04 / 60840 Breuil le Sec / France

WALKIE TALKIE #1 / $2.50
6 3/4 x 10 1/4 - offset - 72 pgs
This is a thick (non-)fiction/ comics anthology. Nate Powell has a lot of pages in here, telling stories of down and out young couples that are a little too sappy for a cynical hard heart like myself. I am pained by fiction and arty shit so I'm not the best reviewer of such stuff, which makes up almost half of this zine. Overall I'm glad a fat self-published thing like this is getting out at a pretty cheap price, and I'm sure a lot of people would like be totally into this. (JM)
7205 Geronimo / N Little Rock, AR 72116

WAR AGAINST THE IDIOTS # 15 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A "slice of punk life" zine. Liam Idiot packs a lot of personality into his tales of travel, drinking, café-sitting, the American nightmare, and more. His pals contribute a few short pieces about names, identities, and car crashes. Well worth the dollar. (MN)
1731 Cleveland St / Evanston, IL 60202

WHEN MYTHS FAIL #1 / stamp (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
Simple little zine that suffered from bad collating, which made it hard for me to follow the stories (the pages were mixed up). The content was decent though, a lot of writing about the writer's experiences in Alaska, as well as society at large, the government, and anarchism. Nice, short, personal zine. (MD)
5275 Whisper Dr / Coral Springs, FL 33067

MORE LISTINGS

SHIT OUT OF #1 / $1
Stories about the author's co-workers, doing drugs, drinking, foolish drunks, putting on shows, moths, and good times going bad.
Mike / 252 Grand Ave / Johnson City, NY 13790

EAT SHIT #13 / 2 stamps
Interviews with Redrum, Resist and Exist, Litmus Green, some "columns," reviews, and some space devoted to the usual causes like condemning state-sponsored terrorism of radicals and animal liberation. Save your stamps.
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

MYND GLOW #0 / 2 stamps (or trade)
Simple punk zine with some ads, interviews with Greg Ginn and Detritus, and some writing about punk and politics.
PO Box 892554 / Temecula CA 92589-2554

LIFE ON A BENCH #1 / 2 stamps
This is a simple little punk zine with writing on "cookie cutter punx," anarchism, going to shows, reviews, jobs. OK first effort.
33921 HWY 200 E / Sandpoint, ID 83864 / curbcheck@mailcity.com

NO SOH #5 / $1
No address and a good thing too. You don't want this. one page articles on Ian Dury and *Clockwork Orange*. This is utter crap.
no address

WHY NOT #7 / 50¢ (or trade)
I picked up this little, cheerful personal zine at Gilman St. during a show. Relationship stuff and some decent (!) poetry.
newjemuel@hotmail.com

MOST ART SUCKS

Coagula

Coagula's esteemed editor, rummaging for art-gallery trash.

Mat Gleason, the editor of *Coagula*, describes his publication best when he calls it a "punk zine for the art world." I sort of stumbled upon it when I was killing time at some Market Street bookstore. The orange cover and bold title glared out at me: *Most Art Sucks—Five Years Of Coagula*. A quick flip through the book and I was convinced. A scathing indictment on the Art World establishment, full of swagger and sardonic humor. Take *Sniffin' Glue* and mix it with the rebellious, corporate baiting, humor of Crass and you have *Coagula*. *Coagula* is both a forum for objective art criticism, and an all out attack on the establishment. Here's my interview with Mat. Interview by Lance Hahn.

MRR: Okay, basic stuff: How did you get into art and the scene in LA? Did you go to art school? Can you really be accepted in that scene without having gone to art school?

Mat: One day some girl took me to a museum. I was in school in the Midwest in 1982 and she took me to the Chicago Art Institute, and it was like, whoa! I got it, it was sort of like the first time I heard the Sex Pistols—I know they sound pretty tame today, but if you put it into the context of 1978 and Johnny's voice sneering when everything else is Styx, Santana and Led Zeppelin, it was just like a whole part of your body waking up, and it was like that with the art. It was like my eyeballs woke up.

MRR: How did you get into punk? What were some of the bands you were into when you first got into it? Do you

follow it anymore?

Mat: Punk appealed to me the minute I read about it. I think it was actually in the newspaper. I knew there was punk out there, but I didn't know where to find it. There was a record store near where I lived called Up Another Octave, and they had punk albums. One day I went in to buy a KISS album, and instead I bought something else, must have been the Pistols or Ramones. This is like '79, I think, so pardon the Alzheimer's. It was just that moment of truth. I liked the first wave of LA bands, and the first wave of OC bands, so that would be like: X, Black Flag, the Germs, Circle Jerks. Fear, I probably saw a hundred times. And Social D, Adolescents, TSOL. It's funny because in art, I tend to like the first wave of artists in any movement more than the ones who came later. Like I like Manet or Pollock more than I like Renoir or Sam Francis. I follow punk a bit now. Of course I follow Down By Law seeing as they named a song after me (*Mat Gleason is God*), but with punk today, it seems either you get corporate America, or demo tape hell. But punk is sort of a way of life beyond being a purchaser of records. The punk philosophies vary wildly, you know? So I am more of a freedom and integrity punker than a vegan leftist. I am sober now, so I guess that makes me straight edge, ha ha ha. That is one religion I never considered joining, but had to, to stay alive.

MRR: What's the connection between *Coagula* and *Flipside*? Did you ever actually work for *Flipside*? Do you still hear from Al? He's probably the nicest guy I met the entire time I lived down there...

Mat: I started a TV show on public access in La Mirada, a suburban pit just like the one every punk comes from, and I wrote a letter to Al and asked him to review albums on the show. La Mirada is next to Whittier, so he came down with his wife Hud, and Hud's brother Gus, and we taped an interview and he said the one thing that summed up punk for me better than anything—"Don't sell out, sneak in." I was chiding him, trying to get him to say that the Go-Go's were selling out because they were signing with a major label, if you can believe how long ago this was, and he refused to agree with me. He said that line, and I was left speechless, which is a fucking rarity. I never wrote for *Flipside*, but I would always buy the issues. If I had enough money for one album and the new *Flipside* was out, I would buy it instead of the album. *No Mag* was another great zine at the time. Al is great, when I do see him, it is always nice, but neither of us go out to shows much. I managed Al's Bar (a different Al altogether) for two years and my hearing is shot to shit, I think his is as well. I see Gus all the time.

MRR: Do you think of *Coagula* as being in any way connected with punk? Ethically or aesthetically... Do you think of it as a "fanzine"?

Mat: Absolutely. It is a punk zine for the art world. Nothing more, nothing less. Don't sell out, sneak in—all the way to your top, not theirs, and when they start inviting you to the parties, don't let up on them.

MRR: *Coagula* is one of the funniest zines I've ever read in my life. I don't even know what you're talking about half the time, and I still think it's funny when you really go after someone. What do you think is the appeal of *Coagula* to people not entrenched in the LA art scene? I mean, I'd never even heard of Christopher Knight or Larry Gagosian before reading your stuff...

Mat: Most people would rather go to a dentist than to an art gallery opening, because they perceive everyone there as snobby elitists. That is half true. The people we rake over the coals are the bad guys. Pretty simple. They are Foghat and Lynyrd Skynyrd and Journey, and I feel like I am Johnny Rotten screaming "I am an antichrist." It sounds cliche to say it, but I really feel that way. As a writer, it is gratifying to have an audience. I like that people who don't know who the big shots are get a kick out of my writing, that is a very good sign. I love writing and I enjoy to no end that the commoners are getting a kick out of the lunacies perpetuated by these stuffy fuckers.

MRR: A lot of the stuff you talk about (shallow trendiness, greedy bastards, conflicts of interest between different segments of the art world) come off as being more symptomatic of bigger problems. If you could put it in a nutshell, what would you say is the main problem in the LA art scene? Is there one person that needs to be taken out with extreme prejudice?

Mat: The big problem is the myth that art is a career. I view it more like being compelled to make art, like a band that has to tour and play gigs and record, not to make money, although that is not bad, but they do it because they *have* to, it is their life. The bigger problems are all based on careerists grabbing the little crumbs that are there from the hands of the real artists. George Herms, who is a genius, a great artist, told me that the only sin was glamour. That made a lot of sense looking around at the fucking parade.

MRR: Do you think that there is any sort of resistance to the status quo in the art world? Or just the occasional voice in the darkness?

Mat: It is lonely at times. Sometimes I go to a gallery opening and you just see so much fakery and shallowness. But at some punk shows, you get record label hucksters, or gangs, or whatever, or cops breaking up shit, and you get sick of going out for a while and you either stop going or you DIY. I opened a gallery in LA because I knew the real elitist pricks would never in a million years deign to come in, and so my opening receptions are always really great parties, and the artists know they will not get reviewed by the upper echelon critics. So I don't get any careerist assholes looking to climb the art world ladder of success. I end up with what I consider to be great art shows by *real* artists. Art collectors have been coming, and that's weird. But that is the beauty of DIY, sometimes your thing clicks, and sometimes it doesn't, and since there ain't shit you can do to make it click, just make it yours.

MRR: Do you ever find yourself having to slag off friends whose art sucks? Have you ever lost pals over a bad review?

Guide to Trendy Theory

By Mat Gleason

With so many artists immersing themselves in trendy art theory and so many theories out there, you never know who exactly is book smart or full of shit. This handy guide will hopefully help cut through the crap.

Poststructuralism: Language is everything but means nothing. **Marxism:** If you build a wall, they will stay. **Deconstruction:** Pretentious description of the act of analyzing. **Semiotics:** Every picture tells a story. **Derrida:** A smart Frenchman. **Foucault:** A smart Frenchman who didn't use a condom. **Baudrillard:** A smart Frenchman who likes Las Vegas. **Lacan:** A smart Frenchman who hates Freud. **Sociology:** People live and ritualize in different way and for different reasons. **Psychology:** If you caught your parents fucking, you're fucked. **Modernism:** History ended not with a bang, but with a white cube. **Postmdernism:** Monochrome paintings are boring. **Pop Art:** Cartoons are never boring. **Kitsch:** Not only are cartoons never boring, they're collectible! **Signifier:** Adjective. **Signified:** Noun. **Quality:** Taste. **Activism:** Desire to relive the 1960s. **Nihilism:** Desire to relive the 1970s. **Narcissism:** The desire of the talentless to have the fact ignored. **Historicism:** Trust the art, not the artist. **Romanticism:** Trust the artist, not the bad painting they left behind. **Elitism:** Trust fund kids are the best judges of what matters. **Academicism:** Tenured professors are the best judges of what you need to know. **Multiculturalism:** Give me some of that wall space, white boy. **Classicism:** Give dead Greeks all the shelf space. **Late Capitalism:** What sore losers insist on labeling the current era. **Capitalism:** The economic system that made Cezanne CD-Roms possible. **Young Collectors:** Do not exist.

Mat: I have managed to avoid reviewing shows. What I usually do for a friend is tell them to find someone to review their art show, because I am all for real messy democracy, not dogma or ideology. But if someone cannot get over a bad review, that tells you more about them than they usually have let on.

MRR: On the other hand, have you ever had trouble with people you hated coming after you? Have there been any slander suits? I mean, these people seem pretty pretentious... Back alley beatdowns? Some of these people seem pretty shady...

Mat: The best thing about the art world and critiquing the ass-lickers is that they are, by their very nature, cowards. Cowards get lawyers though, and so I have learned a great technique. The minute you get a letter from a lawyer, you write two letters: One hand scrawled on wrinkled loose-leaf like a lunatic, not threatening, just schizo babble about them conspiring with the Pope and British Intelligence against you. You send that one to the lawyer who is after you. The second letter you type on letterhead real professional, you complain in very reserved tones that this lawyer is harassing you with frivolous and malicious litigation. This works so well, and when I tell lawyers this trick, they get real huffy, so I know its a keeper. See, that's punk. It doesn't matter if I listen to Miles Davis or Crass tonight, if you can stay free by your wits, it doesn't matter what you wear or listen to, you're a punk. When people threaten me in person I just tell them to sue me, that I would love to get them in a deposition and question them about their secret dealings with money and sex and publish every fucking word they say.

MRR: It seems like if you're a new artist and you haven't sucked up to this system and gone through Otis Parsons or Cal Arts or one of these schools, you don't really have a chance of being noticed. Isn't it possible that something more relevant is going on somewhere else in the world and the art world is completely oblivious to it? Outsider art or something?

Mat: The schools are only good to go in and challenge the fuck out of people, but then you get kicked out. I've been kicked out of Saint Paul High, Cerritos College, Fullerton College, two colleges in the Midwest, and Cal State LA, so I know a tiny bit about challenging institutions—it cannot successfully be done by one person. The art schools try to advertize that they are the way to art superstardom. But plenty of artists don't go to them and still succeed. My favorite is this artist Sharon Ryan—she spent four years hanging out at all the local grad schools, their social events, art openings, got to know everyone and traded studio visits, and was always polite and asking questions, and now she is a bigger art star than almost any of the hundreds of graduate students she hung out with, and they all have student loans to pay back.

It is almost a certainty that the great art of our time is being made outside of the art world. Hopefully it will make its way into the public eye before it disintegrates or is sold at a swap meet. That is the real killer when it comes to art, be it painting, punk, poetry, anything: how does one get an audience? And even after that hurdle, there is the whole thing about compromising your art for that audience and a million et ceteras, but having readership, listeners, viewers, that is the toughest thing. The art schools promise an audience, but do not, I believe, really deliver.

The problem with outsider art: it's like the twelve bands you used to have to sit through before the Dead Kennedys played. I still believe that is what caused the Wilmington riot: too many bands and their friends thought they were rock stars and fought the security guards, locked them out at one point, which was funny until the guards brought the cops back with them. I was standing on a milk crate that held up the sound board's platform watching the show and saw the whole fucking thing go down. Outsider art has a real admirable lawlessness to it, no rules, no purity and all, but you wade through so much crap that the party ends before the good shit ever happens. If you think you're being fooled by a minimalist painter or a conceptual artist, think about someone whipping out "innocent" or "naive" art all day and night. That's a worse con, like when the metal bands all went grunge, but really just wore different clothes and cut out the drum and guitar solos.

MRR: If there were five artists that you would want everyone to know about, who are they and why?

Mat: Living artists that you might have a chance to see, other than those I show at my gallery, one is Llyn Foulkes. He is an old guy who was a beatnik artist who makes really intense critiques of corporate America, especially Disney. He paints so well though, the rich corporate fuckers buy the stuff. Like when the frat boys started listening to *Holiday in Cambodia*, it was tragic, but it was a victory in the short and long term. Long term, it might make a difference in how they think, short term, it did validate the fucking music. If Llyn was a shitty painter ragging on Disney, at some point you gotta say, "So fucking what?"

George Herms, he is brilliant. He makes assemblage, he's part of the beat tradition as well. The beats were just punks who liked jazz and had less to be pissed about and more freedom to exploit and enjoy. Kim Dingle, she makes little girls in Easter dresses who just rage and trash everything in sight. Manuel Ocampo, of course. Diane Gamboa, she is one of the few people I have ever seen paint characters who are incredibly sexy but terrifying at the same time, without any illustration cliches at all. Very powerful stuff.

MRR: What's the shittiest art you've ever seen?

Mat: I saw a painting of Adam and Eve doing it doggie style while the snake watched. But that one was so awful it stayed with me, so in a way it was great. The art that is shittiest is the art with the built in attitude of superiority, one that ridicules part of the audience. Mike Kelley is the progenitor of that type of art. I stopped buying Sonic Youth albums after he did one of their covers. Perfect timing, too. They won't be doing another *Daydream Nation* or *Sister* anytime soon.

MRR: Aren't you ever compelled to paint again? If you're looking at all this stuff all the time, wouldn't you know best what not to do? Don't you ever feel like "fuck, I can do something better than that?"

Mat: *Coagula* is my art. I was always frustrated painting, because I knew what I wanted and could not create it and wouldn't settle for shit. I am much happier with my writing. I'll write an essay, or a short story, and make it perfect. I couldn't do that with art, and so I stopped. Lots of artists waste their lives in the wrong medium. I got lucky.

MRR: How hard is it distributing *Coagula*? Where do you mostly sell to? It must be hard to get a museum gift shop to carry you when they might be under attack in any given issue!

Mat: Again, art world people are mostly cowards and avoid confrontation. The obliviousness is just a shield. We distribute it to anyone who will take it. It isn't allowed in a lot of galleries, but the people who own those spaces go to the galleries who carry *Coagula* and pick up a copy and read it.

MRR: Is there anyone else out there doing what you're doing? Is there any other fanzine or magazine that you feel you have any sort of connection to? Writers even?

Mat: No art magazines, that is for sure. I read a punk zines any chance I get. It is a great art form, definitely inspired me and I feel connected to them as an art form, although I am not writing about music at all. Writers I like? Not any art writers, they'd all shoot their mothers for an invite to the next cocktail party.

MRR: Anything else you wanna tell the kids?

Mat: Avoid cliches, cops and crystal meth. Read Burroughs, Bukowski and Gerald Locklin. The best bands have at least one girl in them. The best art tells the truth, or an amazing lie, or both.

Coagula

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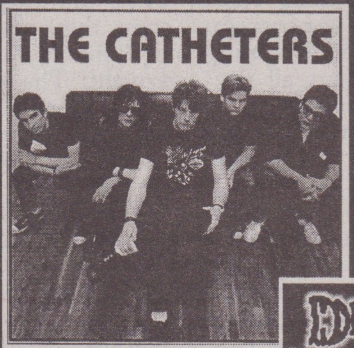

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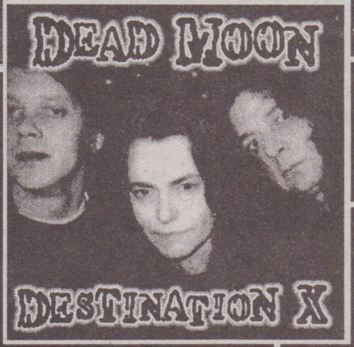

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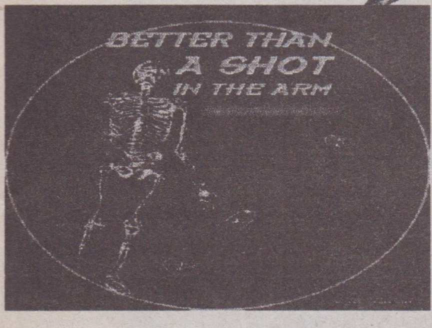

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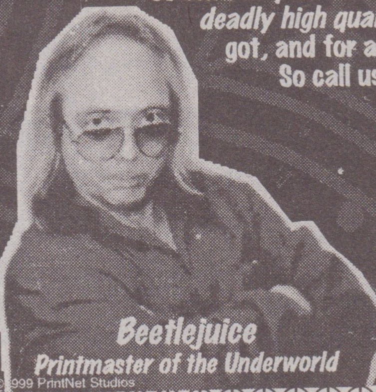

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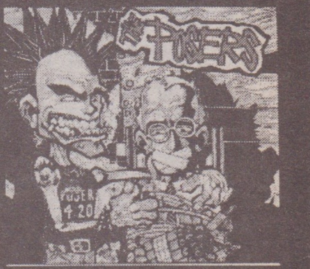

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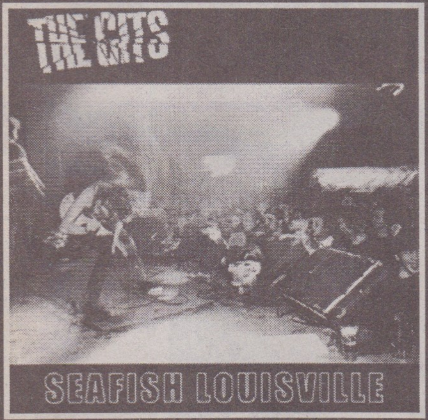

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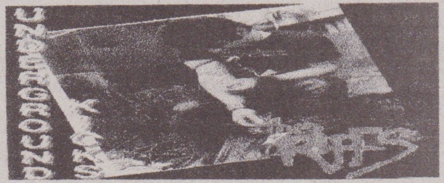

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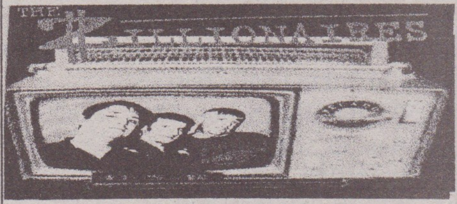

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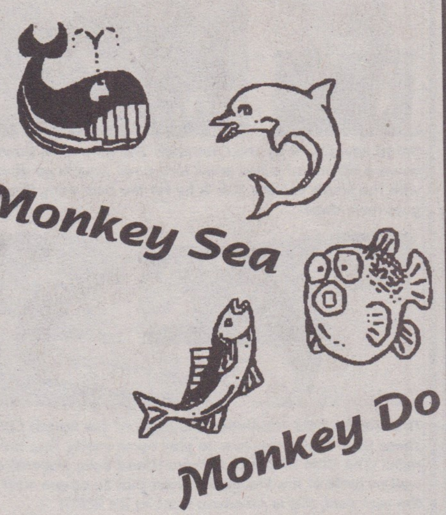

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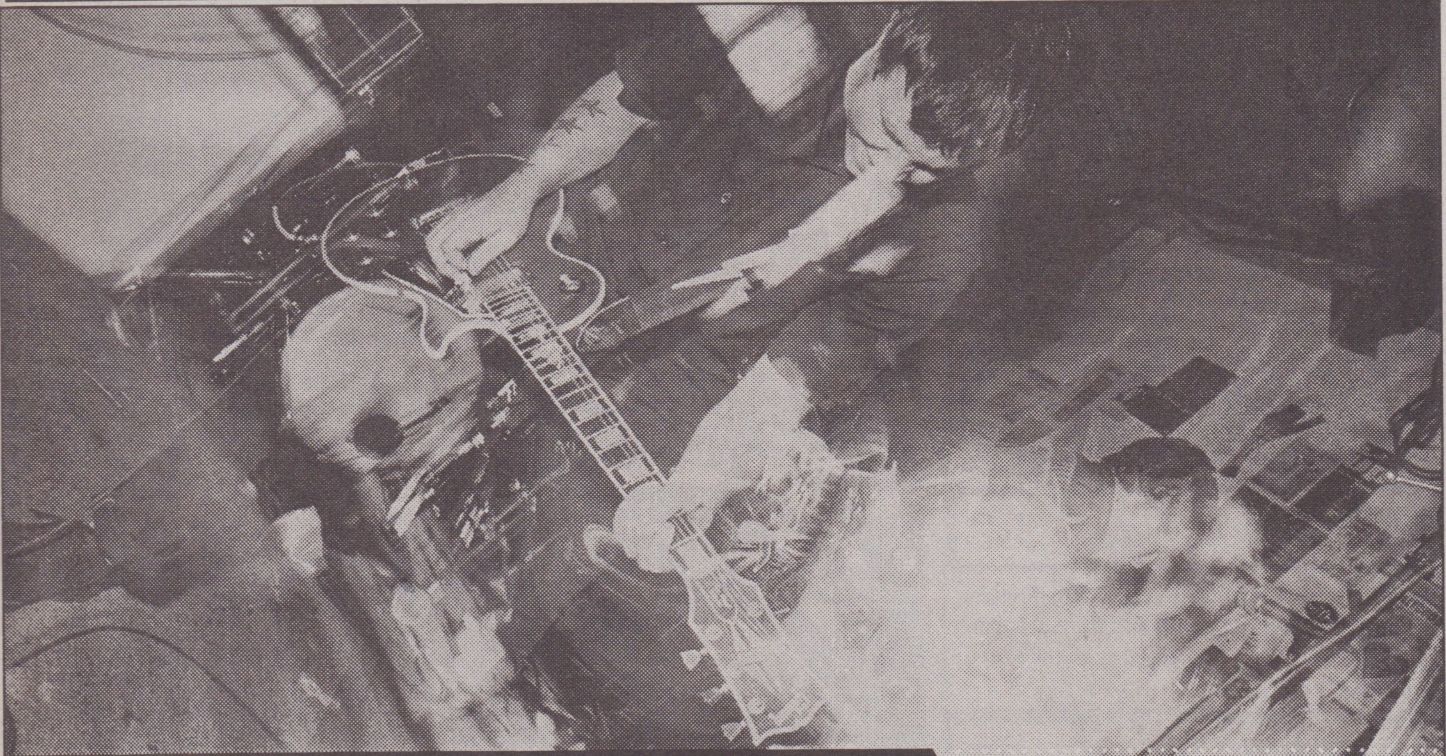

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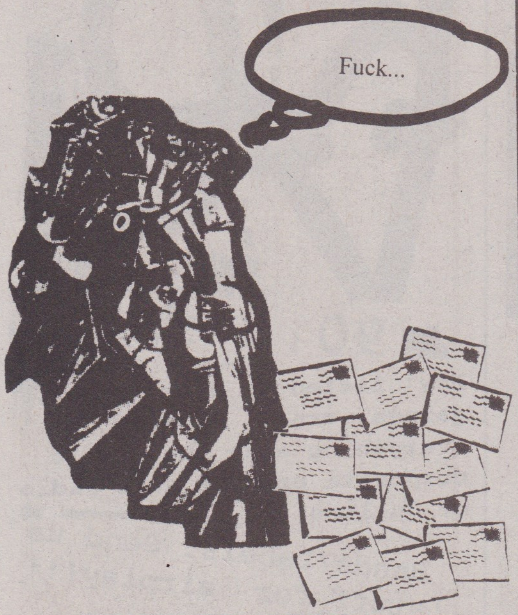

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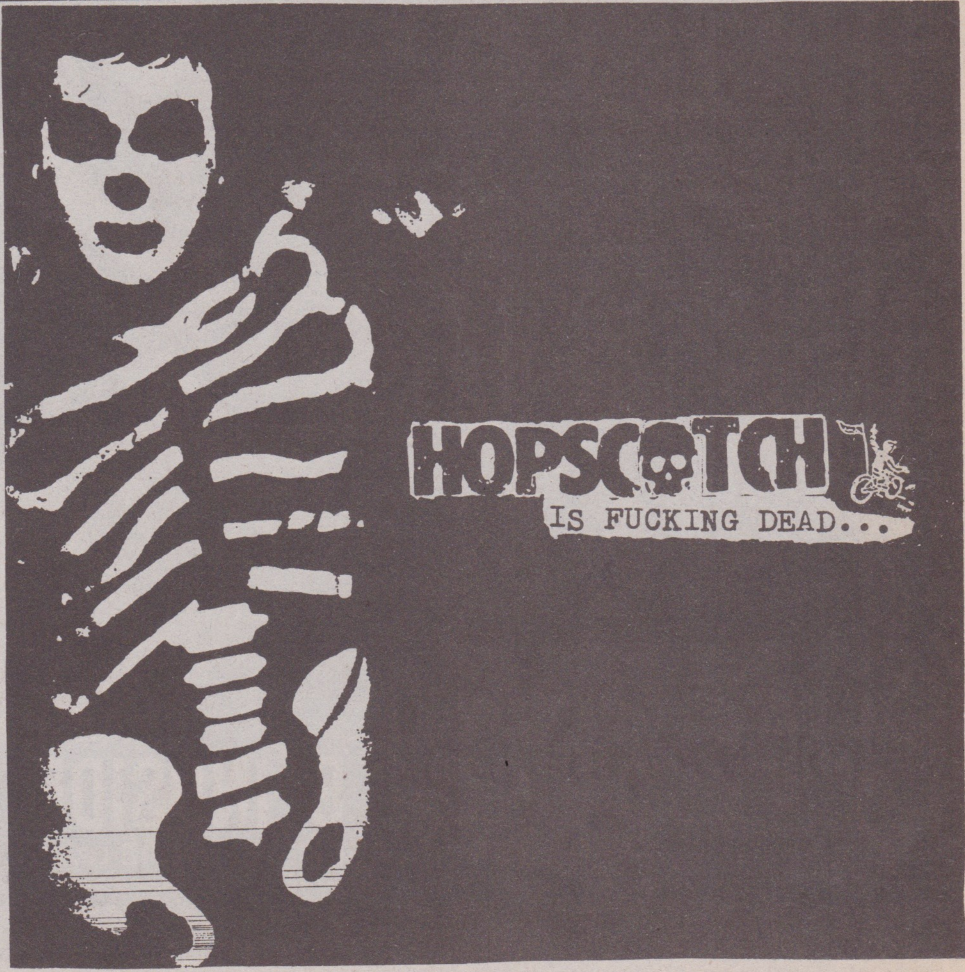

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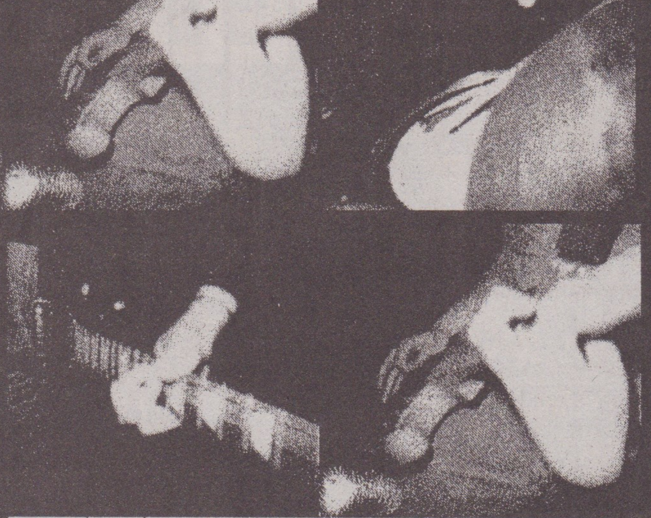

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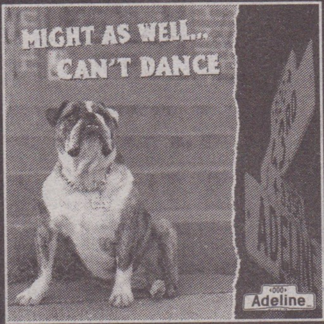

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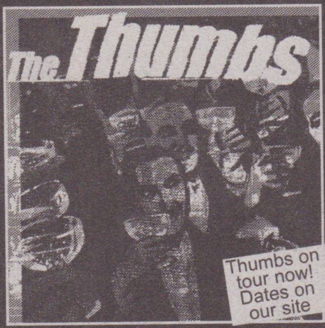

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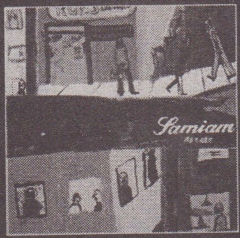

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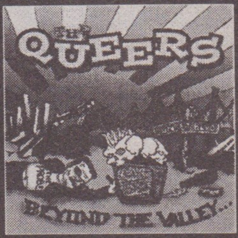

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JUDAS PRIEST LPS WANTED; Rocka Rolla, Sad Wings of Destiny, Sin After Sin, Stained Class, Hell Bent for Leather, British Steel, Point of Entry, Defenders of the Faith, Painkiller. If you have these, please help me out. Willing to pay good price, for the vinyl. State description of condition. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/3114 School Street/ Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

MRR BACK ISSUES WANTED: #0-2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15, 19, 26, 27, 29, 30, 42, 43, 45, 46, 49, 69, 71-73, 79, 127, 129, 137, 141, 151 Pt.1. If you have these, and are thinking of; selling, getting rid of, making some room, etc. please write me. State description of condition with quoting price, or I can offer you mine. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St. / Des Moines, Iowa / 50311

I'M LOOKING FOR NEW FRIENDS: 17 y/o male Puerto Rican punk living in shit Nashville. I'm into: Adicts, Special Duties, Oxymoron, The Oppressed, Casualties, 4 Skins, CockSparrer, The Ejected, Last Resort, a lot of Oi! and some punk. Don't write if you're racist, sexist, or an asshole!! Otherwise write if you're an open-minded, nice person. Contact: Ruben, P.O. Box 68129, Nashville, TN 37206

WANTED: They don't get Paid, They don't get Laid, but Boy do they Work Hard; (14 band/ 10 zine compilation, w/ #79.5 24 pg. insert.) Willing to pay good price for this LP. State description, with quoting price; or I can offer you mine. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St./ Des Moines, Iowa/ 50311.

SEND ME MAIL!!! Skinhead/ Punk Girl, 25 looking for other skinhead/punk guys to write to. I love the Business, Blitz, 4 Skins, Cock Sparrer, Cockney Rejects, Misfits, 70s Brit Oi/punk, vinyl, reading, writing and tattoos. I will answer all interesting letters from anywhere. Send all mail, flyers, stickers, tapes or pics to: Kat, 13610 N. Scottsdale Rd., Suite 10 #124, Scottsdale, AZ 85254.

CAUSTIC TRUTHS IS LOOKING FOR WRITERS. We pay pretty decently. Check out our website at www.caustic truths.com. Or write us at: Caustic Truths, POB 92548, 152 Carlton St., Toronto, On, Canada, M5A 2KO. caustic@interlog.com. We've been around for over 8 years now.

FOR SALE / TRADE. Rare punk rock vinyl and more. Few hundred titles available. www.coldsweat.8k.com

LUV SPACE GHOST, Zorak, Brak, Aaliyah, Madonna, and Bjork. Living and breathing. Writing in thin air. Nix Toenails, 910 West 17 Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97402.

CLIFFS NOTES! I have used Cliff's Notes, almost all titles. $2 each ppd. Fast service! Jason, P.O. Box 172, Williston, VT 05495.

FOR SALE Varukers Bloodsuckers, Discharge Why, Exploited - Troops 12", Disorder 1st LP, Disorder 1st LP, Joy Division 1st 12", Poison-Girls Bully Boys flexi, Misfits Night of the Living Dead 7", Pearl Jam Who Killed Rudolph 7", Nirvana Sliver 7" poster sleeve, etc. Offers, 4071 Chanute St., SD CA 92154, USA

SINGER/SONGWRITER SEEKS GUITARISTS for collaboration with the building of original music. See: http://www.geocities.com/bossa44/index.html.

HIGH ENERGY GUITARIST AND BASSIST seek semi experienced drummer for band in Orange County / Los Angeles area. We have original material and plan on recording. People say we sound like The Stooges / MC5 and '60s punk. If interested contact: Dan 213 W. Bluebell Anaheim, CA 92802. Email: stamaki100@aol.com

ANYONE IN GERMANY with HiFi Stereo VCR willing to tape "Rockpalast" (WDR) for me? I'll pay you or trade my live punk, garage, ska videos. Over 1200 items at www.fupunk.bizland.com. YaBenti, Box 67585, Spadina West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 3B8, Canada.

MRR PHOTOZINES WANTED: #36.5 "If Life is a Bowl of Cherries, What am I doing in the Pit?"; #49.5 "Welcome to the Cruise Country". #79.5 "They don't get Paid, They don't get Laid, but Boy do they Work Hard", 24 pg. insert, of which accompanies the LP. Book you own Fuckin Life, #1-2, 4-6. If you have these, and want to sell them; please write me. State description of condition with quoting price; or I can offer you mine. Please write me at : Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St./ Des Moines, Iowa/ 50311.

HANDMADE POSTCARDS for sale. Set of 5. Send $5 to: Aki Lisowski / 1301 15th St., NW #306 / Washington, DC 20005

"WE ARE YOU FAVORITE BANDS" punk/hc compilation CD featuring: Common Enemy (ex-Bomb Squadron singer), No Xscape (ex-C-Nile Youth), the Strugglers (seen on the Warped Tour) and more. Only $5.00 (p.pd)! Payable to Cedric Crouch, c/o Spine Punch Distro, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504.

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BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE!!!

DO-IT YOURSELF PUNK/HARDCORE RESOURCE MAGAZINE NO. 9, 2001

For eight years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of punk/hardcore DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2000 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #9. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2001 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2001

SUBMIT!

Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(perferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94176

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it,s dated later than May 1, 2000.
4) Be brief! We,re not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it,ll only take you a couple of minutes and you won,t have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don,t use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we,ll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don,t need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don,t send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you,re in-just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene,s listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Intemet is your friend).